

James Cook

1771-1781

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James Cook

James Cook

1955



Eng'd by G. P. Peck, N. York.

Enoch Q. Fellows

ENOCH Q. FELLOWS,

Col 9th NHV.

1954



Col. H. B. Tirus.

HISTORY
OF THE
NINTH REGIMENT
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

IN
THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

EDITED BY
EDWARD O. LORD, A. M.

CONCORD, N. H.
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1895.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
GEORGE HENRY CHANDLER,
LATE OF CONCORD,
ADJUTANT AND MAJOR
OF THE
NINTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS,
THIS VOLUME
IS
LOVINGLY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE
SURVIVORS OF HIS REGIMENT.

M198290

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INTRODUCTION.

The survivors of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers have experienced unusual difficulties in the preparation of their regimental history. Soon after the Rebellion it was the unanimous desire that such a volume should be compiled by George H. Chandler, but his death, August 12, 1883, prevented the fulfilment of this hope. By that unfortunate event his comrades were deprived of the story which might have been told so well by their former major, a man of quick parts and of pre-eminent ability in military and civil life. They did not, however, abandon the enterprise, and John E. Mason, first lieutenant of Company D, was chosen historian in due time. He had made some progress, when in August, 1891, Herbert B. Titus was associated with him; but Death, intervening a second time, March 5, 1892, called away the lieutenant, and left to the associate the accomplishment of the unfinished task.

Comrade Titus had been colonel of the regiment during most of its service, and was, therefore, peculiarly qualified to meet the added responsibility. He bent to the work all his energies, including a remarkable genius for historical research. Regimental, company, and personal documents were collected, as well as those general and special orders of commanders of armies, corps, divisions, and brigades, pertaining to the campaigns in which the Ninth participated; diaries, letters, and monographs were obtained; there were meetings of comrades at various

points, at which questions put by the historian and answered by one or more of the others present were reported stenographically—in short, multiform material was gathered from every possible source, and from this extracts were made and classified chronologically. With these extracts as a basis, Colonel Titus began writing, and had furnished some seventy pages of type-written manuscript when his health was found to be so impaired that a continuation of the close application necessary to complete the history might injure it permanently; so, in March, 1894, the responsibility of preparing an accurate and complete record of the regiment was transferred to the present editor, through whose instrumentality the consummation of a long deferred hope is presented in the history now published.

“The end crowns the work,” but this never would have been attained had it not been for the patient and never-tiring interest manifested by the comrades of the regiment. They have responded generously to all requests of the publishing committee, and have volunteered much valuable information. The work of this committee, too, is remarkable. Undismayed by frequent discouragements, its members have been both persistent and prudent. They had high aims, and took effective measures to attain them. Their first circular is an evidence of this, and its exact text should be preserved. It reads as follows:

TO THE COMRADES OF THE NINTH REGIMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
VOLUNTEERS:

In connection with our Regimental History, now in course of preparation, it is important to have the post-office address of all the living members of the regiment. It is also very desirable to have the name and address of the widow, child, or other near relative or friend, of those who died from any cause while in the service, or since their discharge therefrom. With this object in view, and for the information of the comrades of the regiment, as well as for convenient refer-

ence, the secretary of the committee on the history prepared and printed a list, arranged by companies, of all those whose addresses he had been able to ascertain from any source. Upon consultation, however, with other members of the committee, it was thought advisable, for historical purposes, to add the designation of rank, and also to make the list a complete roster of the regiment, except deserters, with the additional names so arranged under descriptive headings as to more readily suggest, and aid in obtaining, the information desired. It is therefore requested of every comrade who shall receive or see this list, that he note any error or omission in the name, address, company, or classification of any comrade; the death of any one not mentioned, and the name and address, if known, of some relative or friend of those who died in the service, or since their discharge, who may be interested in the history of their soldier lives, or of the regiment in which they served; that he make every reasonable effort to complete the list of addresses, not only of the living, but of friends of the dead; and that he communicate the information or correction to the secretary, or to some member of the committee.

The committee are as follows: C. D. Copp, chairman, C. W. Wilcox, secretary, C. M. Blaisdell, treasurer, J. B. Cooper, J. W. Babbitt, A. J. Hough, William P. Moses, O. D. Robinson, Leonard H. Pillsbury, A. P. Horne, E. C. Babb, S. A. Whitfield, C. W. Edgerly, H. B. Titus, and J. E. Mason, secretary of the regimental association. [George L. Wakefield and Newell T. Dutton were added to the committee later.]

In thus printing and giving out this roster the committee have another object in view. It is their earnest desire to present a full and truthful history of the regiment, and in a manner that shall be worthy of the men who made it, but the material and data which they have so far been able to collect they find to be entirely insufficient for the purpose. They are not satisfied merely to give a general statement of the formation of the regiment, its marches, its camps, its bivouacs, and its battles, with the number and names of the killed, wounded, and missing, and such facts and incidents as may be within their own personal knowledge and recollection. The true history of a regiment is the sum of hundreds of individual histories, each of which is the story and the sum of the scenes, incidents, and experiences of one soldier's daily life. What the committee need, to complete the history, are the stories of the men who made that history,—what they themselves saw and thought and did, as they now remember and tell it, and particularly as they then wrote it in letters home, for, as a rule, what the

soldier wrote in his letters is of as much, or even more, value for the purposes of history, than what he wrote in a diary.

It is intended that for this regiment the coming reunion at Weirs shall be, as far as practicable, a working week. There are errors, omissions, and discrepancies in the regimental records to be corrected and straightened out for a complete and accurate final roster. The committee will meet there previous to the reunion, and remain as long as may be necessary. They will have a stenographer to note down facts, scenes, and incidents which go to make up our regimental history, as comrades may relate them. So come to the reunion; come early, and prepared, if need be, to stay late. Brighten up your recollection, and bring your old army letters and diaries if you have them, and those of any other comrade who cannot be present, and so now help to record the history which you once helped to make. If then it is not fully and truthfully recorded the fault will not lie with those who have undertaken the laborious task.

While it is expected that every officer of the regiment now living, and the friends of those who are dead, will furnish a photograph for a picture to be inserted in the history, this privilege is by no means confined to the officers, but is extended equally to all, irrespective of rank. Specimens of different styles can be seen at the reunion, or information will be furnished on request.

CHARLES W. WILCOX,

Secretary Committee on History.

Milford, Mass., July 25, 1891.

Accompanying the above circular was the roster referred to therein. Other supplementary circulars were sent out as required.

The general committee named in the circular confined its efforts to obtaining the material and supervising the compilation of the history. The numberless details of printing and publishing were entrusted to a sub-committee plenipotentiary, consisting of C. M. Blaisdell, chairman, G. L. Wakefield, secretary, and C. W. Wilcox, treasurer. A special committee on the revision of the editor's manuscript was appointed in June, 1894. Its members were H. B. Titus, O. D. Robinson, N. T. Dutton,

C. D. Copp, W. P. Moses, on the part of the regiment, and A. D. Ayling, adjutant-general, on the part of the state.

Each member of each one of these committees performed his duties faithfully, and to the satisfaction of all concerned, but thanks are particularly due, and are hereby given, to Gen. A. D. Ayling, for his careful reading of the manuscript history, and for his pertinent suggestions relating thereto. Special acknowledgments should also be made to O. D. Robinson, who generously placed at the disposal of the publishing committee an invaluable collection of manuscripts and prints, including many of his own contributions to the newspaper literature of the Civil War period, as well as the orations and other scholarly efforts of his later years referring to the same period, from which collection the editor has made selections without stint; to F. J. Burnham for a monograph of his adventures, compiled from his diaries and private letters; to N. T. Dutton for his careful comparison of the narrative with his very complete diaries; to the letters and diaries of G. H. Chandler, C. W. Wilcox, J. W. Lathe, Orville Smith, S. J. Alexander, C. D. Copp, W. I. Brown, W. P. Moses, and others, whence many of the descriptions of scenes and incidents have been derived; to many comrades for their written anecdotes; to C. W. Wilcox, Wm. McGarrett, A. P. Horne, and J. F. Foster, for their contributions relating to Confederate prisons; to J. B. Bailey for his narration of the experiences of the regimental band; to United States Senator Wm. E. Chandler for copies of war department documents, and for many other services rendered, and to Vice-President Wm. D. Chandler and Business Manager E. N. Pearson of the Republican Press Association for their uniform kindness and courtesy during the process of printing.

To Messrs. Blaisdell, Wakefield, and Wilcox, of the sub-committee on printing and publishing; to Rev. N. T. Dutton, of

Fairfield, Me.; to Hon. E. C. Babb, of Minneapolis, Minn.; to Albert P. Davis, of Concord; to the Rev. E. M. Gushee, of Cambridge, Mass., and to others, who though nameless here are not forgotten, the editor tenders his sincere thanks for profitable suggestions and friendly criticisms.

EDWARD O. LORD.

Concord, N. H., October 10, 1895.

HISTORY
OF THE
NINTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE
VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE NINTH AT CAMP COLBY.

“At length we are in peace, God be praised! and long, very long may it last. All wars are follies—very expensive and very mischievous ones.” Thus wrote the Philadelphia sage, at the close of the Revolutionary War, and looking back over the Civil War, who but will echo his sentiments? The war was; and when the descendants of those who participated in its triumphs and its defeats, its joys and its sorrows, shall ask why and for what this war was waged, it is to the history of those stirring times that they will turn in their search for information regarding what that peace-loving Quaker, John Bright, described as the only righteous war of modern times. It must needs be a righteous cause that would justify the arraying of brother against brother in deadly strife! Side by side the North and the South had fought to secure and maintain the independence of the United States, but from 1861 to 1865 they were in fierce conflict one with the other; and for what cause?

Forgetting that

“The love of liberty with life is given,”

the South was holding in the bonds of slavery, with all its attendant evils, more than 4,000,000 people, denying to them, because God had seen fit to create them black instead of white, that liberty which is dearer than life itself. This growing evil of slavery, which threatened to spread its serpent trail over all the land, was the real source of the trouble between the North and the South; but the events which precipitated the war itself, were the secession of the Southern states and the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

As suddenly, as swiftly, and as terribly as the cyclone sweeps over the smiling country, leaving death and desolation behind, did this open rebellion and its consequences come upon the nation. Though for years warnings had been sounded from pulpit and platform and press, still the people refused to believe. War had become to them but a name. That it could become a reality, and in their midst, seemed impossible. The booming of cannon and the crash of the falling walls of Sumter brought a fearful awakening. The emergency was great, and must be promptly and wisely met; the Union must be preserved;—but no one even dreamed how terrible a sacrifice of precious human lives was to be laid on the country's altar in expiation for the injustice done the African negro.

To whom could the country look in her hour of peril? Whose hand could guide the ship of state through the treacherous shoals of treason and internecine hatred? Fortunate was it that the administration had passed into the hands of one who was able and willing to do his duty, even to his last breath; whose shoulders would not shrink from the Herculean task imposed upon them,—the revered and martyred Abraham Lincoln. His elec-

tion had been looked upon by the Southerners as marking the limit of their forbearance; they fully understood that with him there would be no winking at doubtful proceedings, and from secret plotting they advanced to open rebellion. And in a way there was reason for their madness. In his last annual message President Buchanan, after stating the causes the South had for ill-feeling against the North and for demanding the repeal of the Personal Liberty acts, said,—

“The Southern states, standing on the basis of the Constitution, have a right to demand this act of justice from the North. Should it be refused, then the Constitution, to which all the states are parties, will have been wilfully violated by one portion of them in a provision essential to the domestic security and happiness of the remainder. In that event, the injured states, after having first used all peaceful and constitutional means to obtain redress, *would be justified in revolutionary resistance.*”

Such words as these, from the highest executive in the land, were like fire to the torch. Such was the crowning act of the Buchanan administration. Says the Comte de Paris,—

“The end of his [President Buchanan’s] administration had been disastrous. He had tolerated everything: he had done nothing to crush out the Rebellion in its inception, and had left his successor without the means of fulfilling the task entrusted to him. He delivered into his hands the government of a shattered country; and if civil war had not yet drenched America in blood, it was simply because the Rebellion was being organized with impunity on its soil.”

It was under these hampering conditions that President

Lincoln entered upon his life work. That he overcame those conditions and nobly fulfilled his trust, a grateful country can never forget. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of the people.

The history of those four years of fire and blood has been told again and again, and from as many stand-points; and yet we can never know it all—those personal incidents, so numerous and so interesting, but so few of which have been preserved; so worthy to be recorded, “if only they could be recovered from the storehouse of memory;” while down in the sunny Southland lie thousands of heroes, the story of whose sufferings is buried with them.

The war was full of dramatic incidents—every war is,—and from the time when the universal thrill of awakened patriotism went through all the land to the smallest hamlet and remotest farm, when war meetings were held in town halls and village churches and district school-houses, when there was a great uprising, as of one man, for the defence of the Union, and the troops marched away;—all through those four long years, when the wearisome waiting for news from camp and field and hospital, their hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, kept the whole people tense, eager, and expectant, to the days when the veterans brought home their tattered and battle-stained flags with high and honorable pride, tempered with sadness when they remembered those who were left behind, and were mustered out, there were lights and shadows visible only to those who shared the daily life of the soldier, pathetic bits of human nature real only to those who enacted the scenes. Great histories of the war cannot deal with these details, yet to the soldier and his friends there is nothing so interesting as

the portrayal of the events in which he bore a part, or a sketch of life in camp or field which he recognizes as a bit of his own experience.

The history of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers is only one of hundreds, and yet with loving care would we gather up and preserve for coming generations every detail of the story of those four years of sacrifice. Organized at a period when the first wave of enthusiasm had subsided, when there was little or nothing except love of country to induce enlistment, and when there was plenty of work at good wages, a better class of men than entered the ranks of the Ninth at that period of its history would be hard to find. They were largely sons of farmers, and mechanics from the rural towns and cities, students who had laid aside the pen for the sword,—young men who would do honor to their native state either on the battle-field or in the peaceful pursuits of home life; men of whom it was said after their second battle—on the bloody field of Antietam—“they behaved admirably, more like veteran soldiers than inexperienced recruits.” They were the men who brought home colors that were torn and stained, and who could point proudly to the inscriptions which told of the fields on which they had won their honors. They entered the ranks as inexperienced men: they came home veteran soldiers, the kind of whom it has been well said,—

“How is a soldier made? Whence comes the soldier of a man? A lad taken out of your street, dressed in a soldier’s uniform, fed on a soldier’s rations, carrying a soldier’s weapon, and marching to a soldier’s music, is not a soldier; he is only a lad clothed, fed, armed, and marched like a soldier. But the soldier in a man is generated by fiercer processes: it is worried in by long

marches, it is pressed in by long watches on the picket line, it is filtered in by the dews of night, it is washed in by the rains of heaven, it is starved in by half a biscuit a day, it is baked in by the fever in the hospital cot, it is blown in by shot and shell, it is thrust in by sabre and bayonet—that is where the soldier comes from.”

The Ninth regiment was the first one organized and sent to the front in 1862, the Seventh and Eighth having been mustered in during the latter part of December, 1861, and of January, 1862. It was in May that an order for an additional regiment of infantry was received from the war department, and recruiting officers were at once set at work. Through their persevering efforts a sufficient number to form the nucleus for a regiment arrived at Concord, the rendezvous appointed by the governor, during the latter part of June. The larger portion of the regiment was enlisted in July, and on the 23d of August the organization was completed, the regiment numbering 975 men besides the commissioned officers.

“No person will be commissioned excepting those who actually labor in recruiting and forwarding the organization of the regiment. There are no sinecure offices to be dispensed in this regiment.”

Such was the general order issued by the governor on June 27, and those who held officers' commissions in the Ninth did yeoman service for them. Some had been in the three-months regiments, and thus were valuable aids in “breaking in” recruits; others had “taken the stump” in the towns and villages, and so persuasive had been their silvery eloquence that, as one poor fellow pathetically remarked, when asked why he had enlisted, “I jest could n't help it, he talked so to us.” But they

were good men and true,—all of them,—and were both loved and respected by the soldiers whom they commanded.

Up to the middle of June the camp was under the command of Josiah Stevens, Jr., of Concord. The commission of colonel had been tendered to Enoch Q. Fellows, of Sandwich, an officer who had so distinguished himself in his command of the Third New Hampshire, that he had been recommended to President Lincoln for appointment as brigadier-general, by the governor and council. But the new regiment was to be organized and equipped, and Colonel Fellows was just the man needed for the work. He had been educated at West Point, and men who knew the rudiments of tactics and could drill a company or regiment were scarce in those days; so there was great rejoicing in camp when it was announced that Colonel Fellows had accepted the commission and would at once assume command, which he did on June 14.

Then the camp settled down to solid work, for the men soon learned that soldiering and drilling under a hot July sun was anything but play. But the transforming of an awkward boy into a soldier was often a trying process, both to officer and recruit. How humiliating to be relegated to the "awkward squad;" to be made to turn to the right, the left; face this way, that way; dress up, align, and touch elbows; keep your eyes front and your heels together; move forward, sidewise, backward, and oblique; turn about, wheel about—till you felt as if you were inside out—over and over again! and by and by, when you could do it all in "double-quick" time, you were sent back to your own company—to laugh at the evolution of other "greenies." However,

Colonel Fellows had good material to work on, and though the discipline at times could not fail to be irksome, yet the men generally took it in good part, learning in their subsequent career the value of the thorough drill they received at Camp Colby, and that the drilling under the hot sun there was an excellent preparation for the scorching heat in which they would march for many a weary mile before they saw their homes again.

Tender memories cluster around even these first days of soldier life, and the following incident, so touching in its very simplicity, will bring back to many a gray-haired man to-day the remembrance of his first night in the crowded tents, and how few there were who had the courage to so bravely yet modestly declare their allegiance to the great Captain as did the hero of this little sketch, Frank J. Leverett of Company I.

MY TENT-MATE.

By William H. Rand.

“Lights out! Lights out!”

It was the martial voice of Sergeant Wilcox, making his way among the tents of Company I, to acquaint the raw recruits with the import of the signal known as “taps.”

“Lights out!”

The voice and the footsteps grew more and more distinct, and then slowly receded, leaving us to darkness and our own reflections. This was our first night in camp, and we were for the most part strangers to each other, though huddled together in tents of the Sibley pattern, each large enough to shelter a score of men. There was one of our number, however, a slender, blue-eyed boy, whom I had known from childhood. His name

was Frank. He was one of those manly, resolute fellows who so habitually do the right thing so naturally and so easily that it always seems as if with them there is no alternative.

With the extinction of the lights the hum of conversation had ceased in our tent, but presently the silence was broken by a clear, unfaltering voice: "Boys, I always pray before I go to sleep; and if there is no objection, I'll do so now." Then followed a prayer committing home and friends and all our dearest interests to the keeping of the one strong Hand and loving Heart that rule the world. Devoid of self-consciousness as Frank was in this act of devotion, you may be sure that the moral courage which prompted him to do it, amid such surroundings, did not fail of recognition among his comrades.

In after days, when, on the toilsome march, they saw Frank's mud-splashed figure plodding patiently at their side; or when, in the dread shock of battle, they beheld that youthful visage begrimed with dust and powder, memory recalled their first night in the far-off camp at Concord. "The boy that prayed" was transfigured before them, and under his smoke-stained features and dusty blouse they discerned a soul of kinship with the martyrs and the saints of old.

Though scathless in fight, Frank fell at last a victim of disease, and it was my lot to accompany his sorrowing mother on the homeward journey with the body of her heroic son. In an awkward attempt at consolation, as the train bore us swiftly along, I gave my testimony to Frank's noble character and conduct throughout his army life. At the end of my recital, this Spartan—no, this Christian—mother answered with a smile, "My boy

is safe with One whom he always loved and served wherever he might be. I shall see him again one day, for I know that all is well with him."

The regiment was armed with Windsor rifles with sword bayonets,—then a novelty,—and the recruits were very proud of them. At dress parade the appearance of the regiment was excellent, and its evolutions were witnessed by crowds of people.

Josiah Stevens, Jr., of Concord, had been commissioned lieutenant-colonel, but, as he had resigned, the commission was given to Herbert B. Titus, of Chesterfield, who was then acting as major. Lieutenant-Colonel Titus had served as second, and again as first, lieutenant of Company A, Second New Hampshire volunteers, and on detached service as a signal officer, and had received his commission as major of the Ninth in June, 1862. He was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy August 26, and George W. Everett, of New London, was commissioned major. Major Everett did not leave the state with the regiment, on account of illness, but joined it before the Battle of Fredericksburg in December.

George H. Chandler, of Concord, received the commission of adjutant, and well deserved the position. His zeal, ability, and industry were of great service in the organizing and equipping of the regiment, and proved, as did his subsequent work in the field, that he was the right man in the right place.

The roster of the companies speaks well for the energy of the recruiting officers, for it shows that the men came from nearly all parts of the state. Company A was largely recruited from Rockingham county; Company B, from Hillsborough; Company C came in about equal propor-

tions from Hillsborough and Strafford counties ; Company D, from Strafford ; Company E, from Sullivan ; Companies F and G are largely credited to Sullivan county, though Somersworth and Manchester were well represented in Company F ; Company H had a large quota of Rochester men ; Company I was recruited mostly from Cheshire county, all the officers and more than one third of the enlisted men being residents of Keene, and all making a good record, while it is doubtful if there is another company in the state so largely represented to-day by members living in the same town or city from which they enlisted ; the major part of the members of Company K enlisted from the town of Newport in Sullivan county.

The month of August, 1862, was a disastrous one for the Northern army, and there came an urgent call for more troops in the field ; for the steady progress of Lee's army northward, and his threat to capture Washington and Baltimore and provision his troops from the fertile Pennsylvania valleys, had aroused the entire North. When the Ninth regiment was fully equipped for service the following order was received :

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,

[L. S.]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

CONCORD, August 22, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER.

TO ENOCH Q. FELLOWS, ESQ.,

Colonel Commanding 9th Regiment N. H. Volunteers :

SIR : You will proceed with the regiment under your command on Monday morning, the 25th inst., at 7 o'clock a. m., to Washington, D. C., —by way of Nashua, Worcester, and Providence, and report to Major-Gen'l Halleck—

By order of the Governor,

ANTHONY COLBY, *Adj't-Gen'l.*

This was the final order received from any state authority, the regiment being mustered into the United States service, at Concord, by Col. Seth Eastman, U. S. A. The next day the following complete roster of the field and staff, and of each company, was announced :

HEADQUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP COLBY, CONCORD, August 23, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 6.

This regiment is known as the NINTH NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEERS. The field officers are,—

Colonel, Enoch Q. Fellows; lieutenant-colonel, Herbert B. Titus; major, George W. Everett.

The commissioned staff are,—

Adjutant, George H. Chandler; quartermaster, Carleton B. Hutchins; surgeon, William A. Webster; assistant surgeons, John S. Emerson, Francis N. Gibson; chaplain, Edward M. Gushee.

The non-commissioned staff are,—

Sergeant-major, Edwin Greene; commissary-sergeant, Howard M. Hanson; quartermaster-sergeant, James B. Perry; hospital steward, A. Warner Shepard; principal musicians of infantry, Sylvanus Adams, Alden B. Bennett.

This regiment is composed of ten companies, which are lettered from A to K, in the order in which they were mustered into the service of the United States.

The company now commanded by Captain Pillsbury shall be known as Company A.

The company now commanded by Captain Alexander shall be known as Company B.

The company now commanded by Captain A. S. Edgerly shall be known as Company C.

The company now commanded by Captain Stevens shall be known as Company D.

The company now commanded by Captain Buswell shall be known as Company E.

The company now commanded by Captain Stone shall be known as Company F.

The company now commanded by Captain Whitfield shall be known as Company G.

The company now commanded by Captain C. W. Edgerly shall be known as Company H.

The company now commanded by Captain Babbitt shall be known as Company I.

The company now commanded by Captain Cooper shall be known as Company K.

The commissioned officers of Company A are,—

Captain, Leonard H. Pillsbury ; first lieutenant, William S. Pillsbury ; second lieutenant, Oliver P. Newcomb.

The commissioned officers of Company B are,—

Captain, S. Judson Alexander ; first lieutenant, Willard N. Haradon ; second lieutenant, T. Melville Chisholm.

The commissioned officers of Company C are,—

Captain, Augustus S. Edgerly ; first lieutenant, Charles W. Tilton ; second lieutenant, Charles D. Copp.

The commissioned officers of Company D are,—

Captain, Chester C. Stevens ; first lieutenant, Andrew J. Hough ; second lieutenant, Albert G. Merrill.

The commissioned officers of Company E are,—

Captain, Daniel C. Buswell ; first lieutenant, Asa T. Hutchinson ; second lieutenant, James N. Edminster.

The commissioned officers of Company F are,—

Captain, Andrew J. Stone ; first lieutenant, William P. Moses ; second lieutenant, John E. Mason.

The commissioned officers of Company G are,—

Captain, Smith A. Whitfield ; first lieutenant, Orville Smith ; second lieutenant, Charles A. Harnden.

The commissioned officers of Company H are,—

Captain, Charles W. Edgerly ; first lieutenant, John G. Lewis ; second lieutenant, James Blaisdell.

The commissioned officers of Company I are,—

Captain, John W. Babbitt; first lieutenant, Jacob Green; second lieutenant, Nelson N. Sawyer.

The commissioned officers of Company K are,—

Captain, John B. Cooper; first lieutenant, Ervin T. Case; second lieutenant, William I. Brown.

The rank of captains in this regiment is as follows :

Senior captain, Captain Babbitt; second captain, Captain Stevens; third captain, Captain Edgerly (A. S.); fourth captain, Captain Stone; fifth captain, Captain Buswell; sixth captain, Captain Whitfield; seventh captain, Captain Edgerly (C. W.); eighth captain, Captain Pillsbury; ninth captain, Captain Alexander; junior captain, Captain Cooper.

The non-commissioned officers in the several companies in this regiment are as follows :

Company A.—First sergeant, Leonard H. Caldwell; second sergeant, Ira S. Abbott; third sergeant, Charles J. Symonds; fourth sergeant, Scott W. Keyser; fifth sergeant, Joseph G. Morrill; first corporal, Francis M. Caldwell; second corporal, Abraham Sanborn; third corporal, Franklin H. Foster; fourth corporal, Morrison Alexander; fifth corporal, Monroe Tappan; sixth corporal, Cyrus M. Roberts; seventh corporal, Louis Myers.

Company B.—First sergeant, John Mooney; second sergeant, Ludo B. Little; third sergeant, Warren H. Edmands; fourth sergeant, Webster Heath; fifth sergeant, William H. Hoyt; first corporal, Wyman Pettingill; second corporal, George Hodgman; third corporal, George W. Cutler; fourth corporal, John F. Mudgett; fifth corporal, George H. Richardson; sixth corporal, Joseph G. Woods; seventh corporal, Austin Tucker; eighth corporal, William F. Clough.

Company C.—First sergeant, David F. Cheney; second sergeant, Wentworth Butler; third sergeant, Thomas J. Richards; fourth sergeant, John P. Whipple; fifth sergeant, Simeon Pierce; first corporal, Orrin A. Small; second corporal, Peter F. Phelps; third corporal, Jesse S. Bean; fourth corporal, Samuel R. Eastman; fifth corporal, Barclay C. Buswell; sixth corporal, Hiram W. French; seventh corporal, Jerome Kelley; eighth corporal, John Robinson.

Company D.—First sergeant, George W. Emery; second sergeant, John Donovan; third sergeant, Edwin H. Webster; fourth sergeant, Andrew J. Sanborn; fifth sergeant, Stacy W. Hall; first corporal, Henry J. Boothby; second corporal, Thomas Goodwin; third corporal, Eugene Thurston; fourth corporal, Charles W. Batchelder; fifth corporal, George S. Eastman; sixth corporal, Charles Burleigh; seventh corporal, Horace P. Dearborn; eighth corporal, Edward D. Lothrop.

Company E.—First sergeant, Henry O. Sargent; second sergeant, N. Warren Pulsifer; third sergeant, James C. Ayer; fourth sergeant, Oscar D. Robinson; fifth sergeant, Rodney Perham; first corporal, John W. Robinson; second corporal, Cyrus B. Norris; third corporal, Jonathan P. Stewart; fourth corporal, Charles C. Stevens; fifth corporal, George B. Tracy; sixth corporal, Albert H. Taft; seventh corporal, Francis O. Riley; eighth corporal, Elmer Bragg.

Company F.—First sergeant, Horace Rolfe; second sergeant, Edward C. Babb; third sergeant, George P. Sylvester; fourth sergeant, Edgar W. Densmore; fifth sergeant, George H. Drew; first corporal, James W. Lathe; second corporal, William A. Canfield; third corporal, Oliver H. Dudley; fourth corporal, Charles H. Blaisdell; fifth corporal, George Gordon; sixth corporal, Henry M. Tracy; seventh corporal, Charles M. Noyes; eighth corporal, Hiram S. Lathe.

Company G.—First sergeant, George W. Gove; second sergeant, Napoleon B. Osgood; third sergeant, William D. Rice; fourth sergeant, George H. Dodge; fifth sergeant, James L. Colburn; first corporal, Lorenzo M. Upham; second corporal, James H. Fersons; third corporal, William E. Way; fourth corporal, Edward K. Marsh; fifth corporal, Joseph C. Chapman; sixth corporal, Horace Page; seventh corporal, Varanus Atwood; eighth corporal, Albert B. Cressey.

Company H.—First sergeant, H. Baxter Quimby; second sergeant, John C. Sampson; third sergeant, Joseph B. Twombly; fourth sergeant, Charles E. Blackmer; fifth sergeant, John Howe; first corporal, Frederick Morse; second corporal, Mark G. Staples; third corporal, Sylvester Ham; fourth corporal, John W. Roberts; fifth corporal, Moses L. Chace; sixth corporal, Moses F. Gray; seventh corporal, Charles B. Hussey; eighth corporal, Timothy O'Connor.

Company I.—First sergeant, Charles W. Wilcox; second sergeant, Braman I. Wilson; third sergeant, Elisha Ayers; fourth sergeant,

S. Horace Perry; fifth sergeant, Samuel W. Fletcher; first corporal, John B. Buckman; second corporal, William H. Rand; third corporal, Hercules W. Raymond; fourth corporal, George Stearns; fifth corporal, Henry E. Hubbard; sixth corporal, George W. McClure; seventh corporal, Charles H. Knights; eighth corporal, Marshall P. Wood.

Company K.—First sergeant, Benjamin R. Allen; second sergeant, Charles H. Little; third sergeant, Gilman Leavitt; fourth sergeant, William M. George; fifth sergeant, Daniel W. Howe; first corporal, Charles A. Wood; second corporal, Edwin R. Miller; third corporal, Sylvester Spaulding; fourth corporal, Joel S. Blood; fifth corporal, Prentiss C. Hutchinson; sixth corporal, Eli A. Huntoon; seventh corporal, Henry Tompkins; eighth corporal, Edward C. Kelsey.

The position of the several companies in this regiment in order of battle will be according to the rank of captains, and is as follows:

Company I, the first company, upon the right; Company G, the second company; Company F, the third company; Company B, the fourth company; Company C, the fifth company; Company A, the sixth company; Company E, the seventh company; Company K, the eighth company; Company H, the ninth company; Company D, the tenth company.

The several companies, posted as above, will be designated from right to left in the manœuvres, as first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth companies.

All officers and non-commissioned officers in this regiment will be recognized, respected, and obeyed according to their respective rank and position in the command.

Officers of the day will be detailed for one day's duty only, or until relieved.

The morning reports of companies, signed by the captains and first sergeants, will be handed to the acting adjutant before 8 o'clock in the morning.

All roll-calls prescribed by sections 224, 225, and 226 of article 27 of the Army Regulations will be strictly observed.

The provisions of the Army Regulations of 1861 will be strictly observed, as the acknowledged and standard authority from the war

department, for the government of this regiment, except when special necessity requires their modification, which necessity will be announced in general or special orders.

By order of Enoch Q. Fellows,

Colonel Commanding.

GEORGE H. CHANDLER,

Adjutant.

Only a printed list of names!—and yet the men who are left to-day will never forget the thrill of conscious pride with which they heard their official position in the regiment thus publicly recognized; while to the dear ones of those whose eyes are sealed in the sleep that knows no waking, the sight of names once so familiar brings back the past, with all its tender memories of the loved and lost.

The Ninth made its first official march as an organization to the state house, and there received its colors from the hands of Governor Berry. Then, with its flags floating gently in the breeze, to the sound of martial music—from “a band that could n't be beat”—the regiment filed out of the state house yard, up the Main street, and crossing the river to the camp-ground, held its first formal dress parade.

The next day was Sunday, August 24; but that there are no Sabbaths in war, is a saying which has at least a foundation of fact, and while the regiment was not yet sufficiently near to the scene of actual warfare, nor were the men sufficiently advanced in the transition state from citizens to soldiers to realize its truth, yet they were too far advanced for this to be entirely a day of rest. Certain soldierly duties were to be performed—duties necessary for the well-being and discipline of the regiment, and which could not be neglected even for a

day. The regular guard-mounting was held at eight o'clock, and was followed by an inspection by Adjutant-General Colby—"Governor" Colby he was to the older generation, and was often familiarly so called, having been governor of the state in 1846-'47.

To the members of each company, after inspection in their respective company streets, he spoke words of caution and advice in a familiar and fatherly way, yet pointedly and briefly, as became a man of his great practical common sense. Then came services on the parade ground, conducted by Chaplain Gushee, and these were attended by all of the men not on duty. A great number of visitors was present at these services, and a still greater number witnessed the evening dress parade, the last at this camp. Many a good-bye letter was written that day, and each man in his own way made ready for the great event of the morrow.



CHAPLAIN EDWARD M. GUSHEE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM CONCORD TO SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

On that well-remembered 25th of August the camp was early astir. Knapsacks were packed, the teams loaded, the line was formed, and at seven o'clock—"Adieu to Camp Colby!"

Even at that early hour there were crowds of people upon the streets, and they greeted the regiment with cheers as it passed on its way to the station, where still greater crowds were in waiting. But there was little time for greetings or partings, for the train was in waiting, and was soon filled. The twenty cars for the men were unmistakably "filled," for as every man had his gun and equipments, his knapsack with overcoat and blanket-roll, his haversack and canteen, there was no opportunity for any one to occupy more than his own limited share of seat, rack, or even floor space. An extra car for the officers, with six cars for their horses and the baggage, made up a train whose length caused many a comment among the men, and seemed to magnify their already enlarged sense of their own importance.

Providence was reached without any unusual incident, and after a short halt here the next stage of the journey was to Groton, Conn. At this point the regiment was transferred to the steamer *Commonwealth*, of the Stonington line, and landed at Jersey City about eight o'clock the next morning. After a wait here of several hours,

a train was again taken, for the tedious ride across the state of New Jersey, and Philadelphia was reached at seven o'clock in the evening. Two gentlemen, representatives of an association of citizens, were in waiting at the station, and conducted the regiment to the famous Union refreshment saloon, or "Cooper shop," where they were treated to a bountiful supper, and were waited upon at the tables by scores of fair ladies. From the saloon, through streets lined with throngs of enthusiastic citizens, they marched back to the railroad station, and at 11:30 were off for Baltimore, that mob-breeding city, through which the regiment marched next day without any special incident except that they were treated to a good dinner.

On arriving at Washington, about 7:30 in the evening, the regiment was met at the Baltimore & Ohio railroad station by an aid of General Casey, who bore an order for them to proceed across the Long bridge into Virginia. At so late an hour, and the men being fatigued by their long ride, it seemed very desirable that they should remain at or near the station until morning. But orders are orders, and the subaltern of course had no discretion in the matter. Colonel Fellows inquired where he could find General Casey, and being informed that he was at the Ebbitt House, he accepted the invitation of the messenger to accompany him there in his carriage. Permission for the regiment to remain where it was for that night was readily obtained from the general, who also requested Colonel Fellows to call at his office at the Long bridge when the regiment arrived there.

Early the next morning the following order was received:

HEAD-QUARTERS PROVISIONAL BRIGADES,
 WASHINGTON, August 28, 1862.
 568 Fourteenth street.

SPECIAL ORDERS,

No. 70.

1. The 9th New Hampshire Vols., Col. E. Q. Fellows, will proceed without delay across the Long Bridge and encamp at Camp "Chase" near Fort "Albany."

2. Col. D. H. Rucker, Q. M., U. S. A., will furnish the necessary transportation.

By order of Brig. Gen. Casey.

C. H. RAYMOND,
Lt. and Aide.

COL. FELLOWS,
 9th N. H.

In compliance with this order the regiment started about eight o'clock, and on arrival at the Long bridge was halted while Colonel Fellows made his call at General Casey's office. After giving him directions in regard to the crossing into Virginia, General Casey handed Colonel Fellows the following order of assignment :

HEAD-QUARTERS PROVISIONAL BRIGADES,
 WASHINGTON, August 28th, 1862.
 568 Fourteenth street.

SPECIAL ORDERS,

No. 72.

The following named Regiments are assigned to Gen'l Whipple's command, and their respective Colonels will, in person, report to him, viz. :

1. 9th Regt. New Hampshire Volunteers.
2. 120th Regt. New York Volunteers.

By order of Gen'l Casey.

ROBERT N. SCOTT,
Capt. 4th Inf'y, A. A. A. G.

The Ninth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, had reached historic ground! The famous Long bridge,

spanning the Potomac, was a wooden structure, the framework resting chiefly on piling, with a few stone piers, and its name became a familiar one to the country during the war. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers crossed and recrossed it. Many times it shook beneath the tread of regiments, brigades, and divisions marching to "the front." Many thousands of the brave men who crossed it, with their faces southward, did not return. Through all those days, weeks, months, and years, wagons trailed over it, laden with supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition for the army. Hundreds of ambulances bore across it their burdens of wounded and suffering soldiers. The Long bridge was the connecting link between Washington and the brave, patient, and long-suffering Army of the Potomac.

On crossing the bridge, the regiment was met on the Virginia side by Col. Daniel Hall, of Dover, then a captain on General Whipple's staff. Captain Hall conducted the regiment to the high ground some two miles to the westward, the place of the designated camping-ground,—“Camp ‘Chase,’ near Fort ‘Albany,’” and soon afterwards Colonel Fellows reported in person to General Whipple, at his head-quarters, not far distant.

Such is the story, officially told, of how it was, that in obedience to the order to proceed with the regiment to Washington and report to Major-General Halleck, the Ninth New Hampshire was transported from Concord to Washington, from New Hampshire to Virginia soil, and from state to federal control. But there was a standpoint, other than that of authority and responsibility, from which it was viewed by all the rest, or well-nigh all the rest, of the regiment, to whom the trip was a novelty and its scenes and incidents were new and

intensely interesting. And how it all appeared, especially to the farmer boys, who had never before been out of sight of their native hills, but whose keen eyes nothing escaped,—and of such was the majority—can best be told, and in fact can be truthfully told, only by themselves; and how they told it, in diaries kept and in letters to home friends, the following will show :

A COMPOSITE DIARY.

From the rank and file.

“As we marched down Main street [in Concord] citizens of both sexes filled windows, doors, and balconies, and hundreds with tearful eyes signalled their final adieus. At the depot the scene was an inexpressibly sad one. . . . One thought occupied all minds and filled every eye with tears,—‘Many of these now going forth will return no more.’ Oh, blessed uncertainty that does not reveal which shall be taken and which left!

“Everywhere along the route the people flocked out to welcome us and bid us ‘God speed.’ As this is my first experience in travelling by water, I find much to astonish and interest me.

“At five o’clock the next morning I went on deck. The sea was slightly ruffled by the brisk breeze against which our noble steamer was majestically working her way. On our left lay Long Island, presenting a beautiful variety of groves, sandbanks, and green, sloping hill-sides; while on the right were numerous small islands, on many of which were elegant mansions, and on every hand were water-craft of all descriptions, from the tiny skiff to the huge man-o’-war with its wide-spreading sails and frowning port-holes.

“ . . . But soon the natural scenery began to grow less like nature, and the increased number of vessels told us we were nearing the ‘Empire City.’ As we passed steamers and ferry-boats, cheers were exchanged by the soldiers and crowds of passengers; our band standing forward on the deck played national airs, and the whole scene was one to inspire a glow of national pride in every heart. As we passed up between New York and Brooklyn, on either side was a forest of masts, and beyond a sea of houses.

“When we landed at Jersey City and marched through the streets, I was much more impressed by the character of the inhabitants than the appearance of the place. . . . No sooner did we halt here than scores of women, neatly attired and with smiling faces, came out with tea, coffee, and eatables, while the boys flocked around, eager to fill our canteens with ice water. . . .

“Arrived at Philadelphia in the evening, *via* Trenton. There we were furnished with a splendid supper by a society which, free of expense, furnishes every regiment passing through the city with a sumptuous meal. After the regiment had been victualled, we marched about two miles to the Baltimore depot, and during all the route the streets were thronged with women and children shaking our hands and saying ‘Good-bye, soldier; good-bye, brother,’ with as much apparent emotion as though we had been their own citizens. These expressions of patriotism and hospitality have given our men an exalted opinion of the ‘City of Brotherly Love’ which they will not soon forget.

“Soon after daybreak we reached the Susquehanna at ‘Havre de Grace,’ where after a short delay we crossed

on a ferry. Went into the cabin and took a breakfast, for which I paid 25 cents. Arrived at Baltimore about noon, and marched through the streets where the first blood was shed in this great war for freedom, to the Washington depot. Our reception was not much like that received in Jersey City and Philadelphia, yet here we were supplied with a good dinner and the boys filled our canteens with water without charge.

“As we went on through Maryland, we seemed to be passing into a land of antiquity. Everything which we beheld bore evidence of the enervating influence of slavery.

“Arrived at Washington about dark, and of course we were somewhat fatigued by our journey, although it was a very pleasant one, all things considered. Our regiment was fed and lodged at the ‘Soldiers’ Retreat.’ They tell us that troops are pouring in continually from all quarters, at the rate of 10,000 per day, and it is a wonder to me how they manage to feed them here, for they all come hungry.

“We had not room enough in the ‘Retreat’ for all to lie down comfortably; each man was compelled to lie ‘top of his equipments,’ and then they were so thick it was almost impossible to walk through without walking on men; so I took my luggage and equipments, went out of doors, and slept nicely till morning.

“As soon as it was light I washed up, and it seemed as though a cup of tea would do me good, for I had no appetite for breakfast. I had the tea, but how to get it steeped was the question. Taking a good drawing from my knapsack, I watched my opportunity to pass the guard, and started for some rusty-looking houses at some distance from the barracks. When I arrived there

I perceived by more than one sense that they were inhabited by Irish families, including men, women, children, goats, fowls, etc. After calling at several places where they 'didn't make any fire yet,' I at length found some hot water and a woman who was perfectly willing to loan the use of her teapot, and without reference to the environment, I made the infusion and drank it with a very good relish, poured some in my canteen, and put back to camp.

“. . . I expected to see the 'elephant' this morning, but am disappointed in beholding nothing but an ungainly calf. Everything appears either unfinished or so antique as to be fast going to decay. My ill feelings may have something to do with giving me these impressions, but I am sure I should never regard the droves of speckled, black, and brindled hogs which I saw on the sidewalks, nor the dead horse which I saw in the street, as an ornament to any city. Did not have time to visit the public buildings, which we are informed are the glory of the city.

“About eight o'clock this morning they formed the regiment in line of march for Arlington Heights, but, feeling unable to march, I with several others hired some teams to carry ourselves and luggage. I felt rather cheap to fail up on the first march, but I could not have stood it, for they took the regiment in the first place for a 'show' round through the city, and they raised such a dust that you could not see ten paces ahead, and before they reached the camp-ground at least one half the regiment had fallen out by the way.

“. . . The sun shone terribly hot, and many of us have knapsacks too heavy by far for the march. But we are now here, encamped in an orchard, and the men

are in good spirits. Quite a shower came up before we got our tents pitched, during which we protected ourselves as best we could with our rubber blankets. Got our tents up just before night, and turned in for our first sleep on Virginia soil. I presume we shall not remain here more than two or three days before moving nearer the main army, which I understand is nearing us."

The trip so full of interest to the farmer boy and embryo soldier, was probably as devoid of happenings as such a journey could well be; and but for the fact of having been recorded at the time, its scenes and incidents, obscured by distance, and especially by the intervening and all-important events of the life upon which they were entering, would have sunk from sight or remained a mere speck upon the horizon of memory.

One incident, recalled by a letter written at the time by an officer of the regiment, may be mentioned as fairly illustrative of ordinary military methods:

After seeing the men distributed about the boat and made as comfortable as possible, the officers began to think about supper. In reply to their inquiries and requests, they were informed by the captain that supper would not be served until the passengers by the eleven o'clock train were on board. Hunger, however, is not conducive to formality, even in an officer, and about ten o'clock they marched to the dining-room and seated themselves at the tables. Supper was not forthcoming, but the captain was; and he threatened, if they did not leave, to turn on the steam and drive them out. "Captain," said the colonel, "give us our suppers, or I'll take possession of this boat and run it myself." Whether the captain realized that he was outranked on his own boat,

or simply concluded to exercise that "better part of valor," is immaterial. The supper was served, and the first victory of the Ninth New Hampshire was a bloodless one.

Late in the afternoon of the day of the arrival of the regiment at Camp Chase, tents were received, but not enough for the entire regiment, several of the officers even being tentless. The lieutenant-colonel and the adjutant were quartered in the porch of a house near by, and guarded the entrance as faithfully as sleeping sentinels could.

About three o'clock the next morning the regiment was suddenly aroused by the beat of the long-roll, and there ran through the camp the order to "Turn out under arms!" This was promptly done, and, leaving only the camp guard and the non-combatants behind, the regiment was conducted through the darkness to—"somewhere," about half a mile away, though the length of this silent, strange, and darksome march seemed much greater; and after standing for a half hour or more stupidly in line, or supposedly so—many of the men resting prone upon the ground, and some of them being fast asleep—marched back to camp. It was then ordered to the Chain bridge, some miles above the city, and after a hasty breakfast of bread and coffee again started, taking blankets, canteens, and a full day's rations in their haversacks. After proceeding about a mile and a half the order was countermanded, and again the regiment returned to camp. Then striking tents,—those who had them—and marching past the historic Arlington mansion,—the home of Lee—the regiment continued about two and a half miles in a northerly direction, having been assigned to a camping-ground

between Forts Woodbury and Corcoran which was known as Camp Whipple. By order of General Whipple two companies were then sent on a scout to Falls church, a few miles distant.

There were one or two line officers who had been in the service previously, and they, judging perhaps from some like experience, surmised that this early morning "turn-out" might have been a mere *ruse de guerre* to familiarize the men with war's alarms, and to teach every man to have his gun and equipments, and in fact all his belongings, where he could lay his hand on them at any time, day or night; and this notwithstanding the severe punishment to which any officer might be liable who should occasion a false alarm in camp. The second order, however,—to march to the Chain bridge—would evidently be carrying any such grim joke a little too far, even for purposes of discipline. It seems, rather, from the facts and circumstances, that the correct explanation was given by a private, who remarked in a peculiar drawling tone and with a touch of the Yankee twang, "I guess somebody was skairt."

A diary entry of this their "first great military exploit," as it is somewhat facetiously called, is as follows:

"The night was very dark; not half of us knew where to get into line or which way to face. In fact, we don't know anything, and until we have some drill it can hardly be expected that we should. After much bewilderment we got into line and started off with our guns, leaving everything else behind. Wondered what we could do without ammunition, but felt sure that we could do some fighting at the point of the bayonet."

While the opinion thus expressed as to their knowledge, or rather their want of it, was somewhat of a depreciative exaggeration, it is quite true that in the school of the soldier the regiment had still much to learn; and it is equally true, that during the stay at this camp there was little opportunity to learn it. There was an average total of one day of drill, by company and squad, and a single dress parade—and that was all, except the daily detail for camp guard and of a company or more for picket duty.

But in “fatigue duty” the regiment became, or at least had the opportunity to become, quite proficient. This was performed mostly with the shovel, digging rifle-pits or constructing other earthworks for defence, and then with the ax, felling the trees in their front or wherever a possible military necessity or advantage might require. And this possibility did not spare the orchards, nor have regard for shade or ornament; the ruthless hand of war laid the ax even unto the roots, and every tree which might afford concealment or protection to an advancing enemy was hewn down, irrespective of its value or the quality of its fruit.

This digging and tree cutting was largely upon the Lee estate, and all of it presumably on the property of the enemy; and yet it was not without regret and thoughts of home trees, and of the years required to bring them to maturity, that this destruction was wrought.

This fatigue duty showed the advantage of being a non-commissioned officer in a new light, as ordinarily but two corporals and perhaps a sergeant were detailed with a company; and these were not expected to work themselves—only to see that the men worked—each act-

ing as a sort of "foreman of the gang," as a detailed corporal somewhat pretentiously, though not inaptly, styled himself. Nor was it the non-commissioned officers alone who considered themselves fortunate in this respect, for the whole detail was in charge of a single commissioned officer.

"For fatigue purposes" the "Army Regulations" prescribe "a sack coat of dark blue flannel extending half way down the thigh, and made loose, without sleeve or body lining, falling collar, inside pocket on the left side, four buttons down the front." Now though the men had little knowledge of tactics, and still less of "Regulations," they did know the first duty of the soldier—to obey orders. So they went to their daily digging without a murmur, stripped off their uniform coats, all unconscious that they were not of the prescribed pattern for such duty, and toiling away in the hot August sun, piled up the fresh earth and—malaria; the one as a defence against an enemy that never there appeared, the other in itself a foe far more insidious and no less dangerous, and one that, often re-enforced and constantly encountered, many a man, surviving all else, has found was never to be conquered.

A diary belonging to one of Stonewall Jackson's men was picked up somewhere in the track of his famous "foot cavalry," and day after day, for many days in succession, it contained only this succinct entry: "We marched." With equal conciseness, for an average of at least four of their eight days at this camp, even the regimental journal might read, "We shovelled;" and for another two days, "We chopped." The Yankees, however, were more elaborate in their descriptions, as appears by the following diary entries:

“Our company was detailed to go out and chop. Started about eight o'clock in the morning and worked all day, and was mighty tired come night.”

“Rain set in during the forenoon. Thought I should have a nice time, however, for writing letters in our snug little tent, but just as I was getting out my portfolio the order came to ‘Fall in,’ and off we went to dig rifle-pits. Worked hard at this all day.”

“Went out digging to-day on the same line of intrenchments we were engaged upon yesterday. It is rather hard work, but we take it easy; and if we can serve our country better in this way than in any other, I am content.”

“Our company was on ‘fatigue’ again to-day. Were set at work felling trees along the Potomac. For myself, not only chopped trees but also a generous slice off of one of my fingers. In consequence, ‘bled’ for my country for the first time. A man in a Pennsylvania regiment near us was instantly killed by the falling of a tree upon him.”

The lamenting diarist last above quoted, thus closes his chronicling for the day:

“Such is our first Sabbath in Virginia. I wonder no longer that soldiers forget the day of the week and can't tell when Sunday comes. Oh, when shall we see again a quiet Sabbath, such as we are wont to enjoy at home!” and another adds this cumulative evidence:

“First Sabbath in a Virginia camp. It has rained powerfully all day. This morning the most of our regiment not on duty were detailed to work on the fortifications. Marched about a mile in the rain and mud to get

our tools, thence to the work. Returned to camp at night, tired out and hungry."

Such were the associations connected with this day, and such were its contrasts; but notwithstanding the unmilitary character of the duties, the stay at this camp was not uneventful, nor without its object lessons, presenting in panoramic picture some unexpected phases of the life upon which the men were entering.

The first night, about eleven o'clock, an order came from General Whipple to send out two companies on picket, and Companies I and C were sent accordingly. An hour later, in compliance with another order, the entire regiment was aroused and turned out under arms,—as on the previous night at Camp Chase—and then turned in again without leaving camp.

The next morning the leading regiments of the Second corps (Sumner's) were marching past. They had arrived from the Peninsula the day before, having disembarked at Alexandria. It was an inspiring sight to see them thus moving towards the battle-field, marching, as it seemed, to the music of the already opening guns of this second day of the Second Bull Run. The absence of artillery was noticeable, the horses having been shipped by other transports and arriving later. But why they should be here, marching ten or more miles away from, instead of towards, Pope, Jackson, and Longstreet; and why halted for the day, while the whole corps came up and stretched away in position not far from the camp, seemed somewhat of a puzzle. Could it have any connection with the "scare" of the two previous nights?

How these veterans of the Army of the Potomac

appeared to the embryo soldiers, can best be told in their own language. One diary runs thus :

“They looked weather-beaten, worn out, and ragged. Some are almost destitute of shoes. They are in the lightest marching order possible, not one in a hundred having a knapsack ; and yet they marched on toward the battle-field, whence could be heard the roar of artillery at this place, with apparent cheerfulness.

“They call us ‘bounty men,’ and growl some as they see new troops lying still here. One says, ‘Why don’t they send these fellows over to Bull Run?’ ‘Oh,’ says another, ‘they are afraid they would dirty their new clothes.’

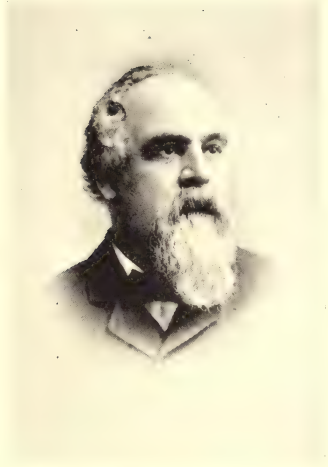
“Long trains of ambulances for the wounded also passed. I was much interested in examining them to see what kind of provision the government had made for the suffering and unfortunate soldiers.”

And this, from another diary :

“This morning another division passed by on their way to the scene of conflict. They had left the boats at Alexandria the night before, and halted for two or three hours in a field near us. Soon after our reveille had sounded their drums beat, and in what seemed to me an incredibly short time they were in line and moving forward. Dust was plenty and water scarce, and they besides had no time or chance to apply the latter. Their uniforms were faded, and some of them in rags. Knapsacks and all the ‘extras’ in a soldier’s outfit were extremely scarce among them, and as they marched by, dirty, haggard, weary, and footsore, some of them shoeless, looking upon such a scene for the first time, I



CAPT. CHARLES W. EDGERLY, CO. H.



CAPT. JAMES BLAISDELL, CO. H.



SERGT. OSMON B. WARREN, CO. H.



CORP. WILLIAM J. LAVENDER, CO. H.

viewed it with mingled surprise, pity, and admiration. This was a new phase in soldier life to me, and the thought came, 'Can it be possible that this is what you may and probably will have to come to; and is it not rather more than you bargained for?'

The camping-ground bordered upon the road, above which it was sufficiently elevated to enable the men, when standing upon the line between camp and highway, to look down upon this moving scene, so fascinating in its ever-changing monotony. It presented indeed "a new phase in soldier life," even to the few to whom so many phases of that life were not unfamiliar.

Standing thus, as the men of the Fifth New Hampshire were marching past,—plodding along, bronzed, dirty, and grim, perfect types of the self-reliance and dogged determination of the veteran soldier—one of the men, after gazing at them in silence for a time, finally exclaimed, "My God! Shall we ever look like that?"

There were mutual recognitions and hearty greetings between the men of the two regiments,—the one already known by its well earned and historic name of the "Fighting Fifth," the other whose less euphonious appellation of the "Bloody Ninth" was so soon to be acquired.

They halted for the day not far away, and Colonel Cross paid the camp quite a visit. In return, he was complimented at his head-quarters with a serenade by the regimental band. Major Sturtevant was another welcome guest. Known personally to Colonel Fellows and Captain Edgerly, with whom he had served in the First regiment, and to Adjutant Chandler as a townsman, he was also known to all as the first enlisted soldier

in the state, as well as the first to receive authority to recruit, and as a brave, gallant, and efficient officer. These worthy representatives of the old Granite state, who had already won an enviable military reputation, both gave their lives to their country—dying as the soldier dies, and would wish to die—the one at Gettysburg, to be interred with merited honor in his own loved state, at the place of his birth; the other at Fredericksburg, to lie in an unmarked and unknown grave.

The first of September, General McClellan, going in the direction of Washington, and accompanied by two of his staff, reined out of the highway and rode through the camp. He was immediately recognized, and those who caught the word had a good look at the man in whom it can truly be said that the army then believed, whatever opinions may have afterwards been formed.

On the second, Colonel Fellows was assigned by General Whipple to the command of a brigade of his division of the Army Reserve corps. This brigade was composed of four newly arrived regiments, including the Ninth, and there were comprised in the command Forts Woodbury and Corcoran and three other forts in the immediate vicinity, commanding the approaches to the Aqueduct and the Chain bridges, for the immediate defence of which these regiments had been encamped there. Colonel Fellows was not the ranking colonel of the brigade, but having been in the service for more than a year, as well as by reason of his West Point training, he was thought by General Whipple to be the best qualified for the position.

On assuming command, Colonel Fellows issued the following order :

HEAD-QUARTERS 4TH BRIGADE, WHIPPLE'S DIVISION,
September 2nd, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS

NO. 1.

According to General Order No. 25, the undersigned assumes command of the 4th Brigade, Whipple's Division.

Owing to the exigencies of the service, it is of the utmost importance that the regiments composing this brigade should be ready to take the field at the earliest possible moment; consequently, when not on fatigue duty the regimental commanders will occupy all the time in squad, company, and battalion drill, and will likewise establish a school for theoretical instruction of officers; and no officer will be excused from drill unless sick or on duty.

No fire-arms will be discharged in or about the camp without permission of the commanding officer.

Hereafter regimental morning reports will be sent to these headquarters before nine o'clock.

E. Q. FELLOWS,

Col. 9th N. H. V., Com'g Brigade.

GEORGE H. CHANDLER,

1st Lieut., 9th N. H. V., Acting A. A. G.

The supposed exigencies of the service were such, however, that not only the Ninth, but all the other regiments of this brigade, were kept on fatigue duty, as already stated; and as for the discharge of fire-arms, it is needless to say that this part of the order was obeyed to the very letter, for the ammunition issued to the men the day previous did not fit their rifles, and none of the right calibre could there be obtained.

September 3 came the report (which proved to be true) that General Pope had been removed at his own request, and General McClellan assigned to the command.

About 1,300 prisoners, captured by the Confederates at Bull Run the Saturday previous, halted for a while in front of the camp. They had been paroled on the bat-

tle-field, and were going to Washington. They seemed bright and cheerful, and were quite communicative. The one hope expressed was, that they might be promptly exchanged and returned to their regiments to try it again. To say they were a "hard-looking lot," would be but to repeat, in uncouth phrase, a very summary description of them written at the time, written, however, from the standpoint of good clothes, personal cleanliness, tented sleep, and abundant rations, the standpoint of one all unused to the stern realities which make the veteran—the weary march, the blazing sky, the shelterless bivouac, the strain of battle, the unquenched thirst and the empty haversack.

On the 4th there was a partial but welcome relief from fatigue duty, and for the first time since leaving Concord there was opportunity for company drill by a portion of the regiment. After this there was no further "fatigue" duty, and no present need of more intrenchments, for Washington was now encircled by an army of veterans. The Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula and the Army of Virginia from the front had returned—some of them—to their old camping-grounds—back again to their starting-point of five months ago. Their journeyings and their achievements, their successes and their failures, have passed into history and need not here be recounted; but whatever they had done, or failed to do, they were at least what the men of the Ninth New Hampshire were now striving to become—soldiers.

The first step, however, was to find out just how much had already been accomplished. So there was a muster and thorough inspection of the regiment by Lieutenant-Colonel Titus, after which drilling began in earnest;

and it was with many expressions of satisfaction that instead of the shovel and the ax the men resumed the rifle, and appeared once more, not as gangs of workmen, but as a regiment of soldiers.

For purposes of drill the regiment was very favorably situated. The camp-ground was smooth, and hard-trodden by many feet. The debris left by former occupants had been cleared away, and everything arranged for comfort and convenience. The first, and as it proved the last, dress parade at this camp was held at sunset, on the 5th, and this was immediately followed by supper from the company cook-houses. Then, until tattoo, the time was for rest and recreation, or for reverie, which one diarist has thus preserved :

“The evening was one of the loveliest I have ever seen. For hours I sat, or rather reclined, in the door of our little tent, with my companions lying around, rows of white canvas dwellings stretching in regular streets on either hand, a beautiful landscape thickly dotted with camps, and other martial emblems on every side, a bright, full moon bathing all below in purest silvery light, while gliding peacefully through the soft, deep azure of the gem-decked canopy above ; and as I drank in the rare and glorious beauty of nature’s lavish display, read with introverted eye the thickly written tablets of memory, and mused on our present, to us still novel, situation, and of what the future might have in store, I thought of the dear ones left at home, of the scenes and joys I had experienced there ; and the tears almost started to my eyes unbidden as I thought again of the probabilities of my never seeing their renewal. But yet I am not

sorry I am here, and though I would gladly see this wicked war immediately closed, and hear the joyous order to return, yet for the sake of country and my country's honor, I am willing to remain, and to perish even, if so it must be."

The mandatory proverb to boast not one's self of to-morrow is peculiarly applicable to the soldier, for he it is of all men that knoweth not what a day may bring forth.

The early morning greeting of the 6th was a renewal of the order to send out two companies to dig rifle-pits—those interminable intrenchments, the cause of "curses not loud but deep," as deep, at least, as the pits that evoked them. Two companies were already on picket, and two others preparing to relieve them. The remaining four were being put through their soldierly exercises when, with the promptitude of an "About face," there came a transformation not down on the regimental programme. This was caused by the receipt of the following orders :

HEAD-QUARTERS, MILITARY DEFENCES,
SOUTH-WEST OF THE POTOMAC.
ARLINGTON, Sept. 6, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS,
NO. 126.

The order constituting your Brigade is hereby Annulled.

You will order the Working parties and Pickets from Regiments under your Command, to return to their respective Commands immediately.

By command of Brig. Gen. Whipple :

TO
COL. FELLOWS,
Comd'g Brigade.

DANIEL W. VAN HORN,
Capt. and A. A. D. C.



LIEUT. S. HENRY SPRAGUE, Co. F.



CORP. CHARLES B. DAVIS, Co. F.



SERG. JAMES W. LATHE, Co. F.



SERG. JAMES W. LATHE, Co. F.

HEAD-QUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 6, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS,

NO. 3.

I. The following mentioned new Regiments are distributed as hereinafter indicated, and will proceed to join their respective Corps and Stations, viz. :

Burnside's Corps at Leesboro, Six miles out 7th Street.

15th and 16th Conn.

9th New Hampshire

35th Massachusetts

17th and 20th Michigan

* * * * *

The Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation to carry into effect the foregoing assignments. The regiments for Burnside's, Sumner's, and Banks' Corps and Couch's Division will march without tents or knapsacks, and be provided with three-days provisions in Haversacks. All the regiments will have forty rounds of Ammunition in their Cartridge Boxes.

By Command of Major Genl. McClellan,

S. WILLIAMS,

Asst. Adj't Genl.

Official. [Signed.]

DANIEL W. VAN HORN, *Capt. and A. A. D. C.*

To

COM. OFFICER, 9th New Hampshire.

This second order, as received, designated only the regiments assigned to the Ninth corps; but in all, thirty-six new regiments were distributed among the different corps of the army, "and now," writes Corporal Lathe, in pleased anticipation shared by all, "come the hardships and the fame," showing an abundant supply of energy, adaptability, and good humor,—levers which had the power to lighten if not remove the burden of many a heavy hour in this new, rough manner of living. Indeed, that they were prominent characteristics among the men of the Ninth, was shown in the rapidity with which a little practice developed and

increased the many contrivances to insure comfort, in spite of so much that was adverse.

Preparatory to this movement the regiment received its first issue of hard bread. Previous to this time it had been supplied with soft bread from the government bakeries in Washington,—“soft tack” it was called, as distinguished from “hard tack,” to which the men now had their first introduction, and of which the prescribed three-days rations were issued and stowed away in haversacks.

Leaving Quartermaster Hutchins in charge of the abandoned camp, with its tents all standing, and the band and two men detailed from each company to guard it and await further orders, by three in the afternoon the regiment was on the move, in light marching order,—all the lighter from the absence of the prescribed “forty rounds” in the cartridge boxes.

Crossing the Aqueduct bridge and passing through Georgetown, the regiment rested for a while in Washington. Then, having marched the designated “six miles out Seventh street,” it was discovered that Leesboro was still fully three miles away. The day was hot, the dust deep, and it was not until about eight o’clock that the regiment turned into a beautiful grove, appropriately named Brightwood. Here, upon the ground, without other shelter than that afforded by the friendly and protecting trees, the tired men slept the sleep of the soldier.

This, their first night by blazing bivouac fires, was one to linger long in the memory of those spared by the fortunes of war, one of whom thus recorded it at the time :

“The scene in the early evening was romantic in the extreme. It was a warm, bright, lovely night, but in the shadow of the trees dark enough to have the numerous fires, soon kindled by the soldiers, show to good advantage. Gleaming among these in every direction were the stacks of polished muskets, and scattered among them the wearied men, wrapped in their blankets for the night’s repose. Beyond the reach of their rays, loomed up the shadows,—hobgoblin, dark, and gloomy from the contrast, while through the mixed canopy of green and blue twinkled coquettishly the glimmering stars.

“All in all, it was to me at least a weird, novel, yet interesting spectacle; and it was long before the blandishments of Morpheus could close my eyes upon its beauty.”

Starting soon after daylight the next morning, about eight o’clock the regiment encamped, or rather bivouacked again, in a beautiful grove at a fork in the road near an old tumble-down tavern. This, with two dwelling-houses looking old and rusty, and the accompanying outbuildings looking older and rustier, was Leesboro.

As the head of the column approached the town, place, village, or whatever the term by which such a locality might properly be designated, General Burnside was met on the road, and Colonel Fellows, saluting, at once reported to him. The general recognized him immediately (they had been schoolmates at West Point), and greeting him cordially said,—“You know General Reno?” The colonel replied in the affirmative; and General Burnside said, “Report to Reno.” This having been done, General Reno, in turn, directed Colonel

Fellows to report to Colonel Nagle, commanding the First brigade of the Second (Sturgis's) division.

The first necessity, however, was to get a supply of ammunition to fit the rifles; and as none could there be had of the right calibre, permission was obtained from General Reno to send back for it before reporting to Colonel Nagle. Lieutenant-Colonel Titus was therefore detailed to go back to Washington to get the ammunition, to see to the packing up and storing of the surplus baggage left behind at the old camp on Arlington Heights, and to wind up and bring up the rear generally—that is, the knapsacks, overcoats, and the men left in camp—not the stragglers, for there had been no straggling. The rear-guard had done its duty under the eye of the lieutenant-colonel, who had ridden much of the time in rear of the column, and had determined at the outset that the regiment should not fall into that pernicious habit.

Some of the other regiments had not been so fortunate in this respect, for scores of stragglers were seen all along the road. One incident in this connection was somewhat amusing. Several regiments had followed the Ninth out from Washington, and later in the day one of them, or rather a melancholy-looking remnant of it, went into camp near by. One of its lagging, self-deployed members, meeting General Burnside, who had ridden back along the road, and making his best salute, boldly inquired if he had seen his regiment (naming it) anywhere. "Oh, yes," replied the general blandly, and in his characteristic offhand manner, "you'll find them all the way from here to Washington!"

So sudden and unexpected had been the departure from Arlington, that some of the officers were absent in



A. B. Burdett

the city. Adjutant Chandler, who had just purchased a horse, had gone for the equipments and to pay some visits, more especially to meet his old college classmate, Captain Patterson (afterwards Colonel), of the Second, and so was dressed in his best. Starting to return, he met the regiment, and wheeling his horse accompanied it. He was the recipient of not a little good-natured banter, for, like the brave knight in the nursery riddle, he was

“All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight ;”

and it was suggested that his bright new uniform was just the thing, not only for active campaigning but as an attractive mark for some hostile sharpshooter.

Captains Alexander and Whitfield were also absent, their companies having been detailed for fatigue or picket. Their experiences are related by the former :

“Yesterday, while I was at Washington, the regiment received orders to move. When I returned to camp about six o'clock, I found they had left; the tents and baggage were left with two men from each company, to guard them and assist the quartermaster in packing up. Three days' rations had been given out. My orderly sergeant was with me, and also one captain who had been away during the day. The quartermaster told me the regiment had started for Leesboro, about five miles from Washington. I packed my blanket, took rations in my haversack, and started. We went to Washington and inquired the way to Leesboro. No one knew, or had ever heard of such a place, but from some persons we met we found the regiment went up Seventh street, so we started. We walked about five miles, but could find no trace of them. So many regiments had passed

and were passing that no one knew anything about it. Still, we thought we were on the right road, for the whole army seemed to be moving that way. After walking until about half-past eleven, we thought we had better turn in and wait until morning; so we found an empty wagon, which we got into, and slept finely until six this morning [September 7], when we started. The road was full of infantry, artillery, cavalry, and baggage wagons. They had been passing all night, but we had slept so soundly we had not heard them. After walking about five miles further we overtook our regiment, encamped in a fine grove."

The observations which follow, at a later day would hardly have been made.

"No one can tell one day where he may be the next. The old regiments say that since they left the Peninsula they have not remained two nights in a place. The New Hampshire Fifth and the battery do not look much as they did when they left the state. All the troops I have seen, with the exception of the new regiments, are ragged, dirty, dressed in every kind of clothes imaginable, the officers hardly distinguishable from the men."

These officers were in the same plight as Adjutant Chandler,—resplendent in new uniforms, as much out of keeping with their surroundings and duties as a Sunday suit in a coal-pit; but the captain thus closes the record for the day :

"I have got me a blouse and an old hat that one of the soldiers threw away, and feel now as dirty and happy as the rest of them."

That they had been assigned to Burnside's corps was soon known throughout the regiment. So, too, that Colonel Fellows had reported to General Burnside, for the men on the right had seen the meeting between them, and had noted the wave of the hand by which the general had designated the camping-ground. So, when later in the day he rode with his staff past the camp, the men were ready to greet him with three rousing cheers, for as a general he was held in especially high regard in New England, and at that period of general disaster all the more so, by reason of his recent successes in North Carolina. They were also ready in position, for this being in fact, as well as in name, a day of rest, they had little to do except to range themselves along the fence by the roadside, and observe the almost continuous line of passing troops and trains.

An important feature of this procession was the different generals with their staffs,—riding usually at the head of their respective commands; and prominent among them was one, in appearance the *beau ideal* of a soldier, so familiar in picture that, like Burnside, he was immediately recognized; and in silent but none the less deep admiration, the men saw pass before them the famous “Fighting Joe Hooker.”

By the order consolidating the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Virginia, issued by General Halleck September 5, General Hooker had been assigned to the command of the Fifth corps in place of Gen. Fitz-John Porter, relieved. But the following day he was assigned by General McClellan to the Third corps of the Army of Virginia, previously commanded by General McDowell; and on this day he issued his order assuming command. This corps, upon the consolida-

tion of the two armies, became the First corps of the Army of the Potomac.

General Sturgis, who had previously served under General Sigel, and who had also been assigned by General Halleck to the Fifth corps, was on this day ordered by General McClellan to report to General Burnside, and was assigned to the Second division, of which he immediately assumed command; and although by the order he was only "temporarily relieved from duty with Porter's corps," he thereafter remained permanently attached to the Burnside corps.

General Reno, who had commanded the Ninth corps in Virginia under General Pope, now resumed the command, and General Burnside was virtually in command of both the First and Ninth corps, which then became the right wing of the army, although the formal order so assigning him was only issued on the day of the Battle of South Mountain.

On the 8th, their near neighbors, the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, moved forward a short distance to join their brigade, but the Ninth New Hampshire still remained in camp, if camp it could be called. It was rumored that the Confederates had crossed into Maryland, and the road was full of troops moving to the front. Indeed, since the first day at Arlington, it had been the fortune of the regiment to see others upon the march almost continuously,—first, towards Bull Run; then in the opposite direction, with increased and increasing numbers, until they themselves mingled with and became a part of the flowing, martial current; and now, when they were stranded, as it were, upon the brink, it was still streaming on, until to their unpractised eyes it seemed as if the whole army was passing in irregular review.



J. S. Reed

Ammunition to fit the rifles was found in the arsenal at Washington, but to get that of a special calibre for a single regiment of the army, at that time of hurry and pressure, was not accomplished in haste, nor without perseverance and some diplomacy (exercised by Colonel Titus); and then it must come through the "regular channel," the ordnance officers of the division and brigade. But all difficulties were finally overcome, and it was with a feeling of relief that the wagons containing it were seen moving up Seventh street.

At the old camp, however, there was longer delay from lack of transportation. For it must not be forgotten that Stuart, Mosby, and Stonewall Jackson had been making heavy requisitions on our army transportation, for Confederate use as well as for bonfires. At any rate, the quartermaster was unable to procure it for all the baggage he was expected to bring up, and word was sent to the regiment to that effect. Besides, in a general order prescribing the amount of baggage to be carried, that of the officers of a company was limited to one small trunk. So, on the morning of the 9th, several of the officers returned for the purpose of reducing the baggage,—tramping to Silver Spring, where they hired a conveyance to Washington.

Having repacked their baggage, in compliance with orders if not to their satisfaction, some of the officers wished to remain and go to the theatre—a rare treat for country boys. The lieutenant-colonel gave them permission to do so, provided they would report at Leesboro by six o'clock the next morning. That they reported promptly on time was gratifying then, and it is equally so now to be assured, as recorded by Captain Alexander at the time, that they "went to Ford's theatre

and listened to two fine plays, well acted,—‘Our American Cousin,’ and ‘Dot: or The Cricket on the Hearth.’”

The ammunition was received as expected, but with waiting for the baggage, the regiment did not start until four o'clock. Marching about five miles, it bivouacked for the night in an orchard near Mechanicsville. Shelter tents had been distributed at Leesboro, but the night being clear, and the men having slept since leaving Arlington with no other protection than their blankets, very few took the trouble to set them up, and they merely served the convenient purpose of an extra blanket.

On the morning of the 11th they started early, and at dark turned into a pasture-field near the little village of Damascus. Every day now was adding some new experience, which from its very newness made a more lasting impression than events of greater importance at a later period. For instance, this was the first day of marching in the rain and mud, and disagreeable and tiresome as it was, it was preferable to marching in the heat and dust. But a rainy night was a different matter, and the shelter tent, which at first had been an object of ridicule, if not of contempt, was now appreciated; and the kennel-like structures soon dotted the field.

There was discomfort enough at the best, for though the little “shelter” gave protection from the rain which was still falling, it could not protect from that which had already fallen, and which soon saturated the clothing of the men from the ground on which they lay. Nor was the bivouac otherwise a bed of roses, for the field proved to be a brier-patch, and caused many an emphatic exclamation, for a veritable virago could hardly have resented an intrusion more pointedly or emphatically; but the sol-

dier's simple record is, that "tired and footsore, we spread our tents and crawled in without making any coffee, thankful even for the opportunity to lie down on wet brier bushes."

The author of the familiar lines about man's wanting but little here below may have been, as he has been called, an "inspired idiot;" but let the man be a soldier, and he will soon realize that there is nothing of idiocy in that sentiment as applied to what he carries on the march.

At Concord, from Camp Colby to the cars, the men had marched bravely and unflinching; the morning was cool, the air bracing, the distance short, the step timed by the drum-beat, and when nearing the end, as their unwonted burdens began to bear heavily, they were marvellously lightened by martial strains and the plaudits of admiring thousands; few there were who would not have dropped in the ranks rather than out of them, and the veriest plodder was carried along like a log by the current,—like the man with the famous cork leg, they could not even stop; but once in Washington, from the station to Camp Chase all this was changed, in fact, directly reversed. The morning was hot, the air enervating, the distance doubled, the music, the on-looking, and the admiration at the beginning, and not the end, of the march; and when it was all ended—and long before—the men began to stagger to the sidewalk, and even with those who kept the ranks at every step the weight of the distended knapsack seemed to increase in geometrical ratio, until it bore down like the load of an Atlas. The men of Company E hired a job wagon to haul their knapsacks to camp. Many were prostrated by the heat,—Sergeant Rand of Company I,

so that he never recovered from its effects; and little Charley Blaisdell of Company F was not the only one who "sweat out some of his patriotism," although the only one who was heard to so quaintly express it. Not half the men were in line at the end of the march, and had it continued much longer the body of the regiment would have entirely disappeared, leaving only an intermingled head and tail; and all because of the knapsack.

On the march to Leesboro this burden was left behind; and when brought up with the other baggage the men were given their choice, to keep them or send them back for storage, taking whatever articles seemed necessary and could be carried without them. Some did the latter, as they were advised, but the most preferred to keep them,—they were so convenient and their precious contents seemed so indispensable. As the result of this day's experience, however, on a fifteen-mile march, nearly all availed themselves of the opportunity to send them back the next morning, and their overcoats as well. They began to realize how little was absolutely necessary,—and with that little rolled in the indispensable blanket, and this again, along with the "shelter," in the almost equally indispensable rubber blanket, the roll twisted, tied together at the ends, and slung over the shoulder, they were ready for the march, comparatively unincumbered.

The one small trunk for the three officers of a company was also sent back by order, so that the line officers, except those who had servants to "tote" for them, were no better off in respect to transportation than the men. Indeed, they had a little more to carry, for every officer had a whole tent, or two pieces of shelter, to him-

self. There was, however, a very great difference between carrying a sword and pistol and a gun and cartridge box with its forty rounds.

On the 12th the Ninth passed over ground that had been occupied the day before by the enemy's pickets, and about four in the afternoon halted at Newmarket, where it had been ordered to join the brigade, only to learn that the brigade had gone forward, by reason of a fight that was in progress at the river about four miles beyond. This was somewhat exciting, as well as to learn that there had been an actual skirmish at this very place the day before, between the Union and the Confederate cavalry. After waiting more than an hour for an ammunition train to pass, the regiment filed into the road in its rear, but were soon ordered to take the side of the road to make room for the trains and the cavalry.

Marching a column of troops along the roadside, while not to be preferred, can yet be done without much difficulty, in the daytime; but at night it is a very different matter. The sun had already sunk behind the Catocin range, and although the brigade was presumably not far away—for a large body of troops was encamped in full view just across the Monocacy in the valley below,—Colonel Fellows thought it best to go no farther that night. So the regiment turned into a field which had served as a hostile camping-ground the previous night, and from which the enemy had retired but a few hours before. The reported fight at this point, by reason of which the brigade had been ordered forward, was but an artillery duel between the advance and rear guards of the respective armies, with no casualties reported. A house near by that had lost part of its chimney and been otherwise damaged by a bursting shell, was an object of curi-

osity; and the men began to feel that serious business was close at hand.

The camp was on high ground overlooking the valley below, and as the thousands of camp-fires gleamed faintly at first and gradually brightened in the deepening twilight, the scene, half illumined by the moon riding high in the heavens, was one long to be remembered, though no description of it seems to have been attempted at the time. The student-soldier, fresh from college, is simply reminded of the descriptions given by Homer and Xenophon, while the poetic diarist, at the end of a hard day's march on a ration of "but six hard-tack," and whose "supper consisted of half a cracker," philosophically concludes that "rest and sleep are better than supper."

Not so with all, however. "How are you getting on, Howard?" asks the quondam commissary of his chevroned assistant, who is preparing the dual evening meal and gazing somewhat ruefully at the contents of a tin cup simmering over a solitary blaze between two rails, on which it was resting. "Well," replies the dispenser of hard-tack in his characteristically deliberate utterance, so indicative of his everlasting reliability, "I started to make some tea, but I guess it'll turn out a poultice." It is scarcely necessary to add that the worthy commissary sergeant, in concocting his favorite beverage thereafter, made the proportion of tea leaves to water somewhat less than a half-pound to a pint.

An amusing incident occurred that afternoon while the regiment was at a halt: In a passing drove of government cattle was an unruly bull. He was giving the drover so much trouble that in reply to some chaffing inqui-

ries he told the boys they might have him if they could catch him. No sooner said than done. The turbulent beast was immediately surrounded and captured, and in less than thirty minutes his inanimate carcass, as neatly dressed as if for some fashionable butcher's shop, was ready for dissection and distribution as an extra ration of fresh beef. It is at such times that those innate qualities which mark one as a leader of men involuntarily shine forth. It was Bucknam of Company I and Reuben Wentworth of Company K who literally took the bull by the horns; and the former subsequently received his merited reward by being promoted to the nominal rank of brigade butcher—an office with certain gastronomical perquisites, if no increase of pay.

September 13, and the regimental poet, though uninspired by the sublunary scene of the previous night, thus greets the morning:

“A beautiful scene spreads out before me. We are on a hill. Below, and almost at our feet, flows the Monocacy, its placid waters reminding me of my own native Connecticut. On the other side of the stream is encamped a large army, among which is the brigade to which we have been assigned, and which we expect to join to-day. In the distance may be seen hills and mountains not unlike those of my own New England.”

And then, descending from the sublime,—

“Had a plate of boiled rice for breakfast.”

This valley of the Monocacy, with its unwonted peopling and particularly its winding river,—so placid and so reminiscent in the morning—was evidently one of

those views to which distance lends enchantment; for in the evening, to the same recording spirit, it was merely a "creek," in which he "took a bath and washed his shirt;" while another "took a bath and washed his single shirt in the river, a shallow, stony-bottomed, dirty-looking stream." These were but two, however, out of hundreds in the regiment, and of many thousands in all, who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to do the same.

Previous to this bathing and laundering the Ninth had joined the brigade. In the morning the road was clear, and as the column neared the bridge, not far away could be seen the head-quarters of General Reno. Halting the regiment and riding up, Colonel Fellows found the general at breakfast in his tent with some of his staff. "Glad to see you, Colonel. Report to General Sturgis. You know Sturgis?" "Oh, yes; I know Sturgis," replied Colonel Fellows. Crossing the massive stone structure which spanned the Monocacy, General Sturgis was found at a little distance on the other side. He at once recognized Colonel Fellows, gave him a cordial greeting, and directed him to report to Colonel Nagle, as General Reno had previously done at Leesboro. Colonel Nagle was close at hand, the last of the reporting was quickly done, and the Ninth was soon alongside the Sixth New Hampshire and among home friends. These two regiments, with the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania and the Second Maryland, then constituted the brigade in which the Ninth remained during its whole term of service (although its number was afterwards changed), the First Brigade of the Second division.

Their friends and neighbors of the Sixth had something to tell of their recent experiences at the Second

Bull Run, where they had suffered severely. The men were also interested in the details of the operations of the day before, when our Kanawha division had the advance at the bridge and in Frederick City.

About noon the regimental band came up. Left behind at Arlington, they had performed the duties of camp guard (if they had not observed its formalities) until the 9th, when, given a turn at fatigue duty, they commenced taking down and packing up the tents. Having finished this work the next day, they were "ordered" to rejoin the regiment,—by whom, does not appear, but presumably by General Whipple. Their pilgrimage is thus recorded by Bailey, their diarist in E flat:

"Sept. 10. We started about two o'clock, without rations or tents, marching until night, and stopping at a country store, where we succeeded in buying cake and such trash. Engaged lodging for the night, eleven of us sleeping in three beds. Having marched some ten miles in our thin canvas shoes on the hard, uneven turnpike, we are footsore and weary, and ready to sleep anywhere.

"Sept. 11. Once more on the march at seven o'clock, all keeping together throughout the day. At dark found lodging in a saw-mill. Everybody's feet sore.

"Sept. 12. All started at sunrise. Graves and myself became separated from the others, and trudged along throughout the day. At dark, camped under a tree near the turnpike. Having marched some fifteen miles, with only a few ears of green corn for grub, and our feet covered with blisters, we retired cross and ugly.

"Sept. 13. We were up at daylight and on the move

again, marching until noon, when we reached the army, quietly resting on the banks of the Monocacy river. Found our regiment readily. The rest of the band soon arrived."

The arrival of the band was hailed with delight by the men, and was especially gratifying to Colonel Fellows. Soon they were marshalled in front of his quarters, and the valley of the Monocacy was re-echoing to the strains of martial music.

At four o'clock the Ninth showed up in brigade line for the first time, and with the advantage of numbers if not experience, for it doubled the length of the line. The Ninth likewise possessed the only band in the brigade, a fact which in the march through the city was fully appreciated.

A description of this march written by the scholarly historian of the Second corps, which had preceded the Ninth corps, is equally applicable :

"Probably no soldier who entered Frederick on the morning of the 13th will ever forget the cordial welcome with which the rescuing army was received by the loyal inhabitants. . . . Here, in the rich valley of the Monocacy, shut in by low mountains of surpassing grace of outline, all nature was in bloom; the signs of comfort and opulence met the eye on every side; while as the full brigades, . . . in perfect order and all the pomp of war, with glittering staffs and proud commanders, . . . pressed through the quaint and beautiful town, the streets resounded with applause, and from the balcony and window fair faces smiled, and handkerchiefs and scarfs waved to greet the army of the Union. Whether the ancient and apocryphal Barbara Frietchie

had sufficiently recovered from the sentimental shock of a poetical shower of imaginary musket balls to appear again on this occasion may be doubted; but many an honest and many a fair countenance of patriot man and patriot woman looked out upon the brave array . . . with smiles and tears of gratitude and joy. Amid all that was desolate and gloomy, amid all that was harsh and terrible, in the service these soldiers of the Union were called to render, that bright day of September 13, 1862, that gracious scene of natural beauty and waving crops, that quaint and charming southern city, that friendly greeting, form a picture which can never pass out of the memory of any whose fortune it was to enter Frederick town that day."

Through the city, beyond the city, along the flinty and dusty pike, the line drags wearily along. The Catoctins grow nearer; the sun sinks behind them; the men clamber up the steep ascent; the moon is high above them;—and still they plod along in strange, weird, and ghostly procession. They pass the summit, and begin the descent. Far as the eye can reach, the spectral line, but dimly described in the distance, stretches away in the valley before them, as before it had lengthened behind. No pen can describe the scene; the pencil of a Doré only, could depict it. But midnight approaches; the line dissolves; the men stumble into an adjacent field, drop upon the restful ground,—and all is forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

The Ninth New Hampshire was on the eve of its first battle, and the occasion could not fail to be a momentous one, for probably no other event stands out more distinctly in a soldier's memory than the time when he first takes the field to do battle with his fellow-man for life and liberty. Three weeks had not elapsed since the regiment had left home and friends behind; they had experienced some discomforts, but the actual hardships of an active campaign were yet to be realized. To-night they lie wrapped in heavy slumber, a new and untried regiment; to-morrow, with its baptism of fire and blood, will come and do its work, and when the Ninth again lie down to rest it will be with the proud consciousness that they have proved themselves men.

It is to be remembered that the Ninth regiment was only a cog in one of the great wheels of the machinery of war, and to more definitely locate its positions and comprehend the magnitude of the operations in which it bore a part, a general understanding of the movements of the army is necessary, to fully realize what it meant to be even a factor in the great whole.

By the order of September 6 the Ninth regiment had been assigned to Burnside's corps, and was now attached to the First brigade of the Second division of the famous Ninth corps—the "wandering Ithacans" of the Rebellion, the corps "whose dead lie buried in seven states"—

the corps in which the Ninth New Hampshire won its laurels at South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, sharing its fortunes at Newport News and in Central Kentucky, at the siege and capture of Vicksburg and Jackson, in the perilous march across the Cumberland mountains, through all its wanderings and vicissitudes until, in the spring of 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant and the Rebellion was at an end.

The army commanded by General McClellan in the early days of September comprised the First corps, under General Hooker; the Second corps, under Sumner; one division of the Fourth corps, under Couch, which was attached to the Sixth corps, under Franklin; the Ninth corps, under Reno, and the Twelfth corps, under Mansfield. The First and Ninth corps formed the right wing, under General Burnside; the Second and Twelfth corps, the centre, under General Sumner; and the commands under General Franklin, the left wing. To these was added, on September 11, the Fifth corps, under General Fitz-John Porter.

Opposed to these forces was the Confederate command of General Lee, which consisted of Longstreet's division, of twenty brigades; Jackson's division, of fourteen brigades; D. H. Hill's division, of five brigades; the unattached brigade of Evans, and a considerable force of cavalry and artillery.

In his official report dated March 6, 1863, General Lee thus states the reasons for his movements at this stage of the campaign:

“The armies of Generals McClellan and Pope had now been brought back to the point from which they set out on the campaigns of the spring and summer.

The objects of those campaigns had been frustrated, and the designs of the enemy on the coast of North Carolina and in western Virginia thwarted by the withdrawal of the main body of his forces from those regions. North-eastern Virginia was freed from the presence of Federal soldiers up to the intrenchments of Washington, and soon after the arrival of the army at Leesburg information was received that the troops which had occupied Winchester had retired to Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg. The war was thus transferred from the interior to the frontier, and the supplies of rich and productive districts made accessible to our army. To prolong a state of affairs in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy, the best course appeared to be the transfer of the army into Maryland. Although not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war, and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing, and thousands of them destitute of shoes, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy upon the northern frontier until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult, if not impracticable. The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington government to retain all its available force to provide against contingencies which its course toward the people of that state gave it reason to apprehend. At the same time it was hoped that military success might afford us an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might be disposed to make to recover their liber-

ties. The difficulties that surrounded them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington government, than from active demonstration on the part of the people,—unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

“Influenced by these considerations, the army was put in motion, D. H. Hill’s division, which had joined us on the 2d, being in advance, and between September 4 and 7 crossed the Potomac at the fords near Leesburg, and encamped in the vicinity of Fredericktown.

“It was decided to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, in order, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, to cause the enemy to withdraw from the south bank, where his presence endangered our communications and the safety of those engaged in the removal of our wounded and the captured property from the late battle-fields. Having accomplished this result, it was proposed to move the army into western Maryland, establish our communications with Richmond through the valley of the Shenandoah, and by threatening Pennsylvania induce the enemy to follow, and thus draw him from his base of supplies.”

It was this proposed plan of operations which had so aroused the North and led to the sending to the front of all the available troops. Events proved, however, that General Lee was mistaken in at least part of his premises.

The 7th of September found the Southern army all on Maryland soil, but when, on the following day, from his head-quarters at Frederick, General Lee issued a proclamation to the people of the state, assuming the tone of a

liberator and inviting them to espouse the cause of the South, the response was by no means encouraging, for the people of the state at large were not desirous of seeing their fair fields laid waste by the tramp of opposing armies, however strong might be their sympathy with either side.

It was on the 9th of September that General Lee issued the famous "lost order," the finding of which enabled General McClellan to check, if he could not forestall, the plans of the Confederate commander. How the order was found, and the manner in which it reached General McClellan, has been graphically and officially told by Brevet Brigadier-General Silas Colgrove:

"The Twelfth Army corps arrived at Frederick, Maryland, about noon on the 13th of September, 1862. The Twenty-seventh Indiana volunteers, of which I was colonel at that date, belonged to the Third brigade, First division, of that corps.

"We stacked arms on the same ground that had been occupied by Gen. D. H. Hill's division the evening before.

"Within a very few minutes after halting, the order was brought to me by First Sergeant John M. Bloss and Private B. W. Mitchell, of Company F, Twenty-seventh Indiana volunteers, who stated that it was found by Private Mitchell near where they had stacked arms. When I received the order it was wrapped around three cigars, and Private Mitchell stated that it was in that condition when found by him.

"General A. S. Williams was in command of our division. I immediately took the order to his head-quar-



SERG. ALBERT B. STEARNS, CO. E.



CORP. ELMER BRAGG, CO. E.



CORP. CHARLES O. HURLBUTT, CO. E.



CORP. LEWIS BROCKLEBANK, CO. E.

ters, and delivered it to Col. E. S. Pittman, General Williams's adjutant-general.

“The order was signed by Colonel Chilton, General Lee's adjutant-general, and the signature was at once recognized by Colonel Pittman, who had served with Colonel Chilton at Detroit, Mich., before the war, and was acquainted with his handwriting. It was at once taken to General McClellan's head-quarters by Colonel Pittman. It was a general order giving directions for the movement of Lee's entire army, designating the route and objective point of each corps. Within an hour after finding the despatch, General McClellan's whole army was on the move, and the enemy were overtaken the next day, the 14th, at South Mountain, and the battle of that name was fought.”

So clearly does this order map out the line of operations for the next few days, that it is here inserted in full :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

September 9th, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS,

NO. 191.

The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown, with such portions as he may select, take the route towards Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsboro', where it will halt with the reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

General McLaws, with his own division and that of Gen. R. H. A. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess

himself of Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudon Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Keyes's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

Gen. D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance, and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson, and McLaws, and, with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsboro' or Hagerstown.

Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance-wagon, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. CHILTON, *Assistant Adjutant-General*.

Major-General D. H. HILL, commanding division.

This order was afterwards modified by General Lee so as to place Longstreet at Hagerstown, thirteen miles beyond.

It was on the basis of a knowledge of the enemy's movements furnished by this order that the following despatch was penned :

HEAD-QUARTERS, FREDERICK, September 13, 1862, 12 m.

(Received 2:35 a. m., September 14.)

TO THE PRESIDENT :

I have the whole rebel force in front of me, but am confident, and no time shall be lost. I have a difficult task to perform, but with

God's blessing will accomplish it. I think Lee has made a gross mistake, and that he will be severely punished for it. The army is in motion as rapidly as possible. I hope for a great success if the plans of the rebels remain unchanged.

We have possession of Catoclin. I have all the plans of the rebels, and will catch them in their own trap if my men are equal to the emergency. I now feel that I can count on them as of old. All forces of Pennsylvania should be placed to co-operate at Chambersburg. My respects to Mrs. Lincoln. Received most enthusiastically by the ladies. Will send you trophies.

All well, and with God's blessing will accomplish it.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

How far General Lee succeeded in carrying out his plans, can be quickly told. When the Confederate command under Jackson had crossed the river, they seized the railroad at Point of Rocks. General White, who was stationed at Martinsburg, at once fell back with his forces to Harper's Ferry. General Miles, who was in command of the garrison at this point, though deprived of communication with Washington by this move of the enemy, and though strongly advised by members of his staff to abandon the position, determined to hold the fort as long as possible, in the hope of receiving speedy re-enforcements as soon as his perilous situation was discovered. But Lee, who was determined to capture this valuable prize, inasmuch as it would give him the opportunity of paroling a force of 12,000 men, thus disabling the Army of the Potomac so as to cripple their operations for the winter, as well as to gain possession of the abundant store of supplies, of which his ragged and hungry army stood greatly in need, sent Jackson with a large force to cross the Potomac in front of Sharpsburg and invest the place from the Virginia side, while McLaws co-operated from the Maryland side. The move was a complete

success, as the position was capable of no effective defence against the batteries on the surrounding heights. The firing did not cease, however, until ten o'clock on the morning of the 15th, when, General Miles having been mortally wounded, any further defence was speedily given up.

It is easy to see, in the light of later events, what might have been accomplished had General McClellan acted as well as he had planned, in view of the direct knowledge he possessed of General Lee's positions and intentions. A quick movement of his army to the left, and the surrender of Harper's Ferry would not have been necessary; the Maryland campaign on which Lee had built so many fair hopes would have been at an end, for with McLaws disabled it would have been hard for him to reorganize his army, and the whole tenor of events would have been changed. But history deals not with what might have been but what was. If, through General McClellan's over-cautiousness, the golden opportunity was lost, then on his shoulders must rest the responsibility.

While Jackson and McLaws were thus engaged at Harper's Ferry, General Lee, who had withdrawn the bulk of his army to Sharpsburg, with a view to checking the further advance of McClellan as much as possible, posted Gen. D. H. Hill, with his own division re-enforced by two of Longstreet's divisions, at Turner's Gap of the South Mountain; while at Crampton's Gap, near Burkittsville, a portion of McLaws's force was stationed. General Franklin, who was sent against the latter force with the Sixth corps on the afternoon of the 15th, after some three hours of sharp though not heavy firing, carried the pass.

It was at Turner's Gap, six miles to the northward,

where the principal struggle in the Battle of South Mountain occurred, the assault being made by the right wing of the army, under General Burnside. From early morning till late at night there was a sharp struggle and a stubborn defence for the possession of the rocky heights. In General Reno's first attack the crest of the mountain held by the Confederate forces under General Garland was wrested from them before noon; but here the Union advance was checked, till Hooker's corps, climbing the mountain sides in the face of strong opposition, secured a position which commanded the pass proper. Just as the Union forces were in a position to secure the fruits of their persistent efforts, night came on, and in the morning the enemy had withdrawn, having lost heavily in casualties and prisoners. The Stars and Stripes waved from the conquered heights, but the gallant leader of the Ninth corps was among the fallen.

* * * * *

The Sabbath dawned, and the Ninth New Hampshire, roused from the shelterless bivouac of the night, found themselves in a beautiful valley midway between two mountain ranges—the Catoctin on the east, and South Mountain on the west,—and about three miles from either summit. Near by was the village of Middletown, one of the few places to be found with a name appropriate to its position and surroundings, and just beyond could be seen the Catoctin creek, winding its serpentine course along the valley to which it gives the name.

Two beeves “on the hoof” was the regimental ration as drawn by the commissary, though it did not long remain in that form; and soon, for the ten companies there were ten separate piles of fresh beef, presumably

equal, and ready for distribution in time for an early Sunday morning breakfast. It wasn't quite up to "mother's brown bread and beans," to be sure; but cooked by a sort of compromise process between a roast and a broil, with fence rails for fuel and ram-rods for toasting-forks—their first practical use—even the least desirable portions were a very acceptable addition to a breakfast of hard-tack and coffee for a hungry man,—and who on that momentous morning was not hungry?

The regiment was under orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, an order emphasized by the booming of cannon from the mountain-side to the westward, where their white puffs of smoke could be seen in increasing frequency. Aids were galloping, signal flags waving, and troops hurrying forward. At first the men waited and watched in expectancy and with suppressed excitement, but as the hours passed and the cannon's calls grew less frequent, they began to think they would not be needed.

Mid-day approached, and dinner was eaten. Then away to the south-west were seen the tell-tale puffs which preceded the now familiar sounds, the lines of smoke rising from the side and summit of the mountain marking the spot where Franklin, with the Sixth corps, at Crampton's Gap, was forcing his way upward.

At two o'clock came the long expected order, and along with its brigade and division the Ninth moved forward. Through the village, silent and deserted; past long lines of veteran troops resting by the roadside; wading a creek near the still smoking timbers of some buildings fired by exploding shells and of the bridge burned by the Confederates the day before, the

column advanced. Then, after leaving the turnpike, filing to the left across the fields, and wading or jumping a small running stream, the column is halted, and for the first time the Ninth regiment men receive orders to load. Some have never before loaded a gun, few have ever loaded with a ball cartridge, and many must be shown the whole process. The storm of battle is bursting upon the right, where Hooker has attacked, and the troops sweep over a ridge, a sort of foot-hill, clamber up the steep ascent, and are halted near the summit.

Just at the right Burnside is seen superintending a battery, and himself sighting one of the guns. It is Benjamin's battery of twenty-pound rifles, his pet and his pride. Some are pointed toward the mountain pass on the right, aimed at a battery in position beyond the turnpike. It is a mile and a half away, and scarcely distinguishable with the naked eye. The others are pointed towards the summit, directly in front. There is time to note the marked contrast between the energetic loading and firing and the calm deliberation of the aim; and as their belching thunder mingles with the roar of battle, which now extends for two miles along the mountain side and crest, the sound is as thrilling as the sight is inspiring, for nothing so stirs the blood of the true soldier as the cannon's voice. Colonel Fellows, dismounting, goes to General Burnside and converses for a moment. "I want you to take that battery," says the general, pointing to the crest on the left of the road in front, which led directly to the summit. Even while he is speaking the line is again advancing, and soon files to the right into the old Sharpsburg road. A mounted officer rides down the column. "We're licking 'em!"

is his reply to eager questioners. Now wounded men are met—some in ambulances, others carried on stretchers, silent and pale, and some with blood-stained clothing. But not all are silent. There is one whose youthful features, not yet bronzed by exposure, are doubly pale. Lying upon a stretcher, he is borne on the shoulders of comrades. Mere boy as he seems, his voice has all the electric thrill of command as he shouts: “Go in, boys! They can’t stand the bayonet!” and far down the column, above the din of battle, again and again that ringing voice is heard, as with the exultation of victory.

The regiment is half way up the summit when an aid meets them: “Colonel, hurry up those men; they are needed immediately.” “Double quick!” is the response; and tugging, sweating, and straining every nerve and muscle under their heavy loads, the men do their utmost to obey. The cracking rattle of musketry grows nearer and nearer, the bellowing guns are louder, and just over their heads is heard the swift-sailing song of the *Minié*, with its devilish diminuendo. Now they are nearing the line of smoke which rises from the mountain-side, and passing a low, weather-stained house on the left, a sharp turn through a lane brings them into the field beyond. “Halt! Front!” and they are facing down the mountain, their backs to the enemy. The mounted officers are now on foot. There is no time to change the formation. “Face by the rear rank! About face!” and now they are looking toward the summit, the rear rank in front. The bullets are singing nearer now—“Zip! Zip!” and they are gone before the strained ears can even catch the sound. “Forward!” and in regimental line the men move up the slope. Here and there a man drops

his rifle, clasps a hand to his leg, arm, or side, and falls to the rear, or sinks to the ground. But no one minds them; no one minds the bullets now, or even the larger missiles that go screaming over their heads. Only when a shell drops in the ranks, or explodes in their very faces, is there a break in the line, and then an officer springs to the place with a quick command, the gap is closed, and without a pause even, the line moves on. "See the rebels run!" some one exclaims; and from behind a stone wall just in front, they are seen to rise and quickly scamper away into the corn-field beyond. "Fix bayonets!" and at the word near nine hundred sabre bayonets flash from their scabbards, and with an ominous rattle there is a long line of bristling steel. "Charge and cheer, boys!" commands the colonel; "Yell, boys!" shouts the lieutenant-colonel, and both are obeyed. There is little thought now of keeping in regimental line. The game is flushed and on the run, and the Ninth are the hunters. Blanket-rolls are flung from the shoulders; knapsacks, too, the few that have been kept. Even haversacks and canteens are given a toss—no matter where! No thought of their precious contents now; no thought of anything but to drive, to capture, or to kill. Over the wall! through the cornfield! over a fence from behind which the Confederates start and run like frightened deer! through the wood that crowns the height! across the road and into a scrubby growth among the scattered trees beyond! Such is the eager and exciting chase. The Ninth has reached the slope, but no enemy is in sight—they have outrun their pursuers.

The command to "Halt" and "get into line" was repeated throughout the scattered regiment, for all for-

mation had been lost in the mad pursuit. The regiment was quickly reformed; not as when it started on the charge up the mountain, end for end and hind side before, but the men were brought from the left into the more open ground, and the companies took their proper places in line. The sound of firing had ceased, and except their own men, not a living, moving human being was in sight. What was to be done? The line of battle had been left a quarter of a mile behind. Whether it was nearer now, whether anybody was nearer, except the enemy, no one knew. Plainly the regiment must go back; but how? There was no time for hesitation, and in an instant came the order, "By column of company to the rear!" and in perfect order, as steadily as on parade, the regiment retired across Wise's field.

Near the eastern edge of this field it swung into line in front of the other regiments of the division, which had advanced to that point. The men rested on their arms for a few minutes, and then General Reno, riding up to Colonel Fellows as he was standing at the left of the regiment, shook him warmly by the hand, congratulated him upon what his men had done, and directed him to fall back a little, as other regiments were moving up. He then rode along the regimental front, and accosting the lieutenant-colonel, who was a little in front of the right of the line, he asked, "What regiment is this?" "Ninth New Hampshire," was the reply. "You made a gallant charge," he said, "a most gallant charge. I shall take great pleasure in giving you full credit for it in my report."

Just as he passed on to the right, as sudden as the lightning's flash and unexpected as a bolt from a cloudless sky, along the front and away to the right there blazed from out the gathering darkness a line of rattling

musketry, and a storm of bullets came whistling through the air. With equal suddenness a portion of the regiment returned the fire, and then with one impulse, as it seemed, there was a break to the rear. Before they could be halted many of the men had put themselves on the other side of the fence at the edge of the woods, though they were quickly brought back and the line reformed. After an interval sufficient to give time to reload, the firing from the front was renewed. It was not, however, a sudden volley, as at first, but more continuous though somewhat scattering; and in the mean time the Ninth was moved a little to the rear and older troops were placed in front. The firing soon dwindled to apparently little more than that of pickets, and though quite brisk at times for perhaps an hour, it gradually died away to now and then a shot, and by nine o'clock had ceased entirely.

In this last attack the regiment suffered from no casualties, the bullets passing harmlessly over their heads. Nor did they fire another shot, for they were now in the second line, where it was not their business to shoot. In fact, the conformation of the ground was such—descending slightly towards both combatants—that there was but little loss on the Union side, though in the death of General Reno, the commander of the Ninth corps, both the corps and the Union cause suffered a great and irreparable loss. The circumstances were as follows:

After addressing Lieutenant-Colonel Titus as already stated, General Reno rode on towards the right for a distance of perhaps twenty-five yards, and then came the sudden firing described above. The general, turning, started directly towards the Union lines. In another instant came the answering scattered fire, but the hero

had received his death-wound, and for him the battle was indeed over.

His loss, following so quickly upon that of General Stevens, killed at Chantilly, was keenly felt by the older regiments of the corps, with which he had been identified, as well as with the Coast division that preceded it, from the time of their first formation; and although he was almost a stranger to the men of the Ninth regiment, yet his death, from the peculiar circumstances attending it, has always been associated in their minds with their first battle, which was fought under his immediate command; and the more especially because their part in it was performed under his very eye, in high commendation of which his last words were spoken. The official order announcing his death may, therefore, well have a place here:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 9th ARMY CORPS,
MOUTH ANTIETAM, Sept. 20, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 17.

The Commanding General announces to the Corps the loss of their late leader, Major-General Jesse S. Reno.

By the death of this distinguished officer the Country loses one of its most devoted patriots, the Army one of its most thorough soldiers.

On the long list of battles in which General Reno has fought for his Country's Service, his name always appears with the brightest lustre, and he has now met a soldier's death while gallantly leading his men at the battle of South Mountain.

For his high character and the kindly qualities of his heart in private life, as well as for the military genius and personal daring as a soldier, his loss will be deplored by all who knew him, and the Commanding General desires to add the tribute of a friend to the public mourning for the death of one of the Country's best defenders.

By Command of Major-General Burnside.

LEWIS RICHMOND,
Lt. Col. & A. A. G.

The conduct of a part of the Ninth New Hampshire was extremely mortifying to Lieutenant-Colonel Titus. It was not because the men suddenly conceived the idea that they were on the wrong side of the fence, and as suddenly started for the other side,—for that was not surprising under the circumstances,—but that the turn-about should follow, as it did, the splendid charge, the retreat in strict military order in full view of so large a part of the whole corps, and especially right upon the words of commendation from the corps commander. As soon as the line was reformed he took occasion to administer a rebuke and inculcate a lesson in a few emphatic words.

“Walking along in front of the line after it had been reformed, he addressed a few words to each company in turn. I remember well his halting before ours, and with look and tone that went right through every man before him, bursting out with—‘And I have a word to say to this company, too. I know you are green and have n’t had much drill and discipline, but there is one thing you do know, and that is that you must obey orders; and though I am a Christian man at home [this was the only time I ever knew him to use a profane word], — — — —! Do n’t you ever fire a gun again, nor change your position, without orders.’”

Thus reads the rewritten diary of Sergeant Burnham, of Company E. The omitted words (if important) may be supplied from recollection or imagination, as the case may be. They were good old-fashioned Bible words, without doubt, and not entirely unfamiliar.

It should be added, however, that many of the men stood their ground; that the greater number halted at

the first words of command, and that the line was reformed, the rebuke administered, and the new position taken, literally under fire; for the bullets were whistling sharply over their heads all the time.

Viewed in the light of their after experience the Battle of South Mountain might be regarded as simply an initiation to the hardships of war, but to a new regiment it would easily seem what it has been characterized in the following sketch :

A ROUGH BREAKING-IN.

By Dr. George L. Wakefield.

When we got to the stone wall on the side of the mountain,—where the rebels retreated just as we were about to climb over the wall, which was very high—Colonel Fellows turned to the men and said, “I want every man of the Ninth New Hampshire to follow me over that wall. Now, men of the Ninth, is the time to cover yourselves with glory—or disgrace! Any man that does not cross this wall I will report to his state.”

The rebels on the other side of the wall were armed with long knives, carried in their belts, which they doubtless intended to use on us; but Colonel Fellows called their attention to our sabre bayonets, and the sight of these and our fellows all scrambling over the wall was too much for the doughty rebels, who turned and fled up the mountain as if for their lives, with the Ninth in hot pursuit.

As we neared the top of the mountain we came to a rail fence and stone wall combined, beyond which was an open field (Wise's). The rebels were just getting over the fence when we received our first order to fire.



SERG. GEORGE L. WAKEFIELD, CO. G.

We halted for a moment and fired, and if it was our first attempt, hit the mark.

There is one incident which will recall to the boys' minds the whole affair as above written, and that is the rebel who was "shot on the wing," and who got his feet so locked in the fence rails that he could go neither forward nor backward, but sat there on the fence bolt upright,—stone dead, though the boys thought him only sullen because he did not answer when they spoke to him.

After firing that one volley we moved forward in a charge across the field, and then down the mountain on the other side, where we received the fire of a rebel battery, which checked the advance of the regiment. We moved by the right flank a short distance, and got the order to cover as we were lying flat on the ground. Then there came two or three loud reports from the cannon, which seemed to shake the very mountain, and we fell back to the summit, where we reformed.

After we had returned from the charge and had reformed in the south-eastern part of Wise's field, our position was in front of the other regiments of the brigade. On the right and rear were the Fifty-first New York and Fifty-first Pennsylvania in front, and the Twenty-first Massachusetts in their rear. As the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts were reforming their line in rear of the Twenty-first, there came a sudden and sharp fire of musketry from the front and a little to our right.

Of this firing the historian of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts says :

"The surprise was complete. The darkening forest was lined with flashes of the hostile guns, and their bullets

cut the earth about our feet, the ground descending towards the enemy. Instantly some of the men threw forward their rifles and returned the fire, aiming over the heads of the line in front. Orders were confused, some shouting 'Fire, fire!' others, more calm, 'Cease firing!' The latter quickly prevailed, although after a momentary interval, while they were reloading or a new line coming up, the enemy's musketry was continued, and men of our regiment were being hit; and our line was drawn back into the edge of the forest, east of the field, so as to be less exposed. It was in this sudden attack that General Reno received a mortal wound, and our colonel lost his arm. . . .

"The men of the regiment who fired at the time of the sudden attack were rightly blamed for doing so without the colonel's orders, but such occurrences are not easily avoided; even veteran troops, when unexpectedly assaulted in a wooded country, will, if they think they see an opening for a shot, return the fire without orders, for the noise of the attack drowns the commander's voice, it can never be known how far the enemy will advance, and the ball or the bayonet is the only thing to stop them. The marvel was not that our raw men blazed away, but that they could be stopped, and remain steady while the enemy's fire continued."

One of the correspondents who was with the division of General Sturgis (to the First brigade of which the Ninth New Hampshire had been assigned) at the Battle of South Mountain, gives the following account of the part taken by that division in the contest:

"Our division, under General Sturgis, were on the extreme left, and were not placed in line until about five

o'clock in the afternoon, when a double-quick movement took place, and the whole division started like Bengal tigers let loose for prey. They ran through a galling fire of shot and shell until they were within reach of the enemy's musketry, when a heavy fire opened on them, which General Nagle (commanding our brigade) saw at once would decimate the brigade, and so the order came to charge bayonets. Promptly the glistening steel was placed in position: and here one of the most brilliant bayonet charges took place that has been seen during the war. The brigade had to charge up hill, over stone walls and other obstructions, and met the enemy at great disadvantage. The Massachusetts Thirty-fifth regiment was put in order of battle, and did great execution at the first onset.

“In General Nagle's brigade and Sturgis's division was also the Ninth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, under Colonel Fellows, one of the most experienced commanders in the army. It was a handsome sight to see him put his regiment into action. When the clear, sonorous order came from Colonel Fellows, ‘Charge bayonets!’ every eye in the ‘Bloody Ninth,’ as the brigade now call the regiment, gleamed; every man threw away his knapsack, blanket, and haversack, and leaped over a stone wall six feet high with a yell that fairly sent terror through the rebel ranks on the opposite side. With eyes gleaming with joy and determination, and every bayonet fixed, they charged up the hill, and through the corn-field at double-quick, with a yell of perfect triumph.

“Colonel Fellows and Lieutenant-Colonel Titus astonished the old veterans in the service by the manner in which they brought the Ninth New Hampshire volun-

teers into action. It was a grand and magnificent sight and one seldom seen in battle. The rebels fled before them, and every rebel regiment broke and ran. General Reno fell beside the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers and the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts about dark, just in the moment of victory."

The day had been hot, and the men were bathed in perspiration from their tremendous exertions; but the night was cold, fires were not to be thought of, and the detail sent back for the blankets and other equipments, thrown off in the excitement of the charge, returned almost empty-handed. Evidently the belongings of the Ninth New Hampshire were considered as worth caring for,—by some one else—and for the first time, though not the last, the men realized that the army contained many an Autolycus, who was not a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" only. So, blanketless and supperless on their baptismal battle night, the Ninth regiment lay upon that mountain-top in battle line, with the ready rifle close at hand; but, exhausted by the march of the previous night, the fatigues of the day, and relaxation from the strain of battle, they were soon oblivious alike of cold and hunger.

The history of a regiment in battle embraces not only its external history, showing its relation to and combination with other elements in the problem; its integral history, in which it is treated merely as a unit; but it also includes its internal or fractional history, for each and every man has, or may have, a history or experience of his own that may be worthy of record; and first on the list of these experiences are the casualties.

The first man hit was Lieutenant Copp, who was

struck on the boot by a spent ball before the regiment filed out of the road. The first man wounded was Corporal Hiram S. Lathe, of Company F. As the men were filing out, and just as he bent his leg to step from the road on to the bank, a bullet imbedded itself in the knee joint, which it started apart. His brother, James W., extracted the bullet with his jack-knife, bound up the wound, carried him on his back to the surgeon, and rejoined his company before the regiment reached the corn-field.

Lewis W. Aldrich of Company I was struck in the thigh by a bullet just as the men started up the mountain in regimental line. Dropping his rifle, and clasping his wounded leg with both hands, his imprecation upon the responsible parties was sudden, emphatic, and not to be repeated.

Just about the same time Herbert N. Streeter was wounded in the right hand. He was a mere boy, in appearance one of the youngest in the regiment. Still holding his rifle in the left hand, he coolly stepped up to the captain, and holding out the now useless member, said, with a perplexed and injured air, "See there! What shall I do now?"

The first man mortally wounded was Joel S. Judkins of Company A,—“Uncle Joel,” as he was familiarly called—as the line was charging up the mountain; and almost at the same instant Charles W. Glidden was severely wounded. The younger Judkins, Charles M., a nephew to Joel, was in line between the two men as they fell. Captain Pillsbury turned to him and said, “Charlie, take care of Uncle Joel.” He accordingly helped the wounded man down the mountain to the barn which was used as a hospital, when Joel said to him,

“Go back and give it to 'em!” He ran up the mountain until he overtook the regiment, and did his best to comply with Uncle Joel's parting injunction. Judkins was wounded in the thigh, and died of his wounds four days afterwards in the hospital at Middletown; and Glidden was subsequently discharged for disability from his wound.

The first shell to strike the regiment exploded in the ranks of Company E, wounding Privates Simpson and Paul; and Luther C. Hurlburt was so wrenched and injured by the force of the explosion and the flying dirt as to unfit him for further active service. Corporal Mayo was thrown to the ground, but soon picked himself up and went on with the company.

Thus, as the men advanced, with shot and shell all around them, one by one they dropped from the ranks until the list numbered twenty-six, as given below :

Company A.—Privates Charles W. Glidden, Joel S. Judkins, Lyman M. Ramsey. Company B.—Private Joshua Nichols. Company C.—Corporal Orrin A. Small, Private William H. Applebee. Company D.—Privates Charles E. Foster, Enoch E. Hazelton. Company E.—Privates Frank B. Hackett, Luther C. Hurlburt, Moses N. Paul, Henry H. Simpson. Company F.—Corporal Hiram S. Lathe, Private George W. Hall. Company G.—First Sergeant George W. Gove, Private Mial Tarbell. Company H.—Privates Larkin H. Clough, William F. Cowen. Company I.—Corporal Lewis W. Aldrich, Privates George E. Hastings, Herbert N. Streeter, Charles E. Towns. Company K.—Corporals Joel S. Blood, Sylvester B. Warren, Privates Jacob Abbott, Thomas S. Austin, Eben Eldridge.

None were killed outright, but two—Judkins of A and Hazelton of D—died of their wounds.

The members of the band are entitled to great credit for their services. Reporting for duty to the surgeon as directed, and leaving their instruments at a house near by taken as a hospital, they followed the regiment and brought off the wounded under fire; not only those of their own regiment, to whom they gave their first attention, but of other regiments, especially the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts and Seventeenth Michigan; and then those of the enemy. They were brought off on blankets and shelter tents, no stretchers having been provided. It was a perilous service, as performed, but there was no flinching; at least, none was reported.

Even in the excitement of this, the Ninth's first engagement with the enemy, some prisoners were taken, perhaps a half dozen in all. Hurlburt of Company E tells the story of one capture as follows:

“Just after we had passed over the top of the mountain into a growth of mountain laurel, I got separated from my company, and coming upon Company A, I asked Captain Pillsbury where it was, and he answered ‘To the right.’ I started in that direction, and the next thing I knew I was alone and came right on a Johnny, who looked as though he had his gun drawn on me. My hair stood right up on end and took my hat with it, but he threw his gun down and said he would surrender. I thought he was going to use his knife, so I got my sabre bayonet ready to put into him and made him hold up his hands. We were standing near an oak tree that divided into two branches; and while he still had his hands up, there came a cannon shot that split

that oak tree right in two. He said, 'Let's get out of here before we are killed.' On our way to the rear I came first to some Pennsylvania soldiers, who said they would take care of him, so I gave him up."

It appears that the enemy mistook the regiment for an entire brigade, more than one of the prisoners asking what brigade it was that charged them.

In a graphic account of this battle by the Confederate commander Gen. D. H. Hill, who was at the time near the Mountain House, more than a mile to the right, he says,—

"About four o'clock I saw what appeared to be two Federal brigades emerge from the woods south of Colquitt's position and form in an open field nearly at right angles to each other—one brigade facing toward the pike, and the other facing the general direction of the mountain. This inverted V-like formation was similar to that of the First Mississippi regiment at Buena Vista. If it was made anywhere else during the Civil War, I never heard of it. The V afforded a fine target from the pike, and I directed Captain Lane to open on it with his battery. His firing was wild, not a shot hitting the mark. The heavy batteries promptly replied, showing such excellent practice that Lane's guns were soon silenced. A small force in the edge of the woods on the west side of the old field opened fire upon the V. The Federals changed their formation, and, advancing in line of battle, brushed away their assailants and plunged into the woods, when heavy firing began, which lasted possibly half an hour. I suppose that the Federal force which I saw was the division of General Sturgis."

Moving out of the road, as the division did, in both directions, it would appear to the Confederate commander to be emerging from the intervening woods, which would hide the road from his view. The heavy firing at the time of the advance is thus accounted for, all this being in addition to the firing from the batteries upon the crest in front. But he is slightly mistaken about "not a shot hitting the mark." It was the Ninth New Hampshire that received the fire from the "small force in the edge of the woods;" and it was the only regiment which, "advancing in line of battle, brushed away their assailants and plunged into the woods."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE AT ANTIETAM CREEK.

AFTER SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Day-dawn brought the warm sunlight, which fell gratefully upon fatigued and stiffened limbs, aching not only with the terrible strain of yesterday's battle and the unaccustomed march preceding it, but from the night's exposure to the chill and heavy fog that had served in lieu of blankets. Quickly the new day hastened from the east, the first rosy, wakening flush seeming to pale with dread after one glance upon the horrors lying revealed in the early light.

“Never,” writes a comrade, “shall I forget my first indefinable feelings as I beheld the wounded or dead in the field;” and such was doubtless the involuntary thought of all as they looked about them at the ghastly repetition of suffering and death on all sides,—the frightful evidences of yesterday's grim carnival.

Here and there could be seen little groups of men, picking their way carefully over the blood-bought field, and recalling to each other the experiences of yesterday.

One has written,—

“Strange sights meet my eyes this morning as I walk over the battle-field of yesterday. The trees are shivered, rent, and grazed by missiles of all descriptions, and their broken branches, with all the *débris* of war,

strew the ground ; but sadder than all else is the sight of ghastly corpses everywhere on the field. But few Union men are to be seen this morning, as doubtless most of those killed have been taken off by comrades and buried. The number of rebel dead shows that they fought desperately. In one place I noticed eighteen literally piled upon each other, the whole occupying less than a square rod of ground, most of them shot through the head. They were ragged, dirty, and many of them shoeless. In their haversacks is bread made of flour or meal and water, baked in the ashes or in a spider, without yeast or soda. In their pockets and knapsacks are found very few valuable trinkets, though they all get searched. Some of the rebel prisoners are assisting in burying their own dead. It was ascertained from the diaries of some of those killed that they had enlisted only three days before."

Again we find,—

"Looked over a part of the battle-field, and oh, it was horrible beyond description ! There were a good many of our own men killed, but they were few compared with the enemy. Counted no less than forty behind perhaps five rods of stone wall, the most of them shot through the head or breast, and of all the horrid looking objects ever seen I believe they were the worst. In most cases the features were fearfully distorted with rage, or pain, or both. This, with their dirt, long hair, and squalid uniforms, made up a spectacle such as I never wish to behold again."

"But I did see many such, and even worse," is the laconic statement written by the diarist years afterwards as a marginal note.

One soldier-boy wrote home,—

“I have seen all of war I ever wish to. The thing is indescribable. Oh, horrors!” And farther on is this:

“The Southern army is very poorly clad. Indeed, a large number of them are barefoot. Their uniforms are made of the coarsest kind of gray cloth, and their jackets are cut the same as a school-boy’s. They carry nothing but their guns and cartridges, a canteen and a blanket, and some of them a haversack, so they have little to carry, and most of them are spry on foot. They are just the color of the ground, and so hard to be seen.”

Clearly, too, does one remember the strangely life-like position of that dead Confederate soldier sitting astride the stone wall near Wise’s house, his body bent slightly forward, killed just in the act of climbing over; keeping surely more uncanny vigil than did ever sable bird of poet, who

“Perched and sat and nothing more.”

Yet, with the quickly acquired tendency of the soldier to turn anything into a jest, entirely regardless of his own feelings, a Company E boy, noting the well-shod feet of the dead man, exclaimed, “That’s the first rebel I’ve seen with a decent pair of boots on, and by thunder, if he ha’n’t got up there to show ’em!”

The work of removing and burying the dead went forward with all possible speed, though the rapid digging of so many graves was made extremely difficult by the stony character of the ground. In long windrows they lay, like wheat from the sickle, in fence corners, on the banks, along the sunken road, and beside the stone

wall; and regarding this, the historian of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts says,—

“When the contest had ceased, General Sturgis sent up a section of artillery; and, to let the guns pass, our men moved the wounded and dead from the road upon the bank, sometimes in the darkness placing several bodies together, which led observers in the morning to report to the newspapers that ‘the rebels were piled in heaps as high as the wall.’”

A singular alteration had already become noticeable in the countenances of the Confederate dead, distinguishing them at once from those of the Union troops; they were, without exception, rapidly turning black, so as to make them almost unrecognizable even to their own associates. This curious phenomenon has never been satisfactorily explained, though it continued to be observable throughout the war. Some surgeons conjectured that it might be due to the scarcity of salt in the Confederate army, others laid it to the habit said to be prevalent among them, of mixing gunpowder with their whiskey. Be the reason what it may, it was a sufficiently shocking and painful sight to unaccustomed eyes.

But neither welcome September sunshine nor gruesome surroundings could long avail the men in forgetting the sharpened appetites which by this time they had succeeded in acquiring. Not only had they slept fasting, but the teams carrying the rations had as yet failed to connect, and the inhospitable fields offered little prospect of relief. Guns, blankets, and haversacks littered the ground in every direction, where they had been

dropped by the Confederates during the fight, so the losses of the previous day were in a measure made good; but as to how their fast was broken, "that is another matter," as William IV was wont to exclaim when loth to express a decided opinion.

The hard, round biscuit-bread found in the ownerless haversacks that lay scattered about, furnished food for a few, but the great majority were in the same woful plight as the hungry soul who thus voices his plaint: "Having thrown off my haversack yesterday, containing three days' rations, I am without any grub;" but gratefully adds that "my friend G—— in the Sixth New Hampshire gave me a breakfast."

Another record runs thus: "I picked up half a hard-tack by the roadside; and this, with a little piece of meat, was all my rations."

Later in the day it is learned that the compiler of the same little battered book "found plenty of green corn and green apples," and after partaking as freely as he dared, "fell asleep and slept soundly."

With such a scant bill of fare, it is no wonder that the majority of the boys seem either to forget that they had any breakfast, or, at any rate, to consider what they did have as too slight a matter to be worthy of notice.

AT ANTIETAM CREEK.

The general expectation on the evening of September 14 was that the contest would be renewed on the following day, and therefore, as darkness slowly settled down

on the mountain and active hostilities ceased, preparations for the morrow were begun. The hours of darkness passed, the dawn came, and as the gray mist rolled down the mountain and away from the valley no enemy could be seen, for under cover of the night the Confederate forces had been withdrawn.

The effect of this move could only be to change the scene of the great battle already foreshadowed, for it was not probable that the invaders would so easily be dissuaded from their purpose; but rather, that having concentrated their now scattered forces, a stand would be made at some favorable position and hostilities renewed.

While the battle was being fought at South Mountain, General McClellan was engaged in massing the remainder of the troops in and about Middleton, eight miles to the south-east from Boonsborough and on the main road from Frederick to Hagerstown. When the advance of the pickets, on the morning of the 15th, had given assurance of the enemy's disappearance, General Pleasanton's cavalry and the First, Second, and Twelfth corps, under Generals Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield, respectively, were sent off to the north-west, along the main road toward Boonsborough; General Franklin's command, which had occupied Crampton's Gap on the 14th, would secure possession of Rohrer'sville in the south-west; and the Ninth corps, coming down from the mountain, were to take the old Sharpsburg road to the west.

It was past noon when the Ninth corps, which was now under the command of General Cox, left South Mountain. The men were, weary from their forced marches, and exhausted from lack of sufficient food; so that the eight miles covered before dark seemed very

long ones, and when they finally rested on their arms, many threw themselves down on the bare ground and slept soundly.

The Confederate forces had retreated across Antietam creek, and had taken up a position extending well along the high bank of the western side of the stream, and one which commanded in the rear the road to Shepherdstown, on the Potomac—a safe, and in fact the only, line of retreat open to them in case of defeat. The Army of the Potomac began to arrive at the eastern bank just before dark. General Richardson's division of the Second corps had advanced through Keedysville, along the Sharpsburg and Boonsborough turnpike, and striking Antietam creek, deployed to the right. The other two divisions of General Sumner's corps took up positions behind Richardson, with the cavalry, under General Pleasanton, on his flank. General Mansfield supported General Hooker. General Sykes's division of Gen. Fitz-John Porter's corps (the Fifth), which had been under the command of General Burnside at South Mountain, and with the Ninth corps now constituted the left wing of General McClellan's advanced forces, came along the old Sharpsburg road to Porterstown, then filed to the left, and was joined soon by the Ninth corps.

Antietam creek, in the vicinity of Sharpsburg and Keedysville, could be crossed by either one of three bridges, but the current was slow, its waters were deep, and it was thought to be difficult to ford. The bridge on the Rohrersville and Sharpsburg road is about three miles above the point where the creek enters the Potomac; the next bridge is about a mile higher up the creek, on the Keedysville and Sharpsburg turnpike; the

last, better known as "Number 1," is on the Keedysville and Williamsport road, two and a half miles farther up the creek. About midway between the two last mentioned is a ford.

Facing the Federal forces, on the right side of Antietam creek, there was, on the night of the 15th, only a small part of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Jackson was still at Harper's Ferry; General McLaws was at Maryland Heights, and General Walker was occupying Loudon Heights. Only Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's divisions and the main body of Stuart's cavalry were at Antietam with General Lee. Longstreet's line extended across the Boonsborough turnpike to a point slightly below the lowest of the three bridges. D. H. Hill's line was north and west of Longstreet's, his left resting on the "Dunker chapel."

The Confederate forces were wearied by their long-continued activity, disappointed in their welcome by the citizens of Maryland, and somewhat disheartened by their repulse at South Mountain. General Lee was beginning to fear that the invasion from which his advisers had hoped so much might prove disastrous. He suspected that a copy of his since-famous "lost order" was in General McClellan's possession, and if such were the fact there was a possibility that the Federal commander, by energetic movements, might imperil and perhaps capture the forces under General McLaws. September 15 he sent the following order to the latter :

HEADQUARTERS,
CENTREVILLE [KEEDYSVILLE], MD.,

September 15, 1862.

GENERAL MCLAWS,

Commanding Division, &c. :

GENERAL: General Lee desires me to say that he sent several dispatches to you last night; he is in doubt that they have been received. We have fallen back to this place to enable you more readily to join us. You are desired to withdraw immediately from your position on Maryland Heights, and join us here. If you can't get off any other way, you must cross the mountain. The utmost dispatch is required. Should you be able to cross over to Harper's Ferry, do so, and report immediately.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A. L. LONG,

Colonel and Military Secretary.

It is evident that the halt was made at Antietam primarily in order to give McLaws a chance to join his commander. Had General McClellan been able to complete his plan of action during the night of the 15th, and to bring up the troops of Generals Franklin and Fitz-John Porter, so as to have attacked with vigor on the 16th, there might not be to-day a National cemetery at Antietam. But he was not ready.

It was on the 15th that Harper's Ferry surrendered. The Confederates were cheered somewhat by the success of Jackson and McLaws and by the prospect of the speedy return of their absent comrades, and General Lee contracted his too extended lines and waited.

From reports received during the forenoon of the 15th, the Union general thought the Confederates were in disorderly retreat. He regarded the triumph of the Fed-



LENDELL A. CONNOR, Co. G.



SAMUEL C. TOWNE, Co. G.



JAMES L. COLBURN, Co. G.



D. EMERSON HURD, Co. G.

eral army at South Mountain as complete, and telegraphed Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, as follows :

September 15, 1862—8 a. m.

GOV. ANDREW G. CURTIN, HARRISBURG :

I have the pleasure of announcing to you that we gained a complete victory over the enemy yesterday afternoon, and have now entire possession of the South Mountain range. I congratulate you on the gallant behavior of the Pennsylvania Reserves, who, as well as all the troops, both old and new, acted with the greatest steadiness and gallantry. The army is moving in pursuit of the enemy.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General Commanding.

On the same day and at the same hour he sent the following despatch to General Halleck :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
BOLIVAR, MD., September 15, 1862—8 a. m.

(Received 12 : 25 p. m.)

MAJ. GEN. W. H. HALLECK,

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF: I have just learned from General Hooker in the advance, who states that the information is perfectly reliable, that the enemy is making for Shepherdstown in a perfect panic; and General Lee last night stated publicly that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped. I am hurrying everything forward to endeavor to press their retreat to the utmost.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General.

At ten o'clock he sent this :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
BOLIVAR, MD., September 15, 1862—10 a. m.

(Received 1 : 20 p. m.)

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK,

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF U. S. ARMY :

There are already about 700 prisoners at Frederick, under very

insufficient guard, and I shall probably send in a larger number to-day. It would be well to have them paroled or otherwise disposed of, as Frederick is an inconvenient place for them. Information this moment received confirms the rout and demoralization of the rebel army. General Lee is reported wounded, and Garland is killed. Hooker alone has over 1,000 more prisoners. It is stated that Lee gives his loss as 15,000. We are following as rapidly as the men can move.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General, Commanding.

These reports from the Army of the Potomac intensified the suspense among the officials at Washington, Governor Curtin was in close communication with north-western Maryland, and President Lincoln, not hearing from McClellan by noon of the 16th, telegraphed an inquiry to the governor. But that very afternoon the president heard from the army, through its commander and General Halleck, as follows :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
BIVOUAC NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD.,
September 16, 1862—7 a. m.
(Received 12 m.)

MAJ. GEN. H. W. HALLECK,
GENERAL-IN-CHIEF :

The enemy yesterday held a position just in front of Sharpsburg. When our troops arrived in sufficient force it was too late in the day to attack. This morning a heavy fog has thus far prevented us doing more than ascertain that some of the enemy are still there. Do not know in what force. Will attack as soon as situation of enemy is developed. I learn Miles [at Harper's Ferry] surrendered 8 a. m. yesterday unconditionally. I fear his resistance was not as stubborn as it might have been. Had he held the Maryland Heights he would inevitably have been saved. The time lost on account of the fog is being occupied in getting up supplies, for the want of which many of our men are suffering.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General, Commanding.

So Mr. Lincoln notified Governor Curtin that since sending the despatch of inquiry he had heard from McClellan, and that nothing of importance had happened on the 15th, and that "this morning he was up with the enemy at Sharpsburg, and was waiting for a heavy fog to rise."

THE BATTLE ON THE RIGHT.

At two o'clock, on the afternoon of the 16th, General Hooker crossed the creek, by the upper bridge and the ford, and skirmished sharply with the enemy. This firing was heard at Hagerstown, and how it was interpreted, and what was expected of McClellan, is shown by Governor Curtin's despatch to President Lincoln :

HARRISBURG, PA., September 16, 1862,

—5 : 30 p. m.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN :

The following just received from Hagerstown: "Jackson has recrossed the Potomac, and General McClellan has engaged him with a large force a few miles this side of Sharpsburg, ten miles from here. The whole rebel army in Maryland will probably be annihilated or captured to-night. McClellan is on the battle-field."

A. G. CURTIN,

Governor of Pennsylvania.

It is evident that when the Union general learned of Miles's surrender, and when he found that General Lee was facing him in a wonderfully well selected position, he lost much of the confidence of the preceding day, and haunted by his habitual excessive caution, was glad that the morning of the 16th was foggy. He wanted his reserves, and gave them time to come up.

In the mean while the Confederate forces were arriving from Harper's Ferry. Jackson, a host in himself, and a part of his command, arrived on the 16th, and were placed on the extreme left, closing the space between D. H. Hill's line and the Potomac. General Lee was then prepared to give battle, but that he was careful to provide against defeat is shown by his anxiety regarding the fords of the Potomac. He wrote his commander of artillery as follows :

SHARPSBURG.

September 17, 1862—4:30 a. m.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PENDELTON,

Commanding Artillery :

GENERAL: I desire you to keep some artillery guarding each of the fords at Williamsport, Falling Waters, and Shepherdstown, and have some infantry with it if possible.

Very respectfully yours,

R. E. LEE.

General.

During the night of the 16th General Mansfield crossed to Hooker's support. McClellan planned to "attack the enemy's left with the corps of Generals Hooker and Mansfield, supported by General Sumner's, and, if necessary, by General Franklin's; and as soon as matters looked favorably there, to move the corps of General Burnside against the enemy's extreme right upon the ridge running to the south and rear of Sharpsburg, and having carried that position, to press along the crest towards our right."

On the morning of the 17th General Sumner's corps (the Second) was on the eastern bank of the creek, ready to move across to the assistance of Hooker and Mansfield if needed. Fitz-John Porter had come up with two divisions, and occupied the main turnpike,

which communicated with the rear and the ammunition and supply trains. General Franklin's corps was advancing from Crampton's Gap. The left wing, under General Burnside, had been moved nearer to the lower bridge.

General Lee placed all his artillery on a high hill just east of Sharpsburg, at the right of the Boonsborough turnpike. From this position he could so protect his own centre from Richardson and Sykes that his infantry could be massed to meet the expected attack on his left.

The battle opened ere the stars had faded from the heavens. The Confederates attacked along the line of the First corps. To meet them, Doubleday advances Gibbon, with Phelps and Patrick in support, and fights fiercely; Meade, under an enfilading artillery fire, moves forward in the corn-field, and with the aid of Doubleday's left forces Starke's division back to the Dunker chapel; Ricketts encounters three brigades of D. H. Hill's division, and is hard pressed. Meade sends assistance to Ricketts, but leaves a gap in his own line into which the Confederates rush, but are compelled to retreat because Meade in turn is assisted by Ricketts. The enemy try to turn Doubleday's flank, but are compelled to withdraw; they rally again, and force the Federal line back. General Mansfield's corps is ordered in, and its commander almost immediately falls, mortally wounded. General Williams assumes command of the corps, and tries to flank the Dunkard church, but is met by Hood, whom Lee has ordered in from his reserves. Hooker is wounded, and Meade handles the First corps. Sedgwick arrives, and drives Hood back beyond the Dunker chapel; but the other two divisions of Sumner's corps are not at hand, and the troops of McLaws and

Walker, that have made forced marches from Loudon and Maryland heights, drive Sedgwick back. Williams tries to take the Dunker chapel, and cannot. French advances and attempts the same thing, but is arrested by an enfilading fire from the artillery. Richardson's division goes in on French's left, finds the enemy massed in the sunken road henceforth to be known as "Bloody Lane," flanks their position, and having compelled them after desperate fighting to abandon it, gets almost to the Hagerstown road, but is then obliged to fall back, and the gallant leader is mortally wounded. Hancock takes his place, but the fight on the right and centre is now, at one o'clock, nearly over, and McClellan telegraphs as follows :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

September 17, 1862—1 : 20 p. m.

(Received 5 p. m.)

MAJ. GEN. H. W. HALLECK,

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF :

Please take military possession of the Chambersburg & Hagerstown railroad, that our ammunition and supplies may be hurried up without delay. We are in the midst of the most terrible battle of the war—perhaps, of history. Thus far it looks well, but I have great odds against me. Hurry up all the troops possible. Our loss has been terrific, but we have gained much ground. I have thrown the mass of the army on the left flank. Burnside is now attacking the right, and I hold my small reserve, consisting of Porter's [Fifth] corps, ready to attack the centre as soon as the flank movements are developed. I hope that God will give us a glorious victory.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,

Major-General, Commanding.

The Confederates, having received additional re-enforcements, attacked once more with desperation, but Franklin's corps arrived opportunely, and checked the



THE STONE BRIDGE, ANTIETAM CREEK, 1890.

assault. The contest north of the Boonsborough turnpike was practically a drawn battle. Lee was driven to extremity many times, but something invariably happened to his advantage, or failed to happen to his disadvantage, and his forces held their ground.

THE ATTACK ON THE LEFT.

During the early morning there was a fierce artillery fire on the Federal left, where Gen. Jacob D. Cox was handling the Ninth corps under the direction of General Burnside. Opposed to him was General Longstreet, who occupied the high and nearly precipitous cliffs on the west bank of the creek. It was ten o'clock when General Burnside received orders to carry the narrow bridge in his front, move on to the heights above, and advance towards Sharpsburg. An ordinary enemy could have made this a difficult task, but with Longstreet across the stream it was doubly hard. This general at the first and second battles of Bull Run had been proved an expert in the disposition of artillery, and at Antietam, where he was favored by what one, at least, has called a "natural Gibraltar," he so arranged his batteries that he could concentrate their aim on Bridge No. 3 and each avenue of approach to it, while Toombs's infantry and sharpshooters were stationed under cover on the sides and crest of the steep slope near the western bank. A story is told by the *Atlanta Constitution* of Longstreet himself serving a cannon at Antietam.

The bridge which General Burnside had been ordered to carry was (quoting from General Cox's able description) "a stone structure of three arches, with stone parapet above, this parapet to some extent flanking the

approach to the bridge at either end. The valley in which the stream runs is quite narrow, the steep slope on the right bank approaching quite to the water's edge. On this slope the roadway is scarped, running both ways from the bridge end, and passing to the higher land above by ascending through ravines above and below; the other ravine being some six hundred yards above the bridge, the turn is about half that distance below. On the hillside immediately above the bridge was a strong stone fence running parallel to the stream. The turns of the roadway were covered by rifle-pits and breastworks made of rails and stone, all of which defences, as well as the woods which covered the slope, were filled with the enemy's infantry and sharpshooters. Besides the infantry defences, batteries were placed to enfilade the bridge and all its approaches."

At South Mountain General Burnside as commander of the left wing had under him the First and Ninth corps; at Antietam he had only the Ninth, and that was under the immediate command of General Cox. He had placed General Crook's brigade of the Kanawha division and General Sturgis's division in front of the bridge. General Rodman's division and Colonel Scammon's brigade of the Kanawha division were further to the left, opposite a ford, and General Willcox's division was in support. Most of the artillery was stationed on and around the crest of the hill which overlooked the bridge and the heights above and beyond, but one battery of Dahlgren's boat howitzers covered the ford in front of General Rodman.

On receiving the order to attack, General Cox had the Eleventh Connecticut, under Colonel Kingsbury, deployed as skirmishers. They were followed closely

by Crook's brigade and Sturgis's division. The Second Maryland and Sixth New Hampshire fixed bayonets and attempted to charge across the bridge, but the enemy concentrated a heavy fire at that point and compelled them to draw back. They tried again, but were repulsed a second time with heavy loss, and were compelled to give up the attempt.

During the earlier part of the day the Ninth New Hampshire was lying just below the bridge, between the roadway and the creek, behind a stout rail fence, which somewhat reduced the danger, and had remained there two hours, giving and receiving a galling fusillade. About twelve o'clock the regiment was moved across the road and stationed just back of a mound directly in front of the bridge. After the failure of the first assaulting column to cross the bridge, the Second brigade, with the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Fifty-first New York in advance, was ordered to assault. They dashed along the road, and charging across the bridge drew the enemy's fire.

Colonel Fellows, of the Ninth, protected from the rays of the Maryland sun by an old-fashioned palm-leaf hat, was near the top of the ridge behind which his regiment lay, earnestly watching every manœuvre. As the New York and Pennsylvania regiments drew upon themselves the terrible shower of Confederate Minié balls, shells, cannon-balls, and railroad iron, Colonel Fellows saw his opportunity, and waving his hat as he shouted the order, "Forward, *Ninth New Hampshire!* Follow the old palm-leaf!" he rushed into the fray, and the Ninth New Hampshire was across the bridge before the enemy could again concentrate their fire!

The Second brigade had taken the road to the right;

Colonel Fellows turned to the left, then took a course directly up the bluff, and fought his way to the edge of the pasture-land on the heights. The New Hampshire Ninth was followed by the Ninth New York, then came the remainder of Sturgis's division, and the heights were carried! Crook followed Sturgis, and formed on his right, and at about the same time Rodman carried the ford below the bridge and took position on Sturgis's left.

The Ninth corps had done the work assigned it. Sturgis's and Rodman's divisions, with Crook's brigade, had thus far borne the brunt of the battle, and had done some stubborn fighting,—so stubborn that they were now facing the enemy with but little ammunition; but General Willcox's division coming to the front, the enemy on the right was forced back nearly into Sharpsburg. Meanwhile Rodman, on the left, was struggling hard, both to keep his connection with Willcox and to prevent the enemy from coming in on his flank.

The bridge had been carried at one o'clock, and it was now half-past two. Messages were sent to General McClellan asking him for re-enforcements, but no help was to be had; while the enemy was re-enforced by Gen. A. P. Hill's division of Jackson's corps, and by detachments from the left wing. At about four o'clock General Cox withdrew his forces from their advanced position to the ridge along the Antietam. The Confederates did not pursue, and the battle was over. The honorable task of guarding the dearly bought bridge for the night was assigned to the Ninth New Hampshire.

GLINTS FROM PARTICIPANTS.

The story of the battle as a whole has been given, but a most graphic portrayal of the part borne by the Ninth New Hampshire on that bloody field is furnished by the regimental correspondent of the *Manchester Daily Mirror*, as follows:

LETTER FROM THE NINTH REGIMENT.—OFFICIAL LIST OF
KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.

“ANTIETAM, NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD.,
September 20, 1862.

EDITOR MIRROR: The most desperate of the battles fought on this continent has just transpired around the ground where I am now writing, amid the scenes that line the field of carnage and destruction. The 17th and 18th of September will long be remembered as the great days when the entire force of the rebel army at last met the Union army and we gained a great and brilliant victory.

“It is now two days since the great battle, and we have only just got particulars enough together to give you some connected details of the battle, and we have this moment got the list of killed and wounded (official) in all our New Hampshire regiments engaged in this army corps.

“The rebel army occupied Sharpsburg on Tuesday, and was in a badly demoralized condition, having retreated in haste from South Mountain, where they were so badly whipped. They had here resolved to make a stand and pitch all their forces into one mighty struggle, for Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson had here united their forces from Hagerstown and Harper’s Ferry.

“ Tuesday evening Generals Hooker and Sumner posted their *corps d'armes* on several hills overlooking the Antietam river, composing the extreme right, and were ready to offer battle; the division of General Sykes and several other corps occupied the centre of the grand line of battle, while the gallant corps of Burnside occupied the extreme left. The line of battle formed was not less than eight miles long, and from the top of one hill near by, the line for nearly five miles could be seen with the naked eye, every hill and valley black with men, and the preparations for the great battle going on with great haste. Near us were 50,000 men, packed in solid columns ready for the morrow, with their columns sub-divided by the usual proportion of artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Few men now living will ever behold so grand a sight again.

“ The field of Waterloo before the battle, or of Austerlitz, Dresden, or Borodino, could not have been so grand from the fact that the surrounding country would not admit it, as there were no high hills from which a view of the army and conflict could be obtained. At daylight Wednesday morning, September 17, the thunder of artillery began to echo over the hills and valleys, and soon the clatter of cavalry and the sharp crack of infantry was borne along the deep ravines, and came like the artillery of heaven over the hills from the rebel lines of battle. The smoke of battle fairly obscured the rays of the sun, and everything was wreathed in smoke, and massive clouds of fire and smoke, all mixed in one heavy cloud, hung over the hundred pieces of artillery that were belching out their thunder until the earth fairly trembled and the hills seemed to rock with their terrible concussion and deafening roar.

“The extreme right wing of the army commenced soon after sunrise, and Hooker’s and Sumner’s veterans were placed in the opening contest. Then General Sykes advanced with the centre, and General McClellan was here, moving in all directions, and managed this part of the army. The entire left was commanded by General Burnside, the old hero that never yet lost a battle. In solid column this mighty army advanced from its position until, three miles from Sharpsburg, it gained, on the left, the banks of Antietam creek, which is a muddy river about the size of the Piscataquog where it empties into the Merrimack. The rebels began to mass their troops on our left at an early hour, and it seemed evident that they would cross the river where a fine stone bridge spanned the creek. The First brigade, Second division, commanded by that veteran war-horse, Gen. James Nagle, was ordered at once to the bridge, and the whole brigade rushed to the scene of conflict and carnage with such a yell of delight that a bystander would have thought they were going to a festival. In this brigade are the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire volunteers, and they were brought into a scene of horror only equalled at Napoleon’s famous battle at the bridge of Lodi. The stone bridge across the creek here is at the intersection of two roads, where a deep and precipitous ravine on our side of the river was directly in front of the bridge where several regiments of rebel infantry were pouring a deadly fire into our gallant troops. In a ploughed field near this bluff the Ninth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, were ordered to fall flat on their faces and load and fire at the rebels concealed in the heavy underbrush across the river, where its banks rose to a height of two hundred feet and were

covered by a deep forest. A deadly fire came transversely from the enemy, both from the opposite banks of the river and the bridge, which is here in an oblique direction from our position. For two hours there was never sharper musketry heard or seen, and New Hampshire blood flowed freely in the contest. The Ninth suffered terribly but never flinched, and every man stood before the awful carnage without one thought of yielding.

“Colonel Fellows was everywhere to be seen, cheering his men and making them efficient. His splendid knowledge of military affairs and tactics was here handsomely displayed, and it was the remark of all in the division that he headed the regiment with remarkable skill, and showed a perfect disregard of life, rushing in wherever he could be of service, and displaying both courage, coolness, and valor. He was complimented on all sides, and deserves great credit for sustaining at this hazardous point the reputation of New Hampshire soldiers, and will never be forgotten by his men.

“Lieutenant-Colonel Titus seized the gun of a man who fell dead by his side, and used it through most of the fight, until a Minié ball from a rebel sharpshooter struck him in the side and entered his shoulder, producing a severe wound, and he was taken from the field. He is now more comfortable, though badly wounded.

“The chaplain and our band were very serviceable in taking care of the wounded, and Surgeon Webster, of Manchester, displayed remarkable ability in dressing the wounds of our soldiers, and was as cool as a summer's morning in the midst of the blood and carnage around him. Captain Whitfield, of Francestown, and also Captain Cooper, were wounded and carried to the rear, and many others fell wounded around them.



SURGEON WILLIAM A. WEBSTER.

“The Sixth New Hampshire regiment was fighting side by side with the Ninth, but not being in quite so perilous a position did not suffer so severely. The Sixth behaved nobly in the battle, and did themselves great credit.

“After the fight had been prolonged at the bridge from ten in the forenoon to two in the afternoon, the First brigade became nearly out of ammunition, and was ordered to the rear, when the Second brigade of General Sturgis’s division was ordered up to charge the bridge; and with plenty of ammunition and pluck they went over, with our brigade next in rear, and the two brigades planted their flags on the heights towards Sharpsburg, a half mile from the river.

“The yells of the Ninth and Sixth were perfectly terrific as the rebel line gave way and they went over the bridge and up the steep bank on the other side. Here the fight was continued until after dark, and on the Sixth and Ninth regiments a perfect tempest of grape, canister, and shell was raining for hours, wounding many of our men, and putting them where they could not charge on their foe,—for they were put in the rear to rest,—and thousands of fresh troops rushed ahead of them into the fight nearer Sharpsburg village.

“On the morning of the 18th it was generally expected that the great battle would be renewed, but the rebels had given way along their line, even beyond where they had been driven during the day, and did not seem disposed to fight, and our troops were almost paralyzed with exhaustion and fatigue from the day previous, and sleeping on their arms during the night. Sharp skirmishing was kept up, however, all the forenoon, but no general battle took place.

“ All day our men were engaged in burying our dead and the piles of rebels that lay dead on the ground we gained. At the bridge were piles of men and horses, in heaps together ; some rebels seemed to have died in the embrace of our own soldiers, and the wounds from shot and shell presented a ghastly sight. Large numbers of soldiers have been detailed to bury all our dead, and it took them two days to do it. Our wounded are well cared for, and have excellent attention. Good judges estimate our loss in killed and wounded at 8,000, and the rebel loss at 14,000.

“ Official list of casualties in the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers in the Battle of Antietam Bridge, September 17th and 18th, 1862 :

“ Company A.—Wounded : B. Wadleigh, Exeter, in hand ; John McDermott, Kingston, thumb. Missing : L. H. Chase, Northfield.

“ Company B.—Wounded : James Aldrich, Lisbon, slightly, in eye ; H. Doe, Grafton, hand ; Jerome Gay, Canaan, breast ; George Muzzey, Weare, lost finger ; Elijah P. Purington, Weare, left arm, since amputated and doing well ; Matthew P. Tennant, Merrimack, leg ; Charles H. Thompson, Gilmanton, slight ; R. W. Swain, Gilford, in leg.

“ Company C.—Wounded : Sergeant T. J. Richards, Great Falls, arm ; Millet W. Roberts, Milton, lost thumb.

“ Company D.—Killed : Joseph C. Batchelder, Deerfield. Wounded : Corporal Henry Boothby, Conway, arm ; Charles F. Hall, Dover, in arm, slight ; Edward Flanagan, Salmon Falls, mortally wounded and missing ; J. Doherty, Salmon Falls, slight, in foot ; Moses D. French, Exeter, slight, in hand ; Samuel Page, Exeter,

slight, in back; James Quimby, Great Falls, slight, in head.

“Company E.—Missing: Corporal Albert H. Taft, Nelson; Francis O’Reilly, Canterbury. None killed or wounded.

“Company F.—Killed: Corporal C. M. Noyes, Great Falls. Wounded: G. E. Hubbard, Great Falls, leg amputated; J. N. Annis, Rumney, badly wounded; D. H. Winship, Hanover, slightly.

“Company G.—Killed: C. B. Marvin, Claremont; G. W. Russell, Claremont. Wounded: Capt. S. O. Whitfield, Francestown, severe wound in foot by the bursting of a shell; A. J. Fletcher, Lempster, in shoulder, slight; H. G. Kendall, Charlestown, hand, slight; W. H. Royce, Charlestown, head. Missing; J. Rugg, Horace Ellenwood, Amos Bradford, Caleb Bradford, John A. Peaslee, G. R. Peaslee.

“Company H.—Wounded: John Thompson, Rochester, in foot; Michael Hester, Rochester, in arm; First Sergt. H. Baxter Quimby, Lisbon, in side; Corporal Mark Staples, Whitefield, lost thumb; William Howard, Rochester, lost thumb.

“Company I.—Killed: George D. Fox, Keene. Wounded: First Lieut. Jacob Green, Keene, in hand; Joseph Jolley, Keene, in hand; Willis Reason, Swanzey, ankle; L. W. Aldrich, 2d, Westmoreland, hand; George W. McClure, Keene, head, bad; E. H. Streeter, Chesterfield, foot; W. C. Aiken, Westmoreland, arm; W. H. Hartwell, Keene, head; E. W. Messenger, head, severe; Michael Sullivan, Keene, hand, slight; First Sergt. C. W. Wilcox, side, slight.

“Company K.—Killed: Almond A. Stoddard, Unity. Wounded: Capt. John B. Cooper, Newport, slightly, in

foot; Sergt. Charles Little, slightly, in ankle; Sergt. Gilman Leavitt, Concord, wrist; William H. Perry, Newport, piece of shell in side; Samuel Meader, Tamworth, leg, slightly.”

There have been many conflicting statements regarding the order in which the several regiments of the Second division, Ninth corps, reached and passed over the stubbornly defended bridge. On this point the statement of Colonel Fellows is authority enough for the Ninth New Hampshire. In a letter to the *Boston Journal* of February 8, 1893, Colonel Fellows says,—

“At the Battle of Antietam the Second division, Ninth corps, was ordered to assault and carry the stone bridge. This division at that time was commanded by Brig. Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis, and composed of the First brigade, Brig. Gen. James Nagle, composed of the Second Maryland, Lieut. Col. J. Eugene Duryea; Sixth New Hampshire, Col. Simon G. Griffin; Ninth New Hampshire, Col. Enoch Q. Fellows; Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Joshua K. Sigfried; the Second brigade, Brig. Gen. Edward Ferrero, composed of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Col. William T. Clark; Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, Col. Edward A. Wild and Lieut. Col. Samuel Carruth; Fifty-first New York, Col. Robert B. Potter; Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Col. John F. Hartranft; besides two batteries of artillery, commanded by Capt. George W. Durell and Capt. Joseph C. Clark, Jr.

“The different regiments of the division took up positions not far from the bridge about 10 a. m., but before the assault was successful became massed in close proximity. About 1 p. m., the successful assault was made, led by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Col. John F. Hart-



CAPT. OSCAR D. ROBINSON, Co. E.

ranft commanding, and followed in quick succession by the other regiments of the division in close column, without any break or interval whatever."

In a letter to the Lebanon (N. H.) *Free Press*, a soldier of the Ninth regiment who has since the war taken a leading position among the educators of the United States, and whose habit of close observation and accurate statement is proverbial with his comrades, tells the same general story, though differing in details, thus :

“ ANTIETAM CREEK, NEAR SHARPSBURG,

Sept. 23.

“. . . Tuesday night we lay on our arms, and Wednesday at 9 a. m. were called into line and moved in the direction of heavy firing. The rebels, as usual, had chosen a splendid position. . . . As on Sunday, we were ordered to the left. The enemy had here crossed the little stone bridge spanning the Antietam creek, and taken position on the table-lands beyond.

“The creek flowed in a ravine, and though fordable in regard to depth, yet the steep and rugged bank on the other side rendered the enemy's position unapproachable, except by crossing the bridge and filing up the narrow wagon-road. Our work was to assist in holding the rebels from destroying or recrossing the bridge, and to gain possession of the same if possible. The lines of infantry were formed on each side the creek, and for more than two hours one continued roll of musketry was kept up along the lines, the rebels having the advantage of high ground and a narrow piece of heavy woodland as a breastwork. The contest was desperate.

“Our troops fought like those determined to conquer. Twice was the attempt made to charge across the bridge,

and twice the noble fellows were compelled to fall back under a galling fire which laid low many of our brave heroes. A third attempt was made, and not in vain. The bridge and the day were ours, and soon General Burnside and staff rode across amid the cheers of the victorious forces. The New Hampshire Ninth was one of the first to follow, leaving behind our brave and beloved Lieutenant-Colonel Titus, wounded in the shoulder, and several of his brave fellows. We were now separated from the rest of our brigade, and it was our misfortune several times during the day to come under a most galling fire from the rebel batteries.

“About sunset we were ordered to a large corn-field supposed to be thickly swarming with rebels, which we afterwards learned to be true. As we approached the field we were obliged to lie down to escape the showers of grape and bursting shell. We were soon covered by a small battery, which we hoped would silence theirs and give us an opportunity for action; but to our disappointment, after firing a few shots they withdrew, as we afterwards learned, for want of ammunition, leaving us entirely unprotected and the enemy advancing upon us in superior force. The regiments at our right and left also withdrew, and the general sent a verbal dispatch to our colonel that our only safety was in reaching the ford.

[“Hearsay only,” is the authority for the closing statement in the preceding paragraph.]

“We immediately fell back to the creek under a perfect shower of grape and canister, which wounded several of our men, and few of us came over ‘dry shod.’

“It was late at night before we again got organized, and hence we obtained but little sleep. Thursday, the infantry was not engaged on the left, except in skirmish-

ing. Our force was small, but we threw out a heavy picket force and kept the enemy ignorant of our true condition. We lay all day close to the ground under the brow of a hill, and not more than two hundred rods from the enemy. At night we were relieved, and fell back to camp. Friday the rebels had retreated, leaving behind a powerful rear-guard, which engaged our artillery through the day. We advanced three or four miles in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and since then have enjoyed the great luxury of a short rest.

“This has doubtless been one of the greatest battles of the campaign, its line extending nearly ten miles, and conducted by the greatest generals on both sides. I have passed over some portions of the left, and it presents a spectacle which I have no desire to see repeated. Broken implements of war, mutilated and stiffened bodies, and steeds which had fallen beneath their riders no more to rise, strewed the ground for miles. Many a noble youth has here lain down in his final sleep, whose beloved mother or cherished sister will never weep at his grave; but they have nobly performed their duty,—bravely fought and nobly fell, and the blessings accruing to posterity through this bloody struggle shall be their living eulogies. The entire loss I am unable to state. It is said ‘our men lay in heaps, and the rebels lay heaps on heaps.’”

ON THE BLUFFS.

The historian of the Sixth New Hampshire, speaking of the order in which the different regiments formed on the right bank, after the bridge had been carried, says,—“The Sixth advanced up the bluff opposite the bridge,

and was the first to form in line on the crest of the ridge, where it received a storm of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries in the distance." This statement is doubtless correct, in the sense that there were no other regiments formed in sight of the Sixth when its men reached the crest of the bluff, but the same, if not more, may be said of the Ninth. There were no blue coats or Federal colors in sight when the men of the Ninth New Hampshire, though soldiers of only three weeks' duration, lined up on the eastern edge of the bluff and advanced to meet Toombs's Confederates, who were coming in on their left flank, and notwithstanding the terrific fire of muskets and heavy guns, drove them to cover. The Ninth New Hampshire prepared the way for the Ninth New York, who, coming in from the left, and then passing the soldiers from the Granite state in the rear, made their daring, resistless, and ever since famous, charge on a Confederate battery, capturing, and for a time holding, the guns in spite of a heavy fire and the onslaught of vastly superior numbers.

After the New Hampshire heroes had played their part in the great tragedy, they were placed, with the rest of their division, in reserve. The long day of blood and strife was drawing to a close. How fierce and bitter the contest had been, a glance over the field and then at the decimated ranks of the army showed. The morning sunshine had thrown its glad beams over fields of waving corn and valleys teeming with life and beauty. That same sun, as it slowly sank behind the mountains that night, was veiled in the thick clouds of smoke that rose from the field of battle, as if unwilling to look upon the ruin and devastation of the fair scene. All around were the dead and wounded and the accoutrements of war.

The tall corn that had rustled its gleaming blades so proudly in the morning breeze was now trodden under foot, and served that night in lieu of a better couch to many a poor fellow.

COUNTING THE COST.

What better test of the bravery and courage of its men can a regiment offer than its list of killed and wounded? When the men of the Ninth New Hampshire again answered the roll-call, an ominous silence followed the reading of many a name. In addition to the list given in the *Mirror* correspondence, these have been gleaned from other sources:

Wounded.—Company A, Charles Wallace; Company G, Corp. Lorenzo M. Upham; Company H, Stephen G. Symister.

Just as at South Mountain, so at Antietam the members of the regimental band found plenty to do in their humane though dangerous task of bearing the wounded from the field. One of the “faithful” thus writes of the day’s doings:

“The engagement [artillery] began about seven o’clock this morning. Taking our stretchers and moving forward, we found, on the edge of a corn-field, a member of Company I named Messenger, badly wounded in the head, and carried him to the hospital. By the time we got back the brigade had become engaged, and several had been wounded, the brigade at this time being stationed near the stone bridge.

“Dr. Webster had established a hospital, to the left and lower down, in an old barn, and thither we were

ordered to bear the wounded, of whom there were now a great many. Simonds and myself brought thirteen men from our own and other regiments without stopping, and I doubt not that the other boys were equally as busy. In no other battle afterward, I think, were we kept so closely at work, none of us resting all day."

The wounding of Private E. M. Messenger was one of the remarkable incidents of the battle. Near the stone bridge, in the position first occupied by the regiment in this action, Private Messenger, while in the act of firing, received two wounds from the same bullet. The ball carried away a portion of the left thumb, and then entering the forehead over the right eye, passed out in front of the right ear, felling him to the ground. With the blood streaming from these wounds, he was removed from the field for dead, and was mourned as the first man killed instantly in Company I. Later in the day, however, he was discovered to be alive, and was carried to the Miller farm-house, where he slowly recovered. To-day he suffers but little inconvenience from these wounds, except from loss of sight of the right eye.

Capt. Charles W. Edgerly contributes the following incident of heroic conduct:

"On the 18th day of September, 1862, the next day after the great battle of Antietam, the Ninth New Hampshire was deployed as skirmishers, and at times the firing between our lines and the rebels' was both rapid and heavy. In front of us (Company H) was a plowed field, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon, while the bullets were whistling over our heads, I heard a voice that sounded like a child crying for help, and it appeared to come from the plowed field in our front. Every few

minutes would come the cry for help, and at last I saw a head lifted above the ground about thirty yards in front of my post. One of my men, John W. Garland, also saw this at the same time, but in a moment more the head dropped back out of sight, though we could still locate the place where it had appeared by a small tree near by.

“Whoever it was that was making this pitiful appeal, I wanted to rescue him, but what with the sharpshooters in the trees and the rebels behind a stone wall it looked risky. Garland promptly volunteered to go and get him, but I said that while I would be very glad to have him save the boy I was afraid he himself would get shot, and I would not order him or any other man to go where I was afraid to lead. He insisted on at least making the attempt, and by my order took off his knapsack. Starting on the run, he quickly reached the spot, picked up the boy, for such he proved to be, and in a trice came back to my post and laid the boy down at my feet.

“I do n't think a single shot was fired at Garland, either in going or returning. The poor little fellow for whom he had so bravely risked his life was badly wounded in his leg, and had lain upon the cold, bare ground since the previous afternoon. In answer to my questions he said that he belonged to the Eighth Connecticut, and that his regiment had retreated and left him on the field.

“I told Garland then and there that his deed was a heroic one, and as long as I lived to tell the story he should have the credit that belonged to him. At my request he took the boy on his back and carried him to the field hospital a quarter of a mile away. Soon after this Garland was himself taken sick, but refused to go to the hospital, keeping with his company until we arrived

at Berlin, near Harper's Ferry, where he died,—a truly brave and noble man.”

Among the officers who were severely wounded were Lieut. Col. Herbert B. Titus and Captains John B. Cooper and Smith O. Whitfield. Lieut. Col. Titus was himself taking an active part in the conflict, having picked up the rifle of a disabled soldier, when he was struck in the side by a bullet and compelled to leave the field. As the word was passed along the line, expressions of sorrow and regret were heard on all sides. The disabling of two of their best captains as well, was naturally trying to soldiers so lately brought into action, and it is greatly to the credit of the Ninth New Hampshire that the work assigned them was performed so faithfully and well; and in so doing it, they were as essential a factor in the victory as those who were placed in more conspicuous positions.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.—GENERAL NAGLE'S REPORT.

It is pleasing to note that the regiment received fitting recognition in official circles. Brig. Gen. James Nagle, in his report to Brig. Gen. S. D. Sturgis, thus particularized its service :

“The Ninth New Hampshire volunteers (Col. E. Q. Fellows) were placed near the bridge, and opened a destructive fire directly upon the enemy, and expended nearly all their ammunition during a gallant resistance of an hour, in which they were between the fires of two regiments of the enemy, and sustained themselves nobly.”

Apropos to this commendation of the regiment is a story told of one of the men in Company F. Just as the

regiment was getting into position at the rail fence, the man fell flat on the ground. "Get up!" shouted the captain. "I can't," said the man; and the captain finally ordered some of the men to lay him under the bank, where he wouldn't get hit. The next day the man reported for duty. He had been completely prostrated by nervous excitement.

THE HONORED DEAD.

Private Charles Marvin, of Company G, was the first man to fall at Antietam. The men were lying flat on their bellies on the under brow of the hill, just after they had moved from the rail fence. Comrade Joseph C. Chapman heard the hissing of the bullet which struck Marvin in the forehead, killing him instantly. While they were under the rail fence, Private George W. Russell was shot in the bowels, and lived but a few hours. When the regiment crossed the bridge and charged in the open ground near the corn-field, Private Joseph C. Batchelder, of Company D, was shot down.

Corporal Charles M. Noyes, of Company F, was a Somersworth boy, and very popular with his comrades, to whom he was best known by the familiar name of "Minty." He was buried at Antietam, but his body was afterwards sent to his home at Great Falls, through the kindness of Quartermaster Moses, who tells the story of his efforts to fulfil the wishes of friends as follows:

"October 1, 1862, I received a letter from Rev. Samuel A. Collins, of Great Falls (who had just heard of 'Minty's' death), asking me, in behalf of the boy's father, Deacon Milton Noyes, if possible, to disinter his body and have it sent home.

“The next day I went over to Sharpsburg and made a bargain for two boxes, one within the other, in which to put the body. For these I was to pay fifteen dollars, but I threw up the bargain, because on the third day I got a box for six dollars, and then engaged a man to take the body to Hagerstown for five dollars; so that I got the whole thing arranged for four dollars less than I would otherwise have paid for the boxes. On the 4th day of October I went to Sharpsburg and hired a Mr. Samuel Shaw to go with his wagon to Antietam for the body.

“We disinterred the body, with the help of young Wentworth and John Whitehouse, and found that the bullet had struck him on the left side near the heart, and had passed obliquely through the body and out at the hip.

“I took the box (two in one) to Hagerstown, Pa., which was about fourteen miles distant, across the state line. We arrived there at ten o'clock p. m., and placed the body in the care of Mr. Charles Lane, undertaker, who enclosed it in a metallic casket, and delivered it at the depot on Monday. All my expenses were paid by Deacon Noyes.”

THE COMRADES' OWN STORIES.

In an engagement where there were so many casualties, no man knew when his turn might come, and many incidents are told in the diaries and letters of the men, of narrow escapes and queer happenings of the field; things that to outsiders might seem but trivialties, but to men whose lives were hanging by a thread, everything was of importance.

Fifteen Inches Long.—A member of Company F tells how, as the men were going down the hill to the rail fence, the enemy was sending showers of railroad iron into their midst. One piece (he says it was fifteen inches long, and doubtless it was,) whizzed by his head and went rolling end over end down the hill.

“*With Pleasure, Captain!*”—A little fellow in the same company got “rattled” while loading his gun, and having disabled the piece by beginning to load with the bullet, was sharply reprimanded by the captain, who ordered him to go back and find “some dead man’s gun” to replace his own. “With pleasure, Captain,” said the boy, and the order of his going was anything but slow.

“*Hadn’t Thought of It.*”—Wesley Simonds, of Company I, shortly after leaving the rail fence, had the sole of one shoe cut completely off by a bullet, and then went around barefooted. By and by he volunteered to go on the skirmish line, and was starting off with

“One shoe off, and one shoe on,”

à la “my son, John,” when a comrade, noticing his sorry plight, said, “Simonds, what are you going ’round barefoot for, when there’s plenty of shoes lying ’round here, doing nobody any good?” “Sure enough,” said Simonds; “strange I never thought of that!” and a “mate” if not a “perfect fit” was soon found.

Didn’t Ask Why.—After the Ninth had crossed the bridge and was getting into position on the heights beyond, Captain Andrew J. Stone and Private Herman A. Clement, of Company F, were standing side by side. The captain, who was closely watching the enemy’s movements, saw a shell coming towards them.

“Drop!” yelled the captain, and Clement did n't stop to ask why, but promptly “dropped.” The shell passed directly over them, and buried itself in the ground just beyond. This was but one of many similar occurrences.

Singular Wounds.—W. W. and J. H. Humphrey, of Company E, were brothers, from Plainfield. One was right and the other left-handed. The right-handed one lost his right thumb, and the left-handed one had his left thumb or finger shot off. Such were the *freaks* of war.

A Choice of Weapons.—Two men from Company E had a somewhat novel experience. During the forenoon of the 17th they were sent to a well about a half mile in the rear of the Union line to fill the canteens. The path to the well lay across a field at that time occupied by one of the ambulance trains. One of the enemy's batteries had just been turned on the defenceless position, with the immediate result that the train was making a flight, more rapid than orderly, to safer quarters. But the canteens must be filled; so our heroes pursue the even tenor of their way, while shot and shell fly—hissing! plowing!! screaming!!! and bursting!!!!—all around them. Suddenly, with a terrific scream and crash, a huge shell strikes a tree directly in front of them, and—surely their time has come!—a perfect shower of *green apples* falls on their devoted heads! Green apples are hard, but bullets are harder; and thanking their lucky stars that no worse misfortune had befallen them, they proceeded on their way, filled the canteens, and returned unharmed.

“*Jokum*” and *his Mule.*—Since leaving Washington the regiment had been attended by a mascot, as some of the men seemed to think, in the shape of a little darkey about five years old. Attracted by the music he had followed the regiment out of the city, and as he could not

be persuaded to return the men had adopted him. An old mule picked up by the way was pressed into service as a charger, and, decked out in an improvised uniform, "Jokum" and his mule followed the fortunes of the Ninth.

At South Mountain he kept close behind till the order came to "Charge bayonets!" Then Jokum seemed to realize that it was time for him to beat a retreat, and with the remark "Guess I'd bettah git out o' heah fo' I gits hurted!" made his mule "about face," and was soon out of sight. Nothing more was seen of him that day, or the next, and the men began to fear their little favorite had come to grief.

But Jokum had not forgotten his friends, and at Antietam he turned up again, still sticking to his mule, right in the thick of the fight. Dodging the bullets,—now on this side, and now on that,—he finally made his way to the regiment. "I b'longs to yer, an' I'se gwine to stick to yer!" was his greeting.

He followed the regiment closely after this, sometimes on his mule, often on foot, and again in a baggage wagon. The boys made him a neat uniform, provided him with a small blanket and haversack, and saw to it always that Jokum was comfortably clothed and fed.

The lad was a perfect mimic, and "caught on" easily to the various peculiar phrases of the men and the ways of camp life. He would take up his position in a company street, and go through perfectly all the details of a dress parade or guard mount, not only giving the commands of the different officers and the varied reports of the non-commissioned officers, but so closely imitating their tones of voice and peculiar gestures as to create all manner of sport for the men and make himself a regimental character.

Soon after the Battle of Fredericksburg, Sergeant Robinson had ordered from New Hampshire a complete new suit of clothes especially for Jokum. When the box arrived the sergeant was sick in the hospital, but some of the boys got "Jok" into their tent and proceeded to introduce him into his new "toggerly." "What do you think of them, "Jok?" said one. "I tink Sergeant Robinson must have pretty rich wife to send me so much nice tings," was the quick reply. As Sergeant Robinson was a "lone bachelor" in those days, he didn't hear the last of his "rich wife" for a long time to come.

Jokum kept with the regiment until April, 1863, when the Ninth was at Baltimore, on its way to the farther west and south. Sorry as they were to part with Jokum, it seemed cruel to expose him longer to the dangers of the field, and at the first opportunity he was sent back to Washington.

Dodging a Fence Stake.—It has already been told, in the story of the battle, how the gallant charge of the Ninth New Hampshire up the crest of the hill beyond the bridge, opened up the way for the carrying of the Confederate battery by the Ninth New York; but there is one little episode, which escaped the general historian, that the New Hampshire boys had many a hearty laugh about afterwards, though they thought it rather a grim joke at the time.

The crest of the bluff had been gained. Off to the right was the Confederate battery; directly in front, a body of infantry; on the left, a high rail fence, built in true southern style, the supporting pickets—sometimes long and sometimes short—crossed in zig-zag fashion. Through a gap in this fence, just as the line was being

formed for an advance charge, came another body of the enemy. The New Hampshire boys were not to be caught napping. Wheeling quickly to the left, they charged on the surprised Confederates, and drove them towards the body in front. The battery, meanwhile, was getting in some close work. Four shots were fired in their attempt to dislodge the Ninth, the first three being faulty in aim and doing no harm; but the fourth laid low four men in Company K. Again the line was being formed, when through the same gap in the fence came the Ninth New York with a rush; though how they got there has always been a mystery to every one but themselves.

Just then—whiz! zip!—came a shot from the battery. Something went whirling through the air just above the New Yorkers' heads, turning over and over and making every man dodge as it passed. It was only the top of one of the long rail pickets, cut off by the shot, but it was a deadly-looking missile to the gallant Zouaves, brave men though they were.

An Impromptu Ride.—“As we were crossing the lane near the bridge, we did not move in very regular order, and just as I reached the top rail of the fence I saw a sow, with her litter of pigs, come running up the bank from the creek. The poor thing was so frightened she did n't know which way to turn, and came rushing pell-mell through the ranks, catching one of the men between the legs and carrying him off astride her back, his rifle waving in the air and he shouting for help at the top of his voice. Without doubt both steed and rider were glad when the impromptu ride came to an end.”

More Scared Than Hurt.—The ball which killed George D. Fox, of Company I, passed directly through

his body and struck Sergeant Henry E. Hubbard fair in the belt, nearly knocking the breath out of him. Captain Babbitt, somewhat disconcerted at this double loss, hurriedly asked Hubbard if he was badly hurt. "I guess I'm a goner this time, Cap," was the answer; but an examination disclosed the fatal bullet safely ensconced in the apparently dying man's cartridge-box. Hubbard was thoroughly disgusted at this commonplace ending to his adventure, and ever afterwards held to the opinion that it was "a mighty mean piece' of business to pound a man most to death and not draw a drop of blood to show for it!"

Rather a Close Call.—While the regiment was awaiting orders at the bridge, just before the grand charge up the hill was made, Lieutenant Green, of Company I, was sitting down with his back comfortably resting against a tree. Pretty soon there came a raking fire from the battery perched on the heights beyond, and the men began to look for cover; but Lieutenant Green was quite well satisfied with his position and stuck to his seat. All at once there came a perfect shower of balls, and the lieutenant ducked with the rest. None too soon, either, for a huge shot had imbedded itself in the tree not three feet from the ground. Slowly picking himself up, the now thoroughly frightened man ejaculated, "Mein Gott, boys, see vere I haf been sitting!"

One on the Sergeant.—Lieut. C. W. Wilcox tells this one on himself. "At the first Sunday morning regimental inspection after the Battle of Antietam, as first sergeant of Company I, I went to the quartermaster to obtain the overcoats which belonged to the company, and which had recently been returned from Washington. When I got back the company was all formed



CHARLES M. BLAISDELL.

1863
—
"



CHARLES M. BLAISDELL, CO. F.

1880
" "

and ready to take their place on the line for inspection. The second sergeant turned the company over to me, I to the captain, and we immediately started and took our position in line, Company I being on the extreme right of the regiment, and I the first man to be inspected. Throwing my gun to the colonel, he looked it over and exclaimed, 'You, an orderly sergeant, to come out with such a gun as that! Look at it!' Then he gave me a regular Scotch blessing, to which I could make no reply. On returning to camp I found the man who had taken my gun and left his for me to take, in a hurry. I then took mine to Captain Babbitt, who went with me to the colonel, where proper explanations were made and I was relieved from an unjust imputation."

A Solid Shot.—Comrade Wilcox relates another incident, which occurred just after the regiment had marched down the ravine running past the brick house and halted near the main road leading to the stone bridge, but a few rods distant, the wooded bluff on the right serving as a cover from the shot and shell of the enemy. While waiting there, he and several other members of Company I, which had the right of the regiment, climbed up the bluff, from the west side of which could be obtained a good view of the bridge and the surrounding country as well. Just as they were nearing the top a solid shot struck a tree directly above and in front of them. It is needless to say that this little episode fully satisfied their curiosity, as amid flying splinters and dropping branches the adventurers made double-quick time in descending and returning to their company, the regiment soon after filing to the right into the main road and taking up position behind a rail fence between the road and the creek. In 1892 Comrade Wilcox and his wife, together with

Comrades Alvah R. Davis and William H. Perry of Company K, visited the Antietam battle-field. Before reaching the ravine Comrade Wilcox related the above incident, stating that he was confident, although thirty years had passed since it occurred, he could go directly to the spot if the tree were still standing. Arriving at the locality, the tree was quickly found, the trunk still bearing the tell-tale scar where the shot had struck it about three feet above the ground, though it had not gone clear through, as Comrade Wilcox had heretofore supposed. He afterwards tried to procure that section of the tree as a memento, but without success.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A long and bloody battle had been fought. The Ninth Army corps had covered itself with glory, and General Burnside had reason to be proud of his dauntless command. All that brave men could do to win the day, they had done. Though the enemy had made a stand at a point that to a fainter-hearted leader might easily have proved itself a veritable Gibraltar, he had been routed; and to the Ninth Army corps belongs the honor of having taken the most advanced position.

The following despatch from General McClellan carries its own explanation :

HEAD-QUARTERS.

KEEDYSVILLE, MD.,

September 18, 1862.—8 a. m.

MAJ. GEN. H. W. HALLECK,

General-in-Chief United States Army :

The battle of yesterday continued for fourteen hours, and until after dark. We held all we gained, except a portion of the extreme left; that was obliged to abandon a part of what it had gained. Our loss

very heavy, especially in general officers. The battle will probably be renewed to-day. Send all the troops you can by the most expeditious route.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General, Commanding.

But the anticipations of the commanding general in regard to a renewal of the conflict were not realized. There was some artillery firing, but no general engagement. Enough re-enforcements had come up during the night to nearly cover the losses of the preceding day, but still General McClellan hung back; evidently preferring, if any more fighting were to be done, that General Lee should take the initiative. In the mean time the men were caring for the wounded, burying the dead, and getting what rest they could for themselves. The Ninth corps was strengthened by the addition of General Morell's division (First) of the Fifth corps, which was at once detailed to relieve the skirmishers, among whom were some of the Ninth New Hampshire.

To the wily foe, however, this delay in attacking was an unexpected boon, and he hastened to take advantage of it. Everything that would tend to retard him in his flight was left behind. Let the wounded and the dead go uncared for and unburied! None of the débris of battle for him. Let the Yankees take care of that. But he took good care that none of the rich booty from Harper's Ferry should fall into their hands.

No sooner was the flight of the enemy discovered, on the morning of the 19th, than the Army of the Potomac was started in hot pursuit. Burnside's command was ordered down the road to Antietam Iron Works, but finding, on reaching the Potomac, that the enemy had placed his batteries in a commanding position on the Virginia shore, the Ninth corps went into camp a short

distance above Antietam creek, and waited for the rest of the command to come up. It was during this cessation of hostilities that General Sturgis issued the following congratulatory order :

HEAD-QUARTERS, 2D DIVISION, 9TH A. C.

ANTIETAM, Sept. 20, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER

NO. 11.

The General Commanding the Division avails himself of this lull in the roar of battle to return his thanks to the officers and troops for their handsome behavior in the Battles of South Mountain and Antietam Bridge, and to say to them that he has been assured by General Burnside, that General McClellan considers the carrying the Bridge as having saved the day.

While, therefore, we have reason to be proud of our successes, we should remember that they were achieved through the loss of many of our brave comrades:—among whom was the gallant and distinguished Maj. Gen. Jesse L. Reno, who led this Division so often to victory. He was a classmate and bosom friend of the General Commanding,—a man of the highest integrity, and one who loved his country beyond all earthly things, and shrank from no danger in defending it.

His last words were, “I can no longer be with my men; let them know I will still be with them in spirit.”

His spirit was with them indeed, and led them across Antietam Bridge; thus saving the army after death.

By order of

BRIG'R GEN'L S. D. STURGIS.

WM. C. RAWOLLE,

Capt. and Ch. of Art'y.

Official Copy.

Attest.

JOHN EDWIN MASON,

Acting Ass't Adj. Gen'l,

1st Brigade, 9th A. C.

Had not the division so thoroughly deserved the praise of General Sturgis, the pleasant tone of the commander's orders might have easily been attributed to the witching

strains of the Ninth regiment band; for one of its members, writing under date of September 19 (the day preceding the date of the order), says,—“We played at our division commander’s (General Sturgis’s) quarters, who at once became one of our very best friends.”

The final result of the flight and pursuit is told in the brief resumé of events given in the following despatches :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

September 19, 1862—8: 30 a. m.

(Received 11 a. m.)

MAJ. GEN. H. W. HALLECK,

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF :

But little occurred yesterday except skirmishing, being fully occupied in replenishing ammunition, taking care of wounded, &c. Last night the enemy abandoned his position, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. We are again in pursuit. I do not yet know whether he is falling back to an interior position, or crossing the river. We may safely claim a complete victory.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,

Major-General.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

September 19, 1862—10: 30 a. m.

(Received 11 a. m.)

MAJ. GEN. H. W. HALLECK,

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF :

Pleasanton is driving the enemy across the river. Our victory was complete. The enemy is driven back into Virginia. Maryland and Pennsylvania are now safe.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,

Major-General.

Yes, Maryland and Pennsylvania were safe. The invasion of Maryland had yielded less than had been expected. The people had shown loyalty where the Confederates had confidently looked for rebellion. “Barbara Frietchie” but gave voice to the unspoken

loyalty that animated the hearts of the Marylanders in their treatment of the Union troops. General Lee's own expectations, too, had been disappointed. There had been no great victory, unless the pusillanimous surrender of Harper's Ferry be so considered. Neither moral nor material injury had been inflicted on the Union resources. The evacuation of the Federal capital had not been compassed. The Confederate government, as a government *de jure*, had not been acknowledged by the governments of France and England, and the independence of the Confederate states had not been achieved. All these had been the avowed objects of the invasion.

When Lee crossed the Potomac, he was playing for a big stake. Though he had not been annihilated or captured, as the despatch of Governor Curtin had prophesied, yet he had lost the game. It is too ridiculous to be amusing, but it is most certainly sad, to note the comments of the Confederate journalists at this time. The *Richmond Enquirer*, of September 22, 1862, has the following report of the battle of Wednesday, the 17th:

“ We have the gratification of being able to announce that the battle resulted in one of the most complete victories that has yet immortalized the Confederate arms. The ball was opened on Tuesday evening about six o'clock, all of our available forces, about 60,000 strong, commanded by General Robert E. Lee in person, and the enemy, about 150,000 strong, commanded by General McClellan in person, being engaged.

“ The position of our army was upon a range of hills, forming a semi-circle, with the concave towards the enemy; the latter occupying a less commanding position opposite, their extreme right resting upon a height commanding our extreme left. The arrangement of our line

was as follows: General Jackson on the extreme left, General Longstreet in the centre, and General A. P. Hill on the extreme right.

“The fight on Tuesday evening was kept up until nine o'clock at night, when it subsided into spasmodic skirmishes along the line. Wednesday morning it was renewed by General Jackson, and gradually became general. Both armies retained their respective positions, and fought desperately throughout the entire day. During this battle Sharpsburg was fired by the enemy's shells, and at one time the enemy obtained a position which enabled them to pour a flanking fire upon a portion of our left wing, causing it to waver.

“At this moment, General Starke, of Mississippi, who had command of General Jackson's division, galloped up to the front of his brigade, and seizing the standard, rallied them forward. No sooner did the gallant general thus throw himself in the van than four bullets pierced his body and he fell dead amidst his men. The effect, instead of discouraging them, fired them with determination and revenge, and they dashed forward, drove the enemy back, and kept them from the position during the rest of the day.

“It being evident that the ‘Young Napoleon,’ finding he could not force his way through the invincible ranks of our army in that direction, had determined upon a flank movement towards Harper's Ferry, to thus obtain a position in our rear, General Lee, with ready foresight, anticipated the movement by drawing the main body of his army back on the south side of the Potomac, at Shepherdstown, Va., whence he will, of course, project the necessary combinations for again defeating his adversary.

“The enemy’s artillery was served with disastrous effect upon our gallant troops, but they replied from musket, howitzer, and cannon with a rapidity and will that carried havoc amidst the opposing ranks. The battle was one of the most severe that has been fought since the opening of the war. Many of our brave men fell. At dark the firing ceased, and in the morning, Thursday, our army was ready to recommence the engagement, the enemy having been forced back the evening before, and the advantage of the battle being all on our side.

“The prisoners stated that their force was more than 100,000 strong, and that McClellan commanded the army in person.

“Our loss is estimated at 5,000 in killed, wounded, and missing. The prisoners state that their ranks were greatly decimated, and that the slaughter was terrible, from which we may infer that the enemy’s loss was fully as great, if not greater, than our own.”

The Petersburg *Express*, of September 23, says,—

“We think that General Lee has very wisely withdrawn his army from Maryland, the co-operation of whose people in his plans and purposes was indispensable for success. They have failed to respond to his noble appeal in the desired way, and the victories of Sharpsburg and Boonsborough, purchased with torrents of blood, have been rendered unprofitable in a material point of view.

“They have, moreover, deepened the impression upon the enemy of the previous lessons which we gave him in the art of fighting, and though they may exult, in their crazy fashion, over imaginary successes heralded in the lying despatches of McClellan and his trumpet-blowers,

and no less lying correspondents and editors of the Lincoln journals, yet they will be willing enough to let Lee and his army alone on this side of the Potomac.

“We can now put matters to rights in Virginia, and turn our attention to Piermont and the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The former will soon be disposed of, and we trust that a portion of our army will be immediately set to work to destroy the latter in a way to render its reconstruction impracticable. Every bridge, tunnel, and culvert should be forthwith demolished—every embankment levelled, every cut filled up, and every cross-tie and rail removed, from Harper’s Ferry to Wheeling and Parkersburg.

“The road has been a source of nothing but evil to the state since it was made, and more especially since the commencement of the war. Along its whole line the taint of disloyalty and treason is to be seen. It has more or less Yankeeized the entire region between its track and the Pennsylvania border, from the Ohio to the Potomac.

“The recrossing of the Potomac by our forces does not at all disturb us. Under the circumstances it was a most judicious movement, and in no manner or degree prejudicial to our interests in a military point of view,—save and except the losses we sustained in the sanguinary battles in Maryland, which are to be deeply deplored.

“But the enemy suffered in this respect far more than we did, and although this is no adequate consolation or compensation to us in the premises, yet it assures us that the blows which we struck lost nothing of their vigor and efficacy by the brief change which was made in the seat of war.”

While the results of the campaign, so far, were not

what the Confederates had desired and expected, neither had they been to the Federals' liking. They had hoped that the Army of Northern Virginia might be utterly destroyed, and the Rebellion brought to an end. What might have been accomplished had it not been for that famous fog, the weariness of the Union soldiers, and General McClellan's excessive caution, it is useless to speculate. We can only believe that everything was and is ordered for the best.

Notwithstanding the failure of his plans at Antietam, it is quite certain that McClellan had in mind a campaign of extermination, for in his own published statement he says,—“It must be borne constantly in mind that the purpose of advancing from Washington was simply to meet the necessities of the moment by frustrating Lee's invasion of the northern states, and, when that was accomplished, to push with the utmost rapidity the work of re-organization and supply, so that a new campaign might be promptly inaugurated with the army in condition to prosecute it to a successful termination without intermission.”

But the cruel war into which the men of the Ninth New Hampshire had enlisted was by no means nearing an end. What they had yet undergone was only the introduction to hardships before which their wildest phantasies would fade. Their initiation had been a trying one, yet they had stood the test nobly.

CHAPTER V.

FROM ANTIETAM TO FREDERICKSBURG.

The smoke of the Battle of Antietam had cleared away, and the cessation of hostilities was a welcome respite from the incessant strain to which the Ninth New Hampshire had been subjected since the morning of the 14th of September. The natural reaction set in, and for a few days the men devoted themselves to a general recuperation of mind and body. At such times one is not given to writing much, and it is at best but a fragmentary story that can be written of the weeks that intervened between the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg.

Friday, the 19th, Companies I and G were ordered out as an advance picket guard, but the rest of the regiment was again occupying the little grove near the creek, where only two days before the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry were all about them and the dead and wounded lay on every hand.

Since early Thursday morning the chaplains and their aids had been upon the field, superintending the removal of the wounded and identifying the dead; searching their pockets for letters—written perhaps on the eve of the battle—and trinkets that could be forwarded to the friends at home, to whom these last tokens of the loved and lost would be forever dear.

Sometimes in their quest they disturbed a weary sleeper, all unconscious of his ghastly surroundings, and

were occasionally greeted with more emphasis than elegance. But now their long, sad task was ended, and all that was left were the long lines of lowly graves, each with its bit of board bearing the name, company, and regiment of the patriot soldier sleeping so quietly beneath the bloodstained earth, the rush and tumult of life all forgotten.

The Confederates in their hurried retreat had left their dead unburied, and on the western side of the creek human corpses lay scattered over hundreds of acres. Here was a single one, as if he had crawled away by himself that no one might witness his last struggle; there, three or four had fallen together; and in other places, the thickly strewn ground attested the fierceness of the contest.

There was indeed much to remind the men of the terrible scenes through which they passed, and it was with thankful hearts that they lay down to rest that night. Though needful of many comforts, their lives had been spared, and there was yet more work for them to do.

Many of the men, though still keeping in the ranks, were nevertheless suffering extremely from the unaccustomed exposure. Fever and ague were getting in their work, and the record in Sergeant Robinson's diary, under date of September 19,—“Made some herb tea for Halliday and myself,” bears witness to their common suffering and helpfulness one to the other. Next day Halliday was no better, and Robinson took him down to Sharpsburg and got him a place in a private house, where he could stay a few days and rest.

The little village of Sharpsburg had suffered severely from the flying shot and shells. Many of the houses

were badly shattered, and there were but few without the tell-tale marks. One woman said that the inhabitants were dreadfully frightened during the fight, and that the women and children were down in the cellars of the houses praying that God would deliver them from the threatening destruction.

It seems that Halliday's experience taught the sergeant that something a little stronger than herb tea was needed for such attacks, for in his next letter home he wrote,—“I wish you would send me some cayenne pepper or composition.” Let us hope that a liberal supply was forthcoming by return mail, and that the boys' stomachs got well warmed up.

Probably Sergeant Burnham smiles now when he recalls his first attack of ague, and how—ignorant of the nature of the disease,—he resignedly remarked, “Boys, I'm afraid my soldiering days are over!” But he didn't smile then; there wasn't time between the shakes. The sergeant was destined to do many a good day's service yet, and having been assisted to a neighboring haystack by some sympathetic comrades,—who were sick themselves—they all managed to get a comfortable night's sleep, and the next morning Burnham was on the mending hand.

For two or three days the regiment remained quietly in camp, though the very air was thick with rumors,—of victories at one point, and reverses at another; difficulties were to be speedily adjusted, and again, they were to be contested to the bitter end. In the mean time the opportunity for rest and recuperation was fully improved. The scanty supply of clothing was washed and mended, letters were written to the anxious friends at home, and each one made himself as comfortable as circumstances

would allow. Quite a number of blankets were picked up on the Confederate side of the field, and these served to make their hard couches a little more endurable. These temporary privations were real hardships to men accustomed to abundant food and clean clothing, yet as they came to know more intimately the pitiable condition of the Confederate forces, they learned that they still had much to be thankful for.

When Sunday came again, Chaplain Gushee held a short service in the forenoon, and there was a well attended prayer-meeting in the evening. Two days later came an order moving the camp about a mile to the left of Sharpsburg. Quite a good many of the soldiers were really unfit even for this short march, but with the ready help of their more fortunate comrades the change was made without much discomfort.

Just at night there was great rejoicing in the camp—a mail had arrived, the first letters the men had received since leaving Leesborough. The effect was like that of an unexpected re-enforcement in a doubtful battle. What magic there was in those white-winged missives, so full of love and pity for those who were risking their very lives for the sake of the dear ones at home! Aches and pains vanished instanter, hunger and cold were forgotten as the men crowded around the camp-fires, eager for the home news.

The present camp was quite a pleasant one, being pitched on a beautiful green sward, with plenty of clean, fresh water close by. A liberal supply of straw for the tents seemed quite a luxury after the bare ground, and the men were well content with their quarters. Writing home from here, Wilcox says,—“You might see me at this time sitting on my blanket, with

my back leaning against a rail fence, on a thinly wooded knoll, and in full view of the Potomac, which is not more than twenty-five rods distant. I have an elegant desk to write upon, composed of the bottom of my tin plate. In regard to my wants, I don't want anything more than what I have got, and if I did I could not get it, as there is a law against sending anything to soldiers. Still, if you could send me a colored silk handkerchief by folding in a paper, it would be very acceptable." Surely, life in camp at this time, if not strictly a bed of roses, nevertheless had a sunny side, when a silk handkerchief, like the mantle of charity, could cover a multitude of needs.

That there was a sunny side, and that the men made the most of it, Robinson's diary witnesses. "In the evening, as many of us as could get in crawled into our tent, which was a double one, and some of us lying on our bellies, some of us squatting, and some sitting, we discussed the following resolution: '*Resolved*, That two years' experience in camp, with two years' experience in college, is more beneficial to one preparing for a professional life than four years in college.'"

Barber, Davis, Taft, and Burnham were on the affirmative, and George, Shedd, Robinson, and Tracy on the negative; while Corporal Bragg, seated on a knapsack, presided over the deliberations with as much dignity as the limited space would allow.

To men New Hampshire born and bred, army life brought the curtailment of no luxury dearer to the heart than the "three-times-a-day" piece of pie on which they had been "raised." The Massachusetts man may boast of his beans and his culture, it was a pie that enthused our own New Hampshire poet when he sang,

“What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?”

a sentiment echoed by every true child of the Granite state. So we cannot but sympathize with the poor fellow who wrote home to his mother, in answer to her anxious queries as to his food, that he had tasted only one piece of pie since leaving Concord, and even that “was a mean thing.”

The plain living was conducive to high thinking, though, for our friend philosophically concluded his letter with the sentiment that the soldiers needed to live plain, but that it came pretty hard on those who were sick.

On the morning of the 26th the camp was again moved, this time about two miles, which brought them to South Antietam, where General Nagle had established brigade head-quarters. This camp was in a grove of locust trees, and being along a high bluff, commanded a fine view down the valley. Their stay here, of some days, afforded an opportunity for the camp drill they so much needed. This consisted of guard mount in the morning and dress parade in the afternoon, making a pleasant break in the monotony of camp life, and under the cheering influence of better food and quarters, many of the sick ones were able to return to the ranks.

About the first of October the regimental band was promoted to the dignity of a brigade band, and received their orders from the brigade commander. The formal organization was as follows: Bandmaster, H. P. Hamblett; members of the first class, W. H. Graves, J. B. Bailey, J. A. Hamblett, S. H. Howe; second class, N. W. Marshall, A. B. Chase, Ben Moreland,

Lewis Simonds; third class, E. St. Francis, G. H. Lovejoy, A. R. Gleason, William Manning, J. R. Wyman, W. A. Peabody, F. V. Marshall, E. M. Marble. The other five members remained detailed, as all had formerly been.

After the severe engagement at Antietam there was, throughout the army, necessarily some relaxation of the stern discipline usually observed, and in the mean time, while the officers were trying to bring order out of the chaos that reigned everywhere, there was a good deal of straggling among the men. This, of course, added to the confusion, for the men camped where they liked, without regard to company, regiment, or brigade, so long as they were comfortable.

Then, too, their somewhat scanty rations made the surrounding country a tempting field for foraging. These breaches of discipline could not long go unchecked, and General McClellan soon issued an order which brought the men back into line and restored the old-time regime.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD.,
October 1st, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS,

No. 158.

Notwithstanding the frequent orders that have been issued from these Head-Quarters in regard to stragglers and pillagers, the Commanding General regrets to be obliged again to call the attention of Corps and other subordinate Commanders to this subject, and to impress upon them the absolute necessity of holding the different commanders responsible for this direct and frequent violation of orders. We are now occupying a country inhabited by a loyal population, who look to us for the preservation of order and discipline, instead of suffering our men to go about in small parties depredating upon their property.

Armed patrols will be sent out daily from all the different Corps in

this Army, to arrest all officers and soldiers who are absent from the limits of their Camps, without written permission from Corps, Division, or Brigade Commanders.

All persons so arrested will be sent the same day to the Provost Marshal General at these Head-Quarters, who will, until further orders, send them under guard to Harper's Ferry, there to be kept at work on the defences at that place.

In order that the requirements of this order may be perfectly understood by all concerned, Corps Commanders will, within twenty hours after the receipt of this order, furnish evidence to the Commanding General, through the Assistant Adjutant General, at these Head-Quarters, that it has been published to every company under their Command.

The Commanding General is resolved to put a stop to this pernicious and criminal practice, and he will hold Corps Commanders responsible for the faithful execution of this order.

By Command of Major Genl. McClellan,

[Signed] S. WILLIAMS,

Official.

Asst. Adj't Genl.

WILLIAM C. RAWOLLE,
Capt. & A. A. A. G.

October 3 was a red-letter day in camp, for the army was reviewed by President Lincoln and General McClellan. Though the Ninth New Hampshire was only a small factor in the grand review, still it is interesting to note the inspiring effect the president's visit had upon the men. The review was announced at roll-call, and immediately all set to work to make themselves look as well as possible. About eight o'clock the regiment was marched to the field designated for the review of the division, and formed in line. The division consisted of sixteen regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and two six-gun batteries, and made a fine appearance.

The regiments were drawn out in one continuous line, with intervals of a few rods between the battalions, and

with their polished muskets gleaming in the bright sunlight, and their colors—some of them bullet-riddled and blood-stained—floating softly in the gentle breeze, awaited the approach of the reviewing party.

As the president drew near, the artillery thundered forth a salute, the bands played their loudest and sweetest strains, and from thousands of throats rose cheer on cheer for the great and true-hearted man. "Present arms!" came the command from the officers, and up shot the bright bayonets with a simultaneous flash. Again the command, "Shoulder arms!" and like an electric shock down came the burnished weapons. Then came the passing in review.

President Lincoln, mounted on a dark chestnut horse with plain trappings, came first, and just behind him was General Burnside. Then came a cavalcade of about fifty civil and military officers, and these were followed by the general's body-guard. The president carried his hat in his hand, and as the party dashed along, first in front and then in rear of the several brigades, they presented a brilliant spectacle, while the bands played "Hail to the Chief!" with all their might.

At the afternoon dress parade the following congratulatory order was read to the assembled troops :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD.,
October 3, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS,
NO. 160.

The Commanding General extends his congratulations to the Army under his command for the victories achieved by their bravery at the passes of the South Mountain and upon the Antietam creek.

The brilliant conduct of Reno's and Hooker's corps, under Burnside, at Turner's Gap, and of Franklin's corps at Crampton's Pass, in which,

in the face of an enemy strong in position and resisting with obstinacy, they carried the mountain and prepared the way for the advance of the Army, won for them the admiration of their brethren in arms.

In the memorable battle of the Antietam, we defeated a numerous and powerful army of the enemy, in an action desperately fought and remarkable for its duration and for the destruction of life which attended it. The obstinate bravery of the troops of Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield, the dashing gallantry of those of Franklin, on the right; the sturdy valor of those of Burnside on the left, and the vigorous support of Porter and Pleasonton, present a brilliant spectacle to our countrymen which will swell their hearts with pride and exultation. Fourteen guns, thirty-nine colors, fifteen thousand five hundred stand of arms, and nearly six thousand prisoners taken from the enemy, are evidences of the completeness of our triumph. A grateful country will thank this noble Army for achievements which have rescued the loyal States of the East from the ravages of the invader and have driven him from their borders.

While rejoicing at the victories which, under God's blessing, have crowned our exertions, let us cherish the memory of our brave companions who have laid down their lives upon the battle-field. Martyrs in their country's cause, their names will ever be enshrined in the hearts of the people.

By Command of Major General McClellan.

S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

The president's visit had animated the whole army. You saw nothing, heard nothing but war. From the high bluff where the regimental camp was pitched, as far as the eye could reach the fields were dotted over with white tents, and fairly alive with men, either busy about their daily tasks or marching and countermarching in regular columns. Near the several camps were the baggage and supply trains, the wagons arranged in line with military precision, and surrounded by a circle of noisy, hungry mules. At intervals could be seen the parks of artillery, and in the neighboring wood were the

numerous camps of the cavalry. Under the soft, white light of the moon the scene took on a touch of romance, which was not wholly lost when the camp-fires burned brightly and each tent displayed its bit of candle.

Sunday, October 5, the brigade to which the Ninth was attached attended divine service near General McClellan's head-quarters in the afternoon, finding but little satisfaction, however, in sitting for an hour in the hot sun, which poured down on their heads as if it were midsummer. That evening the "professings," as the Christian members of the regiment were termed, met, and made arrangements for forming themselves into a religious society to keep up the prayer-meetings and general interest. A constitution was adopted, and the society began its work with O. D. Robinson as president, Chamberlain of Company D as secretary, G. O. Bruce, N. W. Pulsifer, Abbott, and E. Ayer as corresponding secretaries, and one director from each company.

Thus did the men strive to enliven the tedium which the narrow limits of the camp imposed, and from Lieutenant Chandler's home letters we get a glimpse of life as it went on in official circles :

" You will see that we have been not without a taste of soldier life, and in fact we were pretty well used up. After marching for ten days and fighting two hard battles the number of wounded, footsore, shirks, and drones, would amount to a good many. We could not muster 500 fighting men on the morning after Antietam, though we have now more than 700.

" For my own part I frankly say that I saw as much fighting and came as close to danger as I care to again, unless I may serve a useful purpose. I shall, if I live to return, have to point you on my sword scabbard a

fearful blow from grape shot, and the doleful whiz of Minié balls is still fresh in my ears.

“One’s feelings, if I can judge from the brief experience of only two actions, are somewhat indescribable, but the interest excited soon outweighs personal considerations, and I might almost say, blots out all feelings of humanity. One marches over a wounded friend with no notice whatever.”

And again he writes,—

“For two weeks I slept with no shelter whatever, and no clothing save overcoat and blanket. If I can exercise enough while in camp to digest the food which my appetite craves, I shall gain flesh immensely. The outdoor life improves me marvellously. Our food is good and abundant when not on the march, and fresh meat is daily to be had from the herds which follow in our rear. Fine clothes are at a discount. My best coat is with my trunk stored in Washington, and I wish many of my other knick-knacks were there too. My regimental business is laborious and somewhat perplexing, but I endeavor to do it properly and seasonably, and I have seen no time when I would go back to my business at home under similar circumstances as when I left.

“Since our last battle we have been leading a rather quiet life as far as outward demonstrations go, and have done more to perfect ourselves in discipline and drill than in six weeks previous. We can now do some things on the line ‘right smart,’ as the natives say here. President Lincoln has been here for two days. Night before last he was at Burnside’s quarters, distant about twenty rods, and last night at McClellan’s. At nine o’clock this morning we had a review of our *corps d’armes*, before the president, or rather by the president, Gen-



QUARTERMASTER CARLETON B. HUTCHINS.

erals McClellan and Burnside, and about twenty brigadiers and their staffs. About ten thousand troops were on line, besides artillery and cavalry. Father Abraham passed close by us, and looks careworn and thin as it appears to me. General McC. looks fat and hearty."

The arrival of Major George W. Everett, who had been detained at his home by sickness since receiving his commission, was the occasion of a gala day:

"We had a pleasant time yesterday. See if we didn't: Major Everett and I went out in the morning for a ride on the battle-field of Antietam and a view of the bridge, of which, by the way, there is a faint picture in Frank Leslie's last pictorial, and on our return, about noon, found in our tent Colonel Harriman, Assistant Surgeon Hutchins, and Lieutenant Joseph R. Clark, all of whom had come up from Sandy Hook to report to Burnside.

"We sent for Colonel Griffin of the Sixth (which is in our brigade), and for our dinner party had the following: Colonels Fellows, Griffin, Harriman; Major Everett; Lieutenants C. B. Hutchins, Moses, Hutchins, and Chandler, and had a happy time in talking over New Hampshire matters. Colonel Harriman looked finely, and was just as gay and loquacious as ever.

"To-day Everett and I rode down within about three miles of Harper's Ferry, on this side of the Potomac, and turned in by a narrow, untravelled road and visited the house which was John Brown's head-quarters for about four months preceding his raid. Here he lived, with several of his men, and was receiving arms and supplies from Hagerstown and other points north.

"The very old carriage in which he rode still stands in the barn. The place is very retired, nestled among the

hills, with dense woods in front, through which some of his men escaped into Pennsylvania. The place is now quite noted, and I may send you a cut of it sometime, as there are some I have seen. I want to go to the ferry if I can get time, if we do not move forward from here too soon. Please have mother lay in a stock of cider this fall, and I hope I may get home to drink some of it before it gets too hard."

Alas for the gallant lieutenant's hopes! That stock of cider had turned to first-class vinegar long before the remnant of the Ninth New Hampshire yielded up its tattered colors to the governor of the Granite state.

Just before the breaking up of the camp at South Antietam, General McClellan ordered the publishing of two circulars,—one designed to check the indiscriminate granting of furloughs, that the army might be kept in condition to march on short notice, the other conveying the cheering intelligence of the victory of the troops in the West.

On the 22d of September, President Lincoln had issued one of the most important documents ever published by a president of the United States. It consisted of a notice to the Confederates to return to their allegiance, emancipation of all slaves being proclaimed as a result which would follow their failure to so return. This act was simply a war measure, based upon the president's authority as commander-in-chief. The real "Emancipation Proclamation" was the supplementary document issued on the 1st of January, 1863.

This preparatory document, however, was enough to rouse the excitement in the South to a fever heat, and among the Union troops was the cause of much discus-

sion as to the wisdom of the president's course. To such an extent was this carried that the following general order was issued to the Army of the Potomac, by order of General McClellan :

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD.,

October 7, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 163.

The attention of officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac is called to General Orders, No. 139, War Department, Sept. 24, 1862, publishing to the Army the President's proclamation of Sept. 22d.

A proclamation of such grave moment to the nation, officially communicated to the Army, affords to the general commanding an opportunity of defining specifically to the officers and soldiers under his command the relation borne by all persons in the military service of the United States towards the civil authorities of the Government. The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial, and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding, and executing the Federal laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier. The principles upon which, and the object for which, armies shall be employed in suppressing rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities, and the chief executive, who is charged with the administration of national affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the government can be made known to the armies of the nation.

Discussions by officers and soldiers concerning public measures determined upon and declared by the Government, when carried at all beyond the ordinary temperate and respectful expression of opinion, tend greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of troops, by substituting the spirit of political faction for that firm, steady, and earnest support of the Government which is the highest duty of the American soldier. The remedy for political errors, if any

are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls. In thus calling the attention of this Army to the true relations between the soldier and the Government, the General Commanding merely adverts to an evil against which it has been thought advisable during our whole history to guard the armies of the Republic. And in so doing he will not be considered by any right-minded person as casting any reflection upon that loyalty and good conduct which has been so fully illustrated upon so many battle-fields.

In carrying out all measures of public policy this Army will of course be guided by the rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled its conduct towards the defenceless.

By Command of Maj. Genl. McClellan,

[Signed]

JAS. A. HARDIE,

Lt. Col. & A. D. C.

A. A. A. Genl.

Official.

[Signed]

WM. C. RAWOLLE,

Capt. & A. A. A. G.

Official.

JNO. EDW. MASON,

A. A. A. Genl.

It is now time to review the general movement of both armies up to the morning of October 7, when the camp was once more in motion. The Battle of Antietam was a disappointment to each contestant. On the Confederate side there had been desperate fighting and heavy losses. In point of fact, they were in no condition to repel a second assault, much less to make an attack. Longstreet considered the situation so critical, that from his head-quarters at Sharpsburg he sent a note to Lee, urging him to retreat across the river at early candle-light, and be sure and not light the candle either, for he felt convinced that a crushing defeat could be the only outcome of a renewal of the engagement.

Thus, General Lee, by his hurried retreat across the river, practically acknowledged his own defeat and his

inability to withstand another attack. Even the Southern historians do not attempt to conceal the construction the people of the South put upon Lee's failure to dislodge McClellan. On his return to Virginian soil one comments in this wise :

“ Let it be freely confessed that the object of General Lee, in crossing the Potomac, was to hold and occupy Maryland; that his proclamation issued at Frederick, offering protection to the Marylanders, is incontrovertible evidence of the fact; that he was forced to return to Virginia, not by stress of any single battle, but by the force of many circumstances, some of which history should blush to record;—that, in these results, the Maryland campaign was a failure.”

Then, too, the people of Maryland had not appeared particularly anxious to place themselves under General Lee's protecting banner, for only a hundred recruits were gathered in where thousands were needed. The same historian, regarding this fact, says,—

“ It was not expected that the few recruits who timidly advanced to our lines would have been so easily dismayed by the rags of our soldiers and by the prospects of a service that promised equal measures of hardship and glory. ”

The campaign which had been the occasion for much vain-glorious boasting had flatted out into an ignominious retreat, and the Southern Confederacy had not strengthened its cause, to say the least, by its campaign in loyal Maryland.

Still, it must be acknowledged that General Lee was a brilliant strategist, and if he could not construe defeat

into victory, why then he purposed to make the best possible use of that defeat. That was why he hastened to place himself beyond the immediate reach of General McClellan. Of what use to him were the dead and wounded, and the few stray stores at Sharpsburg? What he needed was men that could fight, and could he but keep McClellan at bay for a few days, he could concentrate his scattered forces, and replenish his wasted stores from the rich bounty of the dwellers in the Shenandoah valley, who lavished their attentions as freely upon the Confederates as they did their hatred upon the Union troops.

There was still another advantage to be gained by delay. Even with his re-enforcements General Lee was by no means sanguine of obtaining a decisive victory, should he attack the Union forces; on the other hand, winter was coming on, when active hostilities must cease, and with the advent of spring might come the coveted recognition of the Southern Confederacy by foreign powers, which would practically decide the disputed question of supremacy. So with nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by a delay in hostilities, General Lee, with Winchester as a centre of operations, ranged his forces from Martinsburg to the Shenandoah river, thus retaining the possession of the beautiful and fertile valley as a base of supplies, and then calmly awaited the movements of the Union commander.

And General McClellan, following the blind leadings of fate, did just what his wily opponent wished him to do—he waited. His failure to push the advantage he unquestionably possessed on the morning of the 18th of September, could not be excused on any such grounds

as had been urged at Richmond, and the North began to experience a sense of uneasiness and disappointment at the lack of "push" displayed by the leader of the Army of the Potomac. The expected re-enforcements arrived, and General Burnside visited the commanding general's head-quarters and urged an immediate attack; but General McClellan, backed up by General Sumner, who stubbornly opposed a renewal, hesitated to take so grave a responsibility. "The man who hesitates is lost," and the golden opportunity, once within his grasp, was, through the skilful maneuvering of the Confederate leader, placed forever beyond his reach.

So the days slipped by. The feeling of impatience grew apace in the North, and the authorities at Washington continually urged upon McClellan the necessity for a forward movement. Then came the president's visit to the camp and the review of the troops on the 3d of October. Cheered and encouraged by his enthusiastic reception, and a sight of the battle-field where so desperate and bloody a conflict had been waged confirming him in his belief that men who had worsted the enemy in the face of such odds had no reason to fear to follow up the pursuit, President Lincoln determined to advise an advance into Virginia.

This view of the situation is in direct opposition to that of the Comte de Paris, who attempts to apologize for the failure of McClellan to attack on the 18th by assuming that the fault was in the demoralization of the army, taking the ground that two weeks only having elapsed since he had taken command of this army, or rather "this disorganized mob," he had not been able to transform it sufficiently "to secure that regularity and perseverance in the march which, even more than steadiness under fire,

constitutes the superiority of old troops." The Comte de Paris could have had no reference to the conduct of the Ninth New Hampshire, for, raw and undisciplined troops though they were, we have General Nagle's assurance that they "behaved like veterans."

That General McClellan surmised the president's determination is evinced by the statement which he makes in his "Own Story," for, referring to the visit to the camp, he says,—“His ostensible purpose is to see the troops and the battle-field. I incline to think that the real purpose of his visit is to push on into a premature advance into Virginia. The real truth is that my army is not fit to advance.”

And it came about, that on the 6th of October, two days after Mr. Lincoln's departure, General Halleck telegraphed General McClellan,—

“The president directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south. Your army must move now while the roads are good. If you cross the river between the enemy and Washington, and cover the latter by your operation, you can be re-enforced with 30,000 men. If you move up the valley of the Shenandoah, not more than 12,000 or 15,000 can be sent to you. The president advises the interior line between Washington and the enemy, but does not order it. He is very desirous that your army move as soon as possible.”

That night orders were issued to the men to be ready to move the next morning. Reveille was sounded at half-past three o'clock, and soon after sunrise an eight-mile march over the rugged and precipitous Maryland Heights was begun. The way was exceedingly toilsome, the



ENOCH C. PAIGE, Co. G.

weather warm, and the men were glad enough when Pleasant Valley was reached and a halt ordered.

Here the army rested for a time, for the purpose of receiving recruits and supplies, General McClellan holding persistently to his opinion that his army was not in condition for an advance upon the enemy, and meeting with various objections the orders sent him from Washington. Quantities of supplies were forwarded, but for some reason failed to reach him. So, on one pretext and another, the advance was delayed until the North began to feel that McClellan was determined to wait until spring before attempting any move.

Then, on the 9th of October, came the raid of Stuart's cavalry, and the North was thoroughly aroused. To be sure little real damage was done beyond plundering the country and destroying the railroad plant at Chambersburg, but it demonstrated how easy it was for an adventurous band to make a sudden attack on an unprotected town, and escape unmolested. General McClellan was greatly chagrined at this escapade on the part of the Confederates, and requested that he be at once furnished with more cavalry, in order to guard against future invasions. Whereupon President Lincoln shrewdly suggested that the enemy be given more occupation south of the Potomac, so that his cavalry would have no need to seek diversion north of the river.

It was quite evident that General McClellan regarded General Lee's position at Winchester as a Gibraltar, and that he hesitated to hurl himself against a stone wall. But the authorities at Washington were getting tired of this irresoluteness, and on the 13th of October President Lincoln wrote General McClellan a letter in which he

clearly defined his ideas as to the course that should be pursued with regard to the enemy, and skilfully forestalled any and all objections that could possibly be brought to bear against his plans. Among other characteristic expressions were these :

“ You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing ? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim ? ” Further on, the president says,—“ Change positions with your enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours ? You dread his going into Pennsylvania ; but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communication to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. Exclusive of the water-line, you are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is, by the route that you CAN and he MUST take.” And in conclusion : “ It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say that they cannot do it. This letter is in no sense an order.”

It is touching to see with what consideration the president treats that which he could not have helped feeling was either sluggishness or direct disregard of his expressed wishes. He hesitates to command, he would rather suggest ; for disobedience to a command would look like insubordination, and was to be avoided. Still McClellan hung back, and October had nearly gone by. The feeling at Washington and throughout the North, that some decisive move should be made, and that at once, was growing stronger every day. Pretexts were

no longer of avail. Halleck's orders grew shorter and sharper, and, finally, on the 26th of October, an advance was decided on.

The pleasant weather had been spent in camp, and now through cold and storm the march must be made. Heavy rains had spoiled the roads, and already the mountain-tops were white with the early snows. The route lay along the valley to the east of the Blue Ridge range; on the opposite side of which Lee was now pushing his forces in a backward move up the valley, for the Confederate commander was not slow to see that the movement of the Union forces down the valley would quickly throw them into his rear, and thus cut off his base of supplies at Richmond. This he could forestall by throwing his own forces to the rear, with Culpeper Court-house as the objective point.

Having once settled upon a plan of operations, General McClellan advanced his great army rapidly and at the same time carefully. The Potomac was crossed at Berlin and Harper's Ferry, the Ninth corps, under Willcox, being the first to pass into Virginia at Berlin. All the troops had crossed the river by the 1st of November, and were winding their toilsome way along the eastern valley of the Blue Ridge.

The opposing forces were now in a position that would have delighted Napoleon had he been a commander on either side. Here were two great armies, separated only by a ridge of mountains, with no less than six gaps at different points, through any one of which either army could make a sudden dash and deal the other a heavy blow ere it could rally from the surprise. Napoleon could never have resisted such an opportunity for a strategic movement, but except an occasional skirmish with

the Ninth corps, which was still in advance, the march was made with but little interruption.

Bloomfield was reached November 2, the next two days were occupied in reaching Upperville, and by the 5th of November the Ninth corps had crossed Manassas railroad between Piedmont and Salem. The next day Waterloo on the Rappahannock was reached, and by the 9th of November the entire force had closed up, and General McClellan had assigned the positions as follows :

General head-quarters were established at Warrenton, and here were stationed the reserve artillery and the First, Second, and Fifth corps; the Ninth corps was on the line of the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of Waterloo; the Sixth corps at New Baltimore; the Eleventh corps at New Baltimore, Gainesville, and Thoroughfare Gap; Sickles's division of the Third corps on the Orange & Alexandria railroad, from Manassas Junction to Warrenton Junction; Pleasonton across the Rappahannock at Amissville and Jefferson, with his pickets at Hazel river facing Longstreet, six miles from Culpeper Court-house, with Bayard near Rappahannock Station.

A heavy storm had raged for two days, the roads were in terrible condition, and the situation of the army was anything but comfortable; but the men were in surprisingly good spirits, and awaited the outcome of events with equanimity.

The awakening was nearer at hand than any one dreamed, for on the evening of the 7th of November an orderly had arrived in camp from Washington. It was nearly midnight, and General McClellan was sitting alone in his tent, examining some papers, when the orderly, accompanied by General Burnside, entered the tent and handed to General McClellan an order trans-

ferring the command of the army to General Burnside. McClellan's acquiescence in the decision of his superiors was both prompt and cheerful. Turning to Burnside, between whom and himself the strongest friendship existed, he handed him the order with the simple remark, "Well, Burnside, you are to command the army." Nor was Burnside lacking in respect and courtesy to his friend. When General McClellan was ready to leave he ordered the troops out to pass in review before him. It was the closing scene in McClellan's military career.

Here let us leave the Army of the Potomac for a while, and do a little reconnoitering as to the movements of the enemy in the mean time.

Having decided to concentrate his forces in the vicinity of Culpeper Court-house, the Confederate commander had lost no time in putting his plan into execution. He moved his stores and a considerable portion of his artillery on November 1, by way of Thornton's Gap. Longstreet led his forces up the Shenandoah as far as Front Royal, crossed the river, and passed the Blue Ridge through Chester Gap, closely followed by D. H. Hill's division; while Jackson occupied the valley at Millwood.

Such were the positions of the two great forces at the time General Burnside assumed command of the Army of the Potomac.

ON THE MARCH.

It has been noted that the Ninth corps was in the van from the time the army entered Virginia, so that the Ninth New Hampshire had a share in all the adventures that fall to the lot of the advance corps. We left them at the entrance of Pleasant Valley, Md., October 7,

and the story of the four weeks that intervened before the stand was made at Warrenton, Va., November 7, is one of hardship and privation, patiently and even cheerfully endured.

It was at an early hour that Tuesday morning that the regiment left South Antietam and began the ascent of Elk mountain, one of the Blue Ridge range. The gradual ascent of the mountain-side in the cool shade of the small growth of timber was very comfortable, but the sun climbed faster than the men, and the hotter the sun grew the steeper grew the mountain, and the last three miles of the ascent was like climbing up stairs. There was many a sigh of relief when the top was at last reached, but the men speedily discovered that going down hill with a heavy load on your back is a great deal harder than climbing up.

And their loads were heavy, for what with tent, blanket, and overcoat, extra clothing, three days rations in a haversack, a canteen of water, cooking utensils, a heavy rifle and sabre bayonet, with forty rounds of cartridges, to say nothing of the conveniences, it makes quite a bundle, pack it close as you may. It was solid work the boys found before the eight miles were covered and the halt was made at Pleasant Valley. The Tenth and Eleventh New Hampshire had arrived there the previous day from Sandy Hook, and the boys of the Ninth were right glad to find old friends awaiting them, and to get the latest news from home. As one of them expressed it—"It was like going out on the streets at Manchester, I knew so many of them."

Pleasant Valley was in reality a quaint little hamlet of some over a hundred families, most of whom were loyal, and the presence of so large an army must have been

anything but agreeable to them. The officers made every effort to protect their property, though it would have required a pretty large premium to insure the lives of stray pigs or poultry.

In everything that pertained to civilization the place was, as an eminent divine tersely phrased it, "four hundred years behind the Northern states." The houses were almost invariably built of logs rudely locked together at the corners, the wide crevices between being liberally chinked with clay, and if the family was unusually prosperous the logs were treated to a coat of whitewash. One peculiar feature of their architecture was that the huge, uncouth chimney was invariably at one end and outside the one-roomed domicile.

When passing a cabin of this description one rainy day, one of the Ninth boys sung out to a bareheaded, barefooted youngster, clad in butternut jeans, "You'd better take that chimney inside, or it'll get wet." Whereat another comrade drawled out, "By thunder, if they do that they'll have to move the house out doors, for there ain't room for both inside."

The interior furnishings were in keeping with the style of the "mansion," and all of the same primitive character. There was usually a huge cupboard or "press," which served as the family locker, its loosely hanging door nearly worn through by the successive generations of hands that had opened and shut it, a table and chairs, equally antique in appearance, with the addition of a few three-legged stools if the present occupants were blessed with an uncommonly numerous progeny, a four-poster bedstead covered with gay patchwork quilts, and the indispensable and omnipresent cradle,—the older children being stowed away in the loft on "shakedown."

Their stay in this camp of nearly three weeks was made as comfortable as possible by the men, to whom experience was teaching many devices and accomplishments. The rations were monotonous in character, but hunger is a good sauce and life in the open air conducive to a well developed appetite, so the hard-tack and coffee, salt horse and slab bacon, with an occasional dish of rice or beans, were generally put out of sight with marvellous rapidity.

No beans baked in a pot will ever taste so good to the boys as the beans they used to get in the army. They formed the great feast of the week, and "baking-day" was sure to draw a crowd. No modern range can equal the results of a few bushels of live coals lining the bottom and sides of a pit in the ground. The beans, already parboiled and liberally interlarded with strips of fat pork, were placed in the huge iron mess kettles, covered tightly, and embedded in the coals. An all-day or night bake would turn out a dish fit for a king.

Occasionally a mess of flour could be secured, and then a dish of fritters was in order, though the "fixings" were lacking. Meal could not be bought, but the boys levied on the corn-fields, and by dint of much patience manufactured enough meal for a pudding now and then, by diligently scratching the hardest ears over a grater made from a tin plate.

Persimmons were just becoming toothsome from the early frosts. This was a wild fruit hitherto unknown even in name to most of the boys. The natives spoke of them variously as "simmons," "p'simmons," etc., so that it was difficult to get at the exact orthography of the word. Barber, of Company E, wanted to get the word just right, so he could tell about them in a letter,

and so he asked a woman, "How do you spell the word?" She looked blank for a moment, and then remarked, "I reckon we-uns do n't spell it no-ways."

Vegetables were especially scarce, and when a man wanted to give himself an extra choice treat, he saved up his coffee till there was enough to exchange with a "native" for a few potatoes. Then he built a little fire, cooked his potatoes in the quart tin cup which every soldier carried, and if he had money enough to buy a bit of butter, no epicure ever enjoyed the choicest morsel more.

But, after all, it was n't home, and more than one of the boys felt a longing for "home and mother" as the days wore slowly away. In their letters they begged for the most trivial details—the price of apples, how much cider had been made, how the sick neighbor was getting along, had the trouble in the church been settled. The tears and smiles start alternately as one reads these letters, now timeworn and stained. The gray-haired men of to-day were only boys back in the '60s.

Perhaps the life bore the hardest aspect to the sick,—and there were many of these,—for the regimental hospital was in an old barn, with no chance for a fire and few comforts. There were two or three nurses, brave women whom the men loved and revered for their kind words and tender touch that made the restless lad grow quiet and calmed his troubled sleep. Now and then a poor worn body, wearied with the struggle for existence, dropped its burden of suffering and was borne to its last long home in the bosom of mother earth.

During the encampment at Pleasant Valley every effort was made to place the army in suitable condition,

should another battle ensue, and also to replace the necessary clothing and outfits that had been lost at South Mountain and Antietam, in view of the cold weather that would soon be upon them. Regular camp drill and duty were inaugurated, and orders were promulgated in regard to straggling and absence from command.

Life was not all drill and duty, however, and some good stories have been furnished by the men who participated in the scenes they so graphically depict. Let them speak for themselves :

Lieutenant Moses.—About the time when the troops were going into camp at Pleasant Valley, the last camp made before going into Virginia, some of the boys climbed over the fence to get some apples, which was contrary to orders. Just then General Sturgis rode up with his staff, and they all dismounted, to make their head-quarters. The general saw one of the fellows stooping down to pick up the apples, and gave him a shove and a kick. Quick as a flash the man turned around, his fist doubled up, and shouted “You son of a” — and then he saw who it was and made tracks. Sturgis called out to him to halt, but the man only ran the faster, and no one happened to know him.

Then the general caught sight of me, and hailed me as “Lieutenant!” I halted and saluted, and then he asked, “How long have you been here?” “Only a few minutes, sir.” “Do you know what has been going on there?” “Yes, sir; I think those soldiers have been taking apples from that orchard, very much against the protestations of the guard.” “And you stood here,—you, a commissioned officer—and allowed it to go on?” “General, I have been here only a few

minutes, awaiting the arrival of my train." "Don't tell me—you saw it going on. Go to your camp, and place yourself under arrest!"

This happened about noon, and the next morning I began to think that there might be something more in it than I really appreciated. So I sent for Colonel Fellows, and explained the situation to him the best that I could. The colonel had a good laugh at me, and then he very kindly sat down and wrote a letter of explanation to General Sturgis. He said that I was totally inexperienced in military matters, and begged that as an excuse for my failing to stop the soldiers. General Sturgis was pleased to answer, that on the strength of Colonel Fellows's explanation he would excuse me, through ignorance of duty, but on all future occasions it must be seen to that the rules and regulations were observed. It was pretty hard lines to be let off on the ground of being a greenhorn, but I concluded not to be too particular.

Sergeant O. D. Robinson.—While we were in Pleasant Valley the orders were very strict about foraging around. But the boys got tremendously hungry for some apples, and so some of them made arrangements with a man to bring in a good big load, and sent a guard out to meet him. Well, the man brought in one of those big prairie schooners loaded to the brim, and as he sold them very reasonably, it took only a few minutes to clean them out, and the man hastily departed. The boys thought the apples were rather green and hard for that time of year, but it was lucky for that man that he was out of reach when they found that he had sold them green persimmons for apples.

And speaking of persimmons brings to mind a story

whose point will be appreciated by those whose stomachs felt the need of a "gathering-string" more than once in those days of hard and scanty fare. With Stonewall Jackson, straggling, especially during a forward march, was an unpardonable offence, but there was one instance in which it was promptly condoned. During a forced march through the pine and 'simmons regions, he stopped to consult with some general officers until the whole command had passed some distance ahead. Pushing rapidly on to rejoin them, he suddenly came to a halt as he discovered a soldier up a 'simmon tree.

"What are you doing so far in the rear?" cried the general. "I'm eating 'simmons," said the soldier. "Why, they're not ripe!" exclaimed the general, with some sarcasm. "I know it," returned the soldier, "I want 'em green." "But why do you eat green 'simmons?" persisted the surprised commander. "To draw my stomach up to fit my rations." And the general rode along.

On one occasion, as the boys were going along past a farm-house, and the orders were not to touch anything, a flock of geese came skurrying along the road, and Foster, of Company I, managed to grab one. Just then some of the division officers came cantering up, and "Jake" Green, who was officer of the guard, called out, "Foster, you drops dot goose!" Foster dropped it, and the officers rode on, while poor Jake groaned out, "Oh, you d——d fool, what for you minds me!"

One day at Pleasant Valley "Jim" Wentworth happened to spy an apple-tree that was unguarded, and he and two or three others started for it in a hurry. The provost guard put after them, and reached the tree first.

“That’s right,” said Jim, generously interlarding his retort with “swear words,” “guard ’em, guard ’em; and when you get where the rebs are, I hope you’ll put a guard ’round them.”

Captain Babbitt.—As we were going into camp at night at the Iron Works, Colonel Fellows, who had been riding ahead, dropped back and said to me, “Captain, have n’t you got three or four good smart fellows in your company?” I said, “Yes, sir; I guess some of them are pretty fair.” “Why I asked, Captain,” said he, “was because over the brow of the hill there is a flock of wild turkeys. I know they are wild, because there is n’t a house in sight. Some smart fellows might get a few of them.” Well, we had some of the boys go ahead, and sure enough, they got five or six nice fat turkeys. We dressed one and sent it down to the colonel, and he said it was the best *wild* turkey he ever tasted.

Hermon A. Clement.—It was while we were resting at Pleasant Valley that I first found that my drawers were covering considerably more than one pair of legs; and oh, how ashamed I was, and afraid that some one would see me having a skirmish with the “gray-backs,” with whom, however, it came to a drawn battle later on,—and I had lots of companions, too, as I found out before long. And this reminds me of what the colonel said to an Irishman, and the ready answer Pat gave him. Pat was sitting on the ground, his trousers off, busily engaged in evicting some obnoxious tenants. The colonel came riding alongside, and noticing Pat’s occupation, halted and said,—“Ah, good morning, Pat! So you’re picking them out, are you?” “No, be jabbers,” came the ready retort, “I’m takin’ thim as they coom, sorr!’

One man, who evidently had n't made all the use he might of the common schools in his earlier years, wrote home,—“Yesterday I saw a louse as big as a colonel of Rise on a man's coat.”

Another says, “Capt! I have a new way to beat the graybacks.” “How's that, Jerry?” “Why, you see they wants to keep warm, so I turns my shirt wrong side out and they travels around to the inside, then I turns it again, and so tires them out and kills them by long marches.”

Charles S. Stevens.—I know something about “red tape” in the army, for I was arrested and put under guard for going into an orchard, and it was a week before my case was brought to trial. The charge was for waste and spoil, but they could prove nothing against me. All the same, it was nearly a week longer before I was released and the charge dismissed.

AGAIN IN LINE.

On the afternoon of the 25th of October orders were received to have the command ready to move on the following morning, with two days rations in haversacks and fifty rounds of cartridges. Such an order means a lively time in camp. Wood and water must be lugged for the cooks, rations drawn, luggage repacked, and then comes the “falling in” of all the separate companies for their sugar and coffee, meat and hard-tack, ammunition, and all the other detail; each company expediting business with systematic dispatch, though to an onlooker, unused to the discipline of army life, everything is in confusion.

The morning brought cold and dismal weather, and about nine o'clock it began to rain, continuing all that day and the following night. All that long, weary day the men passed in their little "shelties," through whose cotton roof occasional rain-drops made their way in spite of the cornstalk thatching. But when the night came down, dark and stormy, the men turned in, with thankful hearts for even these poor substitutes for a roof.

Tents were struck about noon on the following day, and it was not long before the knapsacks were shouldered and the long, toilsome march through the valley east of the Blue Ridge began. The brigade pioneers—about two hundred in number—had the advance. These pioneers were selected from all the companies in the brigade, and generally comprised the stoutest and best men. In addition to their regular equipments, each carried an ax, spade, or pickax, and it was their business to remove temporary obstructions, fell trees or roll logs for shaky bridges across the creeks, and the like. Next to them marched the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, then the Sixth New Hampshire, the Second Maryland, the Ninth New Hampshire, and closing up the rear was the Seventh Rhode Island.

The roads were exceedingly muddy, but the command pushed along as fast as possible, moving along the line of the river and railroad. Weavertown, once a thriving manufacturing village, but now only a picture of desolation and neglect, was the first station on the way, and then came Knoxville. Crossing the canal, the tow-path was followed as far as Berlin, where, the river having been bridged with pontoons—the Ninth's first experience with these structures—their corps was the first of the army to enter upon "sacred soil."

When the brigade encamped that night, General Sturgis established his head-quarters on a "Secesh" plantation, and he was not a little annoyed to find that some of the boys were cultivating too intimate an acquaintance with his host's poultry—in fact, he so far forgot his dignity, that spying a fellow making off with a loudly squawking hen he at once gave chase. Straight through the camp they ran, the soldier still clinging to his vainly protesting prize and all the on-lookers hugely enjoying the fun. The general finally cornered his man; but the saddest of the joke was, that while he was so busily engaged in rescuing his host's property, some unprincipled wretch "looted" every drop of whiskey from his head-quarters tent.

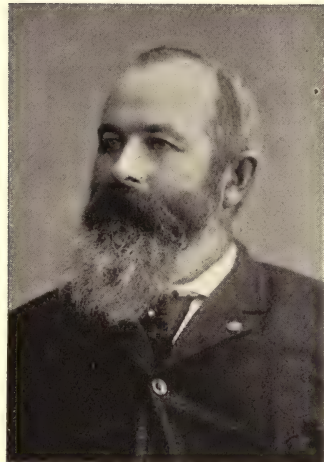
The regiment left its first camp in Virginia on the 29th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, marching five miles through Lovettsville to Baldwinsville, where a good camping-ground was found.

Reveille was sounded at three o'clock on October 30, breakfast was hastily cooked and eaten, the brigade was soon in line, and Wheatland was reached and the Ninth New Hampshire comfortably established in a nice grassy field by nine o'clock in the forenoon.

It was on the second day of their stay here that Barber and Robinson of Company E made a strike for high living. For the best of reasons they were no longer able to patronize the sutler, so they put their heads together as to how they could make a "raise." It was butchering day, and Robinson went out where the brigade butchers were slaughtering cattle and begged a large tripe, and having washed it and cleaned it with lye, put it on to boil for supper. In the mean time Barber had gone to a mill at some distance from the camp,



SERGT. ALVIN A. YOUNG, Co. K.



ANDREW J. SAWYER, Co. K.



WILLIAM H. PERRY, Co. K.



ALBERT P. DAVIS, Co. K.

where the combined capital of the firm enabled him to procure a few pounds of meal. This he "toted" back to camp, arriving there just as Robinson pronounced the tripe "done to a turn!" Sprinkled with the meal and fried, it was a supper that made the other fellows' mouths water. But the boys had worked hard for their prize, and deserved all the enjoyment they got.

That evening a large mail arrived, and if their friends could have looked in on the camp that night, as the soldiers sat around the blazing fires reading their precious letters, or lay outstretched eagerly scanning the papers spread out before them, they might have realized something of what it meant to the boys to hear from home.

The clear notes of the bugle rang through the camp at an early hour on the second day of November, and haversacks and cartridge boxes having been replenished, the line of march was again taken up. The day was as warm as in June, the roads were a mass of powdery dust, and several times during the day brief halts were necessary to relieve the blinded eyes and smarting throats as the men plodded wearily on. Barber and Robinson took turns at transporting a pailful of their precious tripe, but in an unguarded moment, just before going into camp at night, Barber set the pail down for an instant—some one kindly relieved him of any further care.

The weather was very changeable, and the next day the men suffered intensely from the cold, though when the halt for the night was made some of the boys managed to secure a warm nest from a near-by wheatstack before a guard could surround it. One day was very much like another in the monotonous routine of march, halt, and sleep.

Perhaps the most uncomfortable day's journey was that of November 7, the last before the stand was made at Waterloo on the Rappahannock. The tents were struck about eight o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snow-storm, in which the men stood for nearly two hours waiting for the order to march. Then the tents were pitched again, and the men made themselves as comfortable as they could till the middle of the afternoon, when the order was given to move on. Wet and heavy as the tents were, it was no easy task to roll and shoulder them, but it was done at last, and despite the blustering wind and drifting snow the march was begun.

On and on, for six long, weary miles, over a wretched road—rough, muddy, slippery, full of slough-holes, and crossed by numerous bridgeless streams. Dripping with perspiration, notwithstanding it is so cold, they are almost breathless as they reach the summit of a high hill and come to a halt. In the bitter wind they stand, the snow sifting down their necks until they seem encased in an icy shroud and the water freezes in the canteens.

“About face!” comes the order, and at a pace bordering on the double-quick back they go over the whole route, almost to the place they started from. Another road is taken, the men trudge painfully on for a few miles more, and it is long past midnight when the line swings into the woods beside the road and comes to a final halt. The snow is scraped away and tents are pitched. The neighboring rail fences afford plenty of fuel, and it is not long before brightly blazing fires lighten the thick darkness of the forest with their ruddy glow. Quickly the men dispose themselves, with feet to the fire, silence settles down upon the camp, and in

a few minutes the soldiers are sleeping as sweetly as if in downy beds at home.

During the march along the valley the men were ordered to keep an especially sharp lookout, to prevent a surprise by Longstreet's forces, who were reported to be waiting at Snicker's Gap to contest the further advance of the corps. The expected brush with the Confederates failed to materialize, but Captain Babbitt and Sergeant Robinson are responsible for a couple of stories of what they did find at Snicker's Gap :

Captain Babbitt.—The orders were very strict against the soldiers taking anything from the people in the loyal part of Virginia, and a close watch was maintained for possible offenders. One of the men managed to get hold of a nice fat sheep, and was making for his tent with all speed. He had almost reached it, and was chuckling over his good fortune when an officer caught sight of him. "What is this? Don't you understand that you are not to forage in this part of the country?" "Yes, sir;" was the ready reply, "but I was taking this over to Sturgis's quarters."

Well, the officer gave him a raking-over and then let him go. It was n't long before the same officer caught him with another choice piece of mutton strapped to his shoulders. "What do you mean by disobeying orders within forty-eight hours after they have been given to you?" "Well, I was walking along the road minding my own business and this d——d sheep jumped over the fence and began to butt me. I wa' n't a-going to stand that—orders or no orders—and so I killed him." But he did n't get off so easily this time, in spite of his ingenuity in inventing excuses.

Sergeant Robinson.—One morning the Company E boys came into camp, after having been out all night on picket, greatly elated over having killed a calf, and boasting of the nice mess of fresh meat they would have. They had got it hidden all right, and after being relieved from duty were going out to get it. The boys got out their fry-pans, but alas! the scouts, unlike the men that were sent to spy out the Promised Land, returned empty-handed. Such a set of crestfallen fellows you never saw. Somebody had chanced to stumble on their hiding-place, and that time the laugh was on Company E.

When the Ninth was on guard duty at Pleasant Valley one of the men was sitting astride the trunk of a fallen tree when General Sturgis came riding along. Instead of getting up, and saluting the general properly, the man presented arms by resting his musket on the butt of the tree where he was sitting. The general dismounted, and you may be sure that fellow never forgot the lesson.

CHAPTER VI.

FREDERICKSBURG.

How General Burnside would execute the important trust committed to his care, was a question that was frequently asked in the anxious days that followed his assumption of the command. Truly it was a great responsibility. A force of 127,574 officers and men was massed in the vicinity of Warrenton, and to this was added the direction of the troops engaged in the defence of Washington and the upper Potomac,—in all, 225,000 men. Though the season was far advanced, there was yet time to assume the aggressive and deal a decisive blow.

After consultation with General Halleck, General Burnside decided to cross his army by the fords of the upper Rappahannock, and then move down and seize the heights south of Fredericksburg. At the same time a small force was to be sent north of the river to re-open the railroad and re-build the bridges. To provide the means of subsistence for this large force, General Burnside suggested that at least thirty canal-boats and barges be loaded with commissary stores and forage, and towed to the neighborhood of Aquia Creek, from which place they could be brought into Belle Plain, after the arrival of the army in that vicinity. These were to be followed by enough stores and forage to provide for the army for forty days, and a quantity of beef cattle was to be started from Washington, by way of Dumfries, together

with wagon-trains loaded with small stores. This train was to be preceded by enough pontoons to allow of a double track across the Rappahannock, the responsibility of forwarding the supplies and pontoons being assumed by General Halleck.

Such, in brief, was the plan finally settled upon, and it having received the president's assent, General Burnside at once put his army in motion. There were three grand divisions of two corps each,—General Sumner being in command of the right, consisting of the Ninth and Second corps; General Hooker of the centre, or Third and Fifth corps; and General Franklin of the left, or First and Sixth corps.

At daylight on the 15th of November, General Sumner's command set out towards the Rappahannock, the advance reaching Falmouth on the 17th. Here they were opened upon by a battery of artillery posted on the opposite side of the river, but one of our batteries being brought into position soon poured in so hot a fire on the enemy as to drive them from their guns. Then they awaited the arrival of the rest of the army, which had started on the 16th. General Franklin concentrated his force in the vicinity of Stafford Court-house, to the east of Falmouth, and General Hooker occupied Hartwood on the west.

General Burnside reached Falmouth on the 19th. The president had advocated rapidity of movement. The army was on the spot, but the pontoons and supplies were not, and without them further advance was impossible. The Rappahannock is only a small stream as it winds its way down through the mountains, but below Warrenton it receives several tributaries, that swell it into a deep and rapid river. This was the

obstacle that now intervened between General Burnside and the occupation of the coveted heights above Fredericksburg—an obstacle which he had purposed to overcome, but which he was prevented from doing by the non-arrival of the supplies promised by General Halleck. Somebody had blundered. It matters not at whose door lay the fault, but that blunder cost the country dear.

General Lee had been sorely puzzled by the sudden move of General Burnside from Warrenton to Falmouth; but whatever the motive of it might be, he determined to forestall its execution, and therefore hurriedly moved his army across the country and himself occupied the heights of Fredericksburg. When the clouds of mist rolled back from the banks of the Rappahannock on the morning of the 22d of November, the frowning cannon and gleaming bayonets of the Confederate army confronted the Union forces.

General Burnside's plan had failed through no fault of his own, yet he was not disposed to accept defeat so easily,—the main strength of the Rebellion was vested in the army on the opposite side of the river, and he determined to make a vigorous effort to break it. If he succeeded, it would be a glorious triumph; if he failed, he would still possess the consciousness of having been faithful to his trust. Active preparations were at once begun, and within three weeks his command was ready for battle.

It was evident that the movement must be one of aggression, for General Lee's attitude was simply one of defence. The Confederate commander did not care to precipitate an action; his army would be the gainer by a winter's recuperation; at the same time his position at

Fredericksburg gave him command of the railroads running to Richmond, which could thus be used as a base for supplies; and this naturally fortified position he at once proceeded to render almost impregnable.

To properly understand the difficulties with which our army had to contend at Fredericksburg, a brief description of the surroundings is necessary. The part which the Rappahannock plays has already been mentioned. Two bridges which formerly spanned the river had been destroyed in the course of the war, which explains the importance attached to the delayed pontoon trains. Beyond, the river bank rises in a succession of natural terraces. On the first of these, in a plain about a mile and a half in length by a half mile in width, lies the main part of the city of Fredericksburg, the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, now covered with earthworks and large and small redoubts. Pickets were stationed along the river for nearly twenty miles, and rude defences established at the points which were fordable below the city, the Confederate lines extending from Massaponax river on the right to the plank road leading to Salem church and Chancellorsville. To cross the river in the face of an enemy so strongly intrenched, looked like a forlorn hope, yet General Burnside decided to hazard at least an attempt.

The North, through the public press, had kept up a continual clamor that something should be done. In the face of obstacles whose practical insurmountability they could not seem to comprehend, they demanded that General Burnside should move—somewhere. The following extract from *Harper's Weekly* of November 29, 1862, will serve as a sample of the goading to which he was constantly subjected:

“Time presses. More than half of November is gone. In a month we shall again begin to have our ears dinned with the sickening old cry of mud, mud, mud. Let us hope and pray that our gallant Burnside will realize the vital urgency of the case, and will not lose a day or an hour in pushing forward at any and all hazards. Delays are now as fatal as defeats. If we do not take Richmond before Christmas, the Army of the Potomac will lose more men from disease in their winter quarters than have perished in the bloodiest battle of the war.”

About eighteen miles below Fredericksburg is the little town of Port Royal, from which point, could a crossing be made, the rear of the Confederate line could be reached, and the works on the heights rendered practically useless. It seemed a better point for turning the enemy's position than any above, and General Burnside settled on the plan of seizing Port Royal as a means towards dislodging the enemy's right.

General Franklin was ordered to move his command from Stafford Court-house down the river to a point nearly opposite Port Royal, and a portion of the Potomac flotilla was moved up the Rappahannock to near the same point, so that on the 1st of December the Union lines extended from King George Court-house to Stafford Court-house, and from thence to the road leading to Alexandria.

Through the month of November and the early days of December it had been cold and stormy, and with the forming of ice in the Potomac there was danger of the gunboats in the Rappahannock being caught and frozen up; but at length the weather moderated, and fogs from the river hid the hostile forces from each other's view the major part of the short winter days, and under this

favorable cover operations were pushed with all possible speed.

In the mean time General Lee, too, had been on the alert, and having divined General Burnside's plan of crossing at Port Royal, he at once ordered General Jackson with a large force to guard the coveted station. General Burnside's stratagem had succeeded. Having diverted the attention of the enemy for the time being by his preliminary move, he proceeded, while still keeping up the pretence of crossing at Port Royal, to carry out his original plan of crossing the river directly in front of the city, and, having moved the army through the town, charging the enemy's position on the heights beyond. Crossing the river seemed a comparatively easy task beside climbing the slopes under the range of those black-mouthed guns, but the river was destined to be deeply dyed with the crimson life-blood of many a heroic soul, long ere the slopes were reached.

Now the time for action had come. The 10th of December was occupied in concentrating the army along the river bank, while the artillery was ranged along the plateau extending from Falmouth to a point nearly opposite the mouth of Massaponax river. It was settled that the river should be spanned at three points,—the first near the old county bridge, the second at the lower end of the city, and the third about a mile below. Generals Sumner and Hooker were to lead their commands over the bridges opposite the town, and at the same time General Franklin's large force was to cross lower down.

Before daylight on the morning of the 11th, under the depressing influence of cold and fog, the engineers began their work. The party below the town met with but little opposition, and by eleven o'clock in the fore-

noon General Franklin reported to General Burnside that he was ready to cross his division; but the engineers opposite the city had not been so fortunate. About two thirds of the work had been accomplished when the fog lifted and the design of crossing stood revealed to the enemy. It was speedily made evident that the upper bridge would not be completed without a desperate struggle. Not ten rods from the river stood a row of stone houses, and this strategic position was quickly utilized by the celebrated Mississippian sharpshooters, who poured forth so fatal a fire that it was like murder to keep the men at work.

“The bridge must be completed,” came the spur from General Burnside, and again and again brave men sprang to the task, only to fall before the deadly rain of bullets. Plainly the sharpshooters must be dislodged if the structure were to be finished.

“Bring all your guns to bear upon the city and batter it down.” So ran the order sent to the chief of the Union artillery, and the whole line opposite the town promptly responded. Once more, with the roar of cannon above their heads and the shrieking and crashing of shells all around them, the engineers strove to consummate their task. The streets of the city were deserted, the houses were riddled with shot and shell, and still, safely hidden in the cellars of the stone houses along the river, so low down that the guns could not be depressed sufficiently to shell them out, the Mississippians keep up their murderous slaughter.

General Burnside himself came down to the river, and immediately called for volunteers to cross it in boats, drive the marksmen from the houses, and hold the city until the bridges could be finished. It was

almost certain death, yet ten men sprang to the call where there was room for only one in the boats. Part of the Seventh Michigan was selected to go first, with volunteers from the Fiftieth New York as oarsmen, while the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts impatiently awaited their turn.

Now the men are in the boats, the Stars and Stripes floating proudly in the van. The shore has been gained, but at what fearful cost! Only a handful are left, but they rush up the bank, through the streets, drive out the sharpshooters from their hiding-places, and take more prisoners than they themselves number.

“They formed in line of battle;
Not a man was out of place.
Then with levelled steel they hurled them
Straight in the Rebels’ face.

“O help me, help me, comrade!
For tears my eyelids drown,
As I see their starry banners
Stream up the smoking town!”

Part of the Eighty-ninth New York had succeeded in crossing by the middle bridge while the attention of the enemy was diverted to the party in the boats, and ably supplemented their efforts after they reached the shore. The city was ours, and by four o’clock both bridges were ready. By the time night had settled down, enough troops had been crossed to properly guard the city, and the soldiers bivouacked in the open streets and gardens. The remainder of the troops, with the exception of General Hooker’s division, which was retained as a reserve, crossed on the 12th, General Sumner’s division occupying the city that night and connecting

with General Franklin's division, which was stationed on the wide plain commanding the old Richmond road.

During all this time General Lee had been putting the finishing touches to his preparations for defence. He had ordered up General Jackson from Port Royal, who now held the right of the Confederate line, with Longstreet's corps supporting the left and resting on the river. Thus he awaited the attack.

The following description of the field is by an eye-witness of the scene :

“Such is the field,—a smooth plain, a mile wide and two miles long, around Bernard's, reaching up to the town. Bernard's farm is cut across by the Port Royal road, the old road to Richmond, and by the railroad. The Port Royal road is bordered by cedars, thick-set hedges, and a deep ditch. There are fences dividing the intervals into fields. Deep Run is fringed with alders. Marye's hill is quite steep. The Rebel cannon sweep all the plain, the field at the base of Marye's, and the town itself. The Rebel troops have the protection of the sunken road, of the rifle-pits along the crests of the hills. They are sheltered by woods, by ravines, by the hedges and fences, but Burnside has no cover for his troops. They must march out upon the plain, charge up the hill-sides, and receive the fire of a sheltered foe.”

General Burnside's plan, in brief, was to employ Franklin's division in seizing the railroad at Hamilton's Crossing, and General Sumner was to dislodge Longstreet, if possible, from his stronghold on Marye's hill. These two important points gained, he hoped to compel the enemy to evacuate the ridge between. General Hooker's division was to remain in reserve on the opposite side of the river. This was the substance of the

orders issued from head-quarters on the morning of the 13th.

When the day dawned, friend and foe were alike hidden from sight by the dense fog that floated up from the river. Early in the morning a mail arrived, and was distributed. How eagerly were the letters read! How the messages of love and trust animated the hearts and nerved the arms of men who in a few short hours were fated to fall in defence of home and country. Suddenly the fog lifted, and the field became one vast theatre of action. General Meade, of Franklin's division, opened the advance on the left, and was met by a heavy and enfilading fire from a battery posted so as to rake his left and rear. So sudden and vigorous was his attack that he nearly reached the second line of the enemy, and as it was, over three hundred prisoners were captured and taken to the rear. But no reserves were ordered up as support to this gallant charge, and after another hour's unavailing struggle against Jackson's entire corps the plucky leader was forced back, the support coming up just in time to enable the now exhausted troops to retire with comparative safety. This practically ended the attack on the left.

While we have been watching the contest on the left, how has the battle gone with the forces on the right? Ah, truly, life has not been held dear here, for the dead lie thick at the foot of Marye's hill!

The advance for the attack on the heights was across the open plain in the rear of the town, and was made by Sturgis's division of the Ninth corps and Hancock's and French's divisions of the Second. They are marching with closed ranks and reserving their fire, while every gun in the Confederate battery thunders forth its defiance

in hurtling shot and shell. Now they are nearing the hill, and, almost together, from the sunken road, from the rifle-pits half way up the hill, and yet again from the crest, come sheets of withering flame, and hundreds go down before them like wheat under the reaper's sickle. Yet on they rush; the dead and dying are left behind; Sturgis's division reach a sheltered hollow at the foot of the hill; but the other divisions can find no cover, and so fierce is the fire from behind that fatal stone wall that, brave men as they are, only retreat can save them from utter annihilation.

The movement has been made so rapidly that scarcely fifteen minutes has passed before it is all over, and Sturgis's division is holding the field alone. There are three New Hampshire regiments in this division,—the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh—and the Granite state may well be proud of the part they bore in that terrible day. The battery on the crest does its best to drive them out. Shot and shell furrow the ground, but all to no purpose. All the long, weary afternoon do the men hold their position, and as long as they can see pick off the gunners with aggravating persistency.

A second attempt is made to carry the hill, by Pennsylvania troops, backed up by Morell's division of veterans. They, too, advance bravely, only to meet with the same fate as the previous divisions; and, again like them, are compelled to retreat.

Night is coming on, and General Franklin has given up any further attempt on the left, but General Sumner begs to be allowed to lead in one more grand charge from the right. He is a thoroughly brave man, one who would have fallen rejoicing on the field of battle could he have been allowed to avenge the fearful

slaughter of that day. It is decided to make the attempt, though General Burnside refuses to allow so valued an officer as General Sumner to expose himself on the field. The Fifth corps, which until now has been held in reserve, is ordered up, and with a portion of the Sixth, and led by General Hooker himself, makes ready for the final charge.

The sun is sinking behind the hills as they cross the plain, and just as the advance is nearing the foot of the hill Longstreet's reserves come sweeping down. Once more the cannon rain shot and shell on the devoted host—the hills, the valleys, all the earth seems one vast sheet of flame under the shock of that last, fierce onset; but the murderous fire has done its work only too well, and the plain is black with the bodies of the slain as the line first wavers and then moves slowly to the rear. The third and last attempt has failed, and night mercifully draws her mantle of darkness over the horrible scenes below.

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- “Eighteen hundred and sixty-two,—
That is the number of wounded men
Who, if the telegraph's tale be true,
Reached Washington city but yestere'en.
- “And it is but a handful, the telegrams add,
To those who are coming by boats and cars;
Weary and wounded, dying and sad;
Covered—but only in front—with scars.
- “Some are wounded by Minié shot,
Others are torn by the hissing shell,
As it burst upon them as fierce and as hot
As a demon spawned in a traitor's hell.



THOMAS J. PRIEST, Co. H.



JOSIAH SCOTT, Co. H.



BYRON D. LEIGHTON, Co. I.



CORP. EDWIN H. STREETER, Co. I.

- “ Some are pierced by the sharp bayonet,
Others are crushed by the horse's hoof;
Or fell 'neath the shower of iron which met
Them as hail beats down on an open roof.
- “ Shall I tell what they did to meet this fate?
Why was this living death their doom?
Why did they fall to this piteous state
'Neath the rifle's crack and the cannon's boom?
- “ Orders arrived, and the river they crossed;
Built the bridge in the enemy's face;
No matter how many were shot and lost,
And floated—sad corpses—away from the place.
- “ Orders they heard, and they scaled the height,
Climbing right into the jaws of death;
Each man grasping his rifle-piece tight,
Scarcely pausing to draw his breath.
- “ Sudden flashed on them a sheet of flame
From hidden fence and from ambuscade;
A moment more—(they say this is fame)—
A thousand men on the grass were laid.
- “ Fifteen thousand in wounded and killed,
At least, is 'our loss,' the newspapers say.
This loss to our army must surely be filled
Against another great battle-day.
- “ ‘Our loss!’ Whose loss? Let demagogues say
That the cabinet, president,—all are in wrong:
What do the orphans and widows pray?
What is the burden of their sad song?
- “ 'T is their loss! But the tears in their weeping eyes
Hide cabinet, president, generals,—all;
And they only can see a cold form that lies
On the hill-side slope, by that fatal wall.

“ They cannot discriminate men or means,—
 They only demand that this blundering cease.
 In their frenzied grief they would end such scenes,
 Though that end be—even with traitors—peace.

“ Is thy face from thy people turned, O God?
 Is thy arm for the nation no longer strong?
 We cry from our homes—the dead cry from the sod—
 How long, O our righteous God! how long?

The following is the official recognition of the meritorious services of the Army of the Potomac, as tendered by the president in behalf of the people :

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

WASHINGTON, December 22, 1862.

TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC :

I have just read your commanding general's preliminary report of the Battle of Fredericksburg. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than an accident. The courage with which you, in an open field, maintained the contest against an entrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and recrossed the river, in face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of popular government. Condoling with the mourners for the dead, and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively so small.

I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It will be remembered that the Ninth New Hampshire had been assigned to Nagle's brigade in Sturgis's division of the Ninth corps, which formed a part of the grand division under that gallant old hero, General Sumner ; and as we review the movements of the army from the time they left Pleasant Valley—their perilous journey through

the valley of the Blue Ridge, the forced march across the country to Falmouth, and the history of the futile, yet most courageous, assault on the heights at Fredericksburg, we find the Ninth corps always in the advance, never shrinking nor faltering in the presence of death, but ever presenting a bold front to the foe; and realizing that only tried and true men can constitute such a command as this, we feel sure that the Ninth New Hampshire fully deserves the proud record it has thus far made.

Only those who have taken part in a battle can understand the difficulties encountered in presenting a truthful picture of the part borne by particular individuals or companies in a general assault, and how imperfect at best must be the result. It is easy to describe the movements of great bodies, their advance and retreat; but in a decisive action, where men's lives hang by a hair, there is little time for observation. The deafening cannon dulls the ears, smoke blinds the eyes; one knows that men are falling about him, some in the peaceful embrace of a merciful death, and others groaning in agony beneath the trampling feet of horses and men, and yet scarcely realizes, even then, that any moment a similar fate may befall him. So it is when the smoke has cleared away, and he tries to depict to others what he himself has seen and heard. A thousand incidents present themselves before him, and then, as never before, he comprehends how feeble are words to express the reality of what has occurred. Therefore, we cannot but feel that the following description of the specific action of the Ninth regiment, though told by active participants, is but a tithe of what might be written as to what befell them on that bloody field.

“ We crossed the pontoon bridge Friday morning, December 12, at sunrise, and remained all day in the streets of Fredericksburg. That night we obtained a good night's rest, sleeping upon our arms in the streets. Heavy firing commenced early Saturday morning; we were immediately placed under arms, and kept in that state of suspense which none but a soldier can appreciate, moving now this way a little, now that, and every moment expecting to be ‘ordered in,’ till about 1 p. m., when our brigade was ordered in, not as a whole, but by regiments.

“ Our regiment moved to the rear and left of the city, and swinging to the right, advanced along the open field towards the railroad. Having crossed the railroad we soon came under a galling artillery fire. We now took a double-quick, and the fire increased as we neared the deep cut, through which is the carriage road running west from the city.

“ The sides of this cut were perhaps fifteen feet high, and nearly perpendicular. As we were rushing into this, Lieutenant Lewis was hit by a piece of bursting shell just as he had gained the first embankment, and fell headlong to the bottom, a corpse.

“ Two pieces of rebel artillery had perfect range of this cut, and poured through it an incessant storm of shell and canister. It was with the greatest difficulty that the men, under their heavy burdens, could ascend the opposite bank, yet to remain there for any time was annihilation. There was no retreat; to remain there was death, and to go forward—when once we had gained the top of the embankment there was the same murderous fire of artillery, combined with that of infantry.

“ Many of our officers behaved with great courage,



LIEUT. C. D. COPP, Co. C.



CAPT. C. D. COPP, Co. C.



PHINEAS R. HUNTOON, Co. C.



LIEUT. JOHN E. MASON, Co. D.

some of them leaping up the embankment and then pulling up their men. The ascent was much more difficult on the left than on the right, and the loss in the left companies was very heavy. Then, having gained the opposite embankment, we had entered what has been appropriately termed the 'slaughter pen.'

"To reach the front we now had to swing to the left and advance across an open field, every foot of which was exposed to the fire of the rebel artillery, and upon which rained a perfect shower of bullets. This plain was already thickly strewn with the dead and dying of other regiments, and at every step, though advancing at the top of our speed, wide gaps were made in our ranks by cannon shot and shell, and many sank down pierced by the deadly Minié.

"In crossing fences and ditches and passing buildings, the companies became somewhat separated from each other. The color bearer was mortally wounded, and several of the color guard were among the killed and wounded. Under the hottest fire, when the color sergeant was shot and the well aimed fire of the enemy seemed to threaten annihilation, Lieut. C. D. Copp of the color company seized the National colors and threw himself in advance of his company, which position he kept until the front line was reached. There the men, with those of other regiments, sheltering themselves as much as possible by knolls, embankments, walls, etc., kept up a terrific fire till after dark, when, our ammunition being expended, we moved back into the city, replenished our cartridge boxes, and then returned to another portion of the field, where, however, we had no fighting.

"During Sunday and Monday we had no fighting,

but on Monday night were again ordered to the front, where we remained within a few yards of the rebel pickets till about midnight, when we were moved stealthily back through the city, in whose streets was not now to be seen a man of those thousands who completely thronged them a few hours before, except a few companies or decimated battalions like ourselves, moving stealthily towards the pontoon bridge which we had crossed three days before in high expectation of winning a glorious victory."

Brigadier-General Nagle, in his official report to General Burnside after the battle, thus describes the work of the brigade to which the Ninth New Hampshire belonged :

HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, 2D DIV., 9TH ARMY CORPS.

NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., December 16th, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my Brigade in the recent operations against the enemy: On the morning of Friday, the 12th inst., in obedience to your order, I crossed the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of the Lacy House, with my Brigade, and took position under the shelter on the opposite side of the river. I remained in this position until 4 p. m., when I moved my troops a short distance down the first street running parallel with the river, where we bivouacked for the night. On the morning of the 13th we moved further down said street, left in front, until we came up with the right of General Getty's troops. Here I remained until 12:30 o'clock p. m., when I by your order advanced to the support of General Ferrero, who was already engaged; I moved by the right of regiments to the front, to pass obstacles, until I got to the rear of the town, when the regiments formed in line of battle.

The Sixth New Hampshire (Colonel Griffin) and the Seventh Rhode Island (Colonel Bliss) advanced to the front on the right of the railroad, in good order, under a murderous fire from the enemy's artillery. The Second Maryland (Colonel Allard), Twelfth Rhode Island (Colonel Brown), and Ninth New Hampshire (Lieutenant-Colonel

Babbitt commanding), being on the left of the railroad, were moved in order, under shelter as much as possible, to the railroad cut, and from there advanced to the front. The Forty-eighth Pennsylvania (Colonel Sigfried) was for a time held in reserve ; at 2 : 30 p. m. the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania was ordered to the front. The men marched forward under a galling fire, like true veterans.

The whole of my Brigade remained in the front, and did good service until after sixty rounds of ammunition had been expended, and until they were relieved at dusk by other troops, when by your order my command was withdrawn, in good order, to the position occupied on the previous night. The men were here supplied with ammunition, and then bivouacked for the night.

My Brigade remained in the same position until Monday evening, when I was again by your orders moved to the front, with instructions "*to hold the city at all hazards.*" I placed my troops in position on the left of the railroad, and commenced to strengthen and fortify my position by throwing up intrenchments, and digging rifle-pits, etc. At 11 : 30 p. m. by your order I withdrew my command across the river to our former camps. My Brigade went into action with about 2,700 men and my total loss amounts to 522.

Too much praise cannot be given to the officers and men of my command, especially the Ninth New Hampshire, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, Sixth New Hampshire, and Seventh Rhode Island.

[Signed] JAMES NAGLE,
Brigadier-General.

To

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STURGIS,
Commanding 2d Div.,
9th Army Corps.

FOLLOWING THE CAMP.

Five weeks have slipped away since General Burnside assumed command of the army, and as we trace the record of the Ninth New Hampshire, day by day, through their diaries and letters, we get a glimpse of life in the field such as can be gained in no other way. To men

transported as these had been into scenes wholly foreign to those to which they had been accustomed, everything about them was of interest; and while the thought of the battles he has fought may even now bring the old-time thrill to the soldier's heart, yet after all, his memory lingers most fondly on his life in the camp,—the joys and sorrows that made up his daily portion: so once again we gather up the threads of the many-hued web, and weave another scene in the tapestry picture.

THE DAILY RECORD.

By the rank and file.

“Nov. 9. We are having a rest to-day, and it is such a luxury to be permitted to rest on God's holy day, tho' the men are chopping wood for camp-fires, washing their clothes, and in fact doing their own work and 'finding their own pleasure,' and we sit curled up in our little tent, the cold wind keeping it meanwhile filled with smoke from the little fire in front.

“At 2 1-2 p. m. the chaplain invited all to his tent who were interested in keeping up religious meetings, with the intention of making arrangements for regular meetings, but we were hardly seated when we heard the order 'Strike tents!' and thus ended our first meeting.

“Started about 3 1-2 o'clock. Passed thro' Glen Mills. Crossed a fork of the Rappahannock. Many of the houses along the road have been deserted. The land in this part of the state is sandy, and much of it not under cultivation. Marched about five miles, and camped near Amissville, where other troops had just left and their camp-fires were still burning.”

“Ordered to pack at 3 p. m.; had the privilege, how-

ever, of sending out letters. Crossed the Rappahannock at Glen Mills, passed through a little village called Amisville, and occupied a little ridge beyond, relieving a portion of another brigade. It seems we are at length hard on to quite a body of the enemy. Are in fact at the front, and liable to have a scrimmage with the rascals ourselves. Saw an innumerable flock of crows this p. m., flying southward over our line of march. Their vast column extended in either direction as far as the eye could reach, and occupied hours in passing."

"Nov. 10. Report in the morning that we are to remain in camp to-day, and many of us went to washing our clothes.

"About 9 a. m. heard cannonading; at 10 1-2 ordered to fall in. Proceeded a little way and met the baggage train and cavalry returning. Soon a battery opened upon us. Our battery took position on a little eminence, and replied with vigor. Threw out skirmishers, and advanced in line of battle.

"Colonel Fellows comes along and says, 'Better eat some hard-tack, boys, while you have a chance;' and thereupon we all went to crunching the delicious stuff. Firing ceased towards night, when we stacked arms and made some coffee."

"Many of the men are out of hard-tack and have nothing to eat. I had a scanty supper, which I spliced by parching an ear of corn which I picked up by the roadside to-day.

"Am feeling a little chilly for want of my shirt, which I took off to have washed this morning and have not got dry enough to put on yet.

"Just as we were about to turn in, our company with one other was detailed to go out in support of a battery

about a mile distant. Did not pitch any tents. Woke up in the night feeling very chilly; went and lay down by a fire, and in my eagerness to warm my back burned out the back of my overcoat."

"Had the liveliest scramble yet for rails. A quarter of a mile of fence was on its way to camp in less than three minutes from the time the first rail started. Supper was the next thing. 'It beats all nater' how much we can eat, provided we can get it. . . . Gladly picked up bits of crackers which another regiment had left scattered about their camp-ground. About nine in the evening Companies E and C were sent to support a battery near where we were this morning. Spread my blanket in the sheltering crook of a fence, and with a comrade slept long and well, though the ground froze quite hard."

"I am now sitting by a big fire of rails. Virginia will have any amount of rails to split when the war is over."

"Nov. 11. "No firing heard to-day except at a considerable distance. In the afternoon took some cloth from an old pair of pants and put a new 'breadth' into the back of my overcoat where I burned it out last night; result—a rare work of art.

"Many of the men had nothing to eat till we drew rations to-day. Received a mail in the evening, which had the usual effect upon our dispositions."

"Received a bundle in the mail containing a shirt and a pair of gloves. The latter are particularly acceptable, and the former, seeing that now, for the first time in two months, I am the owner of two shirts, will not come amiss."

"Nov. 12. Reveille at 5 a. m., and without stopping for breakfast marched back to the place we left Sunday.

Made a short stop, and then 'Assembly' sounded, and we were hurried over a fearfully rough road six or eight miles farther, to White Sulphur Springs. . . . There was a good deal of swearing among the men before we reached our destination though. This morning Downs [Edwin W., Company E], who has been poorly for some time and was straggling along behind, was captured by the Johnnies, who had followed us pretty close as far as the river, together with the big coffee-pot and all of the spoons of the captain's mess, which he had been commissioned to carry."

"Joined the regiment and moved back to the ground we left Sunday and camped. Went to the brook and washed from head to foot, and then went to a corn-field to hunt for stray 'nubbins' of corn. By diligent search I had found a few, when I perceived the regiment falling in.

"Our cooks had drawn a few beans, and had just got them to stewing when the order to march came. We ate them half raw, and started with a little raw corn in our haversacks. Made a hasty march of about eight miles and camped near White Sulphur Springs. Made some coffee, and Barber and I used the last of a little Indian meal which we have been using very parsimoniously to make some gruel, parched and ate some corn, and turned in, thankful for a 'good supper.'"

"I learned to-day what it was to be hungry. So much so that I was compelled to eat raw pork."

The reason of this scarcity was because the division's supply train had been captured. The two armies were hovering very near each other and skirmishes were frequent. One stormy evening, the march being delayed, the train was waiting in the road for orders as to time

and place for packing. A Confederate officer disguised in a Union uniform rode up to the officers in charge of the train, saying, "General So-and-so directs that you pack your train one side here, and if you will follow me, I will show you where." The train was at once moved into a field near by, but no sooner was in place than a line of Johnnies was around it and it was taken away to replenish their larders. A good "haul" for them, but a sore one for the hungry men whose stomachs went empty for a number of days.

"Nov. 13.—Orders came at one o'clock of the 11th to be ready to march at five, and the baggage train at three, so as to get ahead, as it was found that the rebels had nearly surrounded us and were trying to cut us off.

"We marched back five miles to our old campground, and expected to remain there through the day, but did not but three hours. The tents were nearly all pitched, and the beans (which we had this morning) were about half cooked, and I got a d—g from the teamster for insisting on having them put on, as they were already overloaded. . . . I have just eaten my dinner, consisting of coffee and pork roasted on a stick, which I like better than fried. . . . When you get this, make me some little bags out of stout cotton cloth, size about four inches square, to put coffee, tea, sugar, etc., in, which I carry in my haversack sometimes with three days' rations."

"Exchanged a bit of pork for a small piece of beef this morning, which, with some parched corn, made us quite a palatable tho' not very bountiful breakfast."

"Not a little growling this morning. The scarcity of hard-tack seems to be accompanied by scarcity of patriotism.

“Visited ruins of White Sulphur Springs in the afternoon. . . . The place must have been magnificent before its destruction. The main building is four stories high, tho’ nothing now remains of it but its blackened walls and massive brick pillars which surrounded the main building and supported the balconies. Near the Springs was a marble statue of the ‘Goddess of Health,’ which has been wantonly and disgracefully broken in pieces.”

“Strolled down to the Springs this afternoon. . . . The grounds are very tastefully laid out, and were kept till recently in excellent trim. A large four-story hotel fronted the highway and partially hid the grounds. This was flanked with long, low ranges of hospital buildings, with bowling-alley, bath-houses, etc., arranged conveniently around. It is said to have been the roof beneath which the ordinance of the secession of Virginia was signed. . . . When you write again, send me a small box of unguentum, as I must have something to rout the lice. They will be carrying me off yet unless I take some desperate measures with them. . . . Do n’t worry about our clothing, as we are well supplied.”

“Since writing you on Sunday we have marched and countermarched more than twenty-five miles, but are now distant from our camp of Sunday morning only about six miles.

“On Sunday morning we left camp expecting a fight, as Pleasonton’s cavalry had been skirmishing all the morning. We went quite to their pickets (the rebels’), and formed line of battle and advanced over ground lately left by the enemy. We did not come up with them, however, though our cavalry had some smart firing with them and drove them back. We slept on the field that

night, and the next day kept our ground. We have since changed to this locality, where we may be attacked at any time.

“You may not be aware of the existence of the White Sulphur Springs hotel, which is now quite near our camp. It was once a place of noted resort for invalids and tourists in this region. The hotels—large brick edifices of splendid proportions and style—were destroyed by the rebels just before Pope’s passage through this region last summer, and are now a mass of ruins, but the grounds and lawns and fountains are all left, showing what was once a noble establishment. The spring is strongly sulphur, and the water tastes like as if gunpowder were dissolved in it. The furniture of many of the bath-houses and dwellings designed for families is still left. You will recollect this place as that where Mr. John Goss and family were engaged hotel-keeping before going into the National at Washington.”

“Nov. 14.—For a wonder, remained in camp, on the same ground we occupied yesterday. . . . Another mail to-day.”

“Last night one of the Company H men died in his tent. . . . We are well supplied with ambulances, and yet sick men are compelled to march at the point of the bayonet. I pray to be delivered from sickness even above death itself while I am in the army.”

“Nov. 15.—Broke camp at daybreak. Were hindered a long time in crossing a creek. About 9:12 a. m. a rebel battery opened briskly and was well answered by ours.

“Their shells seemed to be aimed principally at our baggage train, which was hurried to a less exposed position as fast as the terrified muleteers could urge their more fearless quadrupeds, who would be sure to

exhibit their total depravity by balking in the most unexpected places, and breaking out wagon poles wherever shell flew the thickest. For a time everything indicated an engagement, but the rebel battery at length withdrew from our front and we marched till dark."

"(Noon.) We are at rest a few miles from White Sulphur Springs, having left there early this morning. . . . Our baggage train was shelled while leaving by the 'rebs,' who were near by, and came near being taken prisoners. One teamster was wounded and wagon demolished by a shell."

"Went into camp at Fayetteville, on the same field with General Doubleday's division. Weather fine."

"Nov. 16.—Our 'Sabbath day's journeys' differ from those of the old Jews in that they are generally *longer* than the journeys of other days.

"Made a severe march thro' one of the most desolate and barren regions I have yet seen. Came in sight of a railroad for the first time in two weeks. Camped about three miles from Warrenton Junction.

"No bread in camp, but most of the men have managed to 'abduct' some corn from the horse and mule rations, and this, parched, serves as hard-tack."

"On guard at night, which was very dark and threatened to be rainy. Did not have a very hard time, as my post was at general head-quarters, beside a good fire."

"Nov. 17.—A dark and gloomy day. Being called into line at an early hour, Colonel Fellows took his accustomed place in front for the last time, and after reading his resignation and the order accepting the same, made a brief but pointed farewell address to the officers and soldiers of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers.

“. . . Colonel Fellows combines in himself the rare qualifications of mildness and sternness, bravery and prudence, and none of the officers present can now fill his place. We shall now long for the return of Lieutenant-Colonel Titus. Our quartermaster also resigned, and returned home with Colonel Fellows. . . .

“The country seems to be full of troops. The infantry are obliged to take the fields and give the roads to the supply trains and artillery. This renders the marching very hard.”

“Nearly all the forenoon was occupied in issuing rations. The sight of these has revived the boys' drooping spirits wonderfully. In the afternoon took up line of march for Fredericksburg; accomplished about ten miles. The whole corps was in motion at the same time, and in as compact a body as possible, one division, with the artillery and baggage, keeping the road, with one of the other two on either side. It was a grand and imposing spectacle, and one not often seen—25,000 men, with miles of trains in compact order, tramping through fields and forests. I did n't wonder much at the exclamation of an old lady who stood in the doorway of her cabin and watched us as we passed,—‘Dear suz! I did n't s'pose there wuz so many folkses in the world!’ . . . Went into camp at five o'clock.”

“Nov. 18.—Routed at half-past three o'clock and started at daybreak. Camped about half-past one in the afternoon, eight miles from Fredericksburg.”

“Our whole corps on one field. Starting at daylight, we had marched some twelve or fourteen miles by one o'clock, when, well tired out, we encamped, and enjoyed not a little the chance for rest. . . . The weather has been warm, foggy, and more or less rainy for two or three days past.”



LIEUT. S. HORACE PERRY, CO. G.

“ Nov. 19.—Foggy, with some rain. Travelling *very* slippery. Reached Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, at 1 p. m. Saw this sign on one of the groceries: ‘ Good chuing tobacco for sale here.’

“ 2 :30 p. m.—Are now drawn out on a large plain and ordered to rest on our arms, as our artillery is expected soon to open on the town. . . . Our batteries are so planted that it seems they could destroy the place in an hour. At dark all is quiet and have pitched our tents. Went to the bank of the river and took a look at the city opposite. It is a larger town than I had supposed, and a fine-looking place for a Southern city. The rebel pickets occupy Fredericksburg, and over the Falmouth bank of the Rappahannock are within speaking distance, and are firing off blank cartridges of wit at a great rate.”

“ Our boys have been down to the river, talking with the rebel pickets on the other side, cracking jokes, and giving each other a history of what is to come. They say we shall take Richmond in ashes.”

“ Encamped a short distance back from the river. The city is still in the hands of the enemy. They have destroyed the bridges, and show some signs of making a stand here. . . . Hope by to-morrow our flag will be waving triumphantly over the second city of Virginia. . . . Our guns command completely the whole city, and as soon as our pontoon train can arrive and bridge the river, it must fall into our hands.”

[The following incident of special detail is contributed by Lieut. S. H. Perry, at that time sergeant of Company I:]

“ The regiment arrived opposite Fredericksburg in the afternoon of November 19, and went into camp on

the bluff in rear of the Lacy House. Company I, of which I was a member, was detailed for picket duty that night, our posts extending from the railroad bridge about half way to a ford near Falmouth. As sergeant, I was in command of the post at the ferry opposite the city.

“Next morning, about seven o’clock, an orderly came for the officer in command of that post to report to General Patrick, provost marshal-general of the Army of the Potomac. I did so at once, and received from him a white flag, with orders to go to the shore, wave the flag, and demand the surrender of the city of Fredericksburg in his name. Carrying out these instructions, I received a reply stating that the one in command would meet the general, and agree upon terms if possible. This statement proved to be only a ruse, however, in order that more time might be gained for the opposing army to get into position.”

“Nov. 20.—Rained fearfully the latter part of the night, and before morning most of the tents were completely flooded. . . . There is no wood within a long distance of camp, many of the men are completely drenched, and altogether it is a cheerless time.

“At nine and a half a. m. one of our cannon opened on a train of cars which the rebs undertook to move from Fredericksburg. At ten o’clock cannonading quite brisk. . . . Tremendous rain continued all day and night. As we had no wood for a fire and no candles, turned in at dark and slept no less than twelve hours.”

“It is only one week to Thanksgiving, and I should like very much to be with you, but I know I cannot, so must make the best of it. I will be very thankful if they will give me plenty of hard-tack. Much more so than I ever was for a roast turkey at home.”

“It rained ‘right smart,’ to use the Virginia phrase, last night, and as our bivouac is upon low ground, we all came near taking an involuntary bath. Various were the expressions of feeling as we were summoned by the reveille from under our ‘shelties’ into the liquid elements without. . . . A few of us, at length, by uniting our efforts, succeeded in getting up quite a respectable fire, and fortifying the inner man with a supply of hot coffee and fried hard-tack, concluded, unless we got drowned, we should probably live for some time to come. . . . The storm continued through the day, which we spent in keeping as comfortable as we could, and in preparing, by getting brush, for our beds, etc., for the night.”

“Nov. 21.—Left camp about 3 p. m. It is said that several rebel batteries were discovered, all trained upon this plain, densely covered with our troops, which was the cause of our hasty move. Moved about a mile.”

“This storm, and the non-arrival of the pontoons, seems to have ended our advance for the present. Just at night moved back onto the hills east of Falmouth, and went into camp near both wood and water, and on dry, smooth ground. Pitched our tents for about the twentieth time since leaving Pleasant Valley, cooked our supper, and by the light of blazing camp-fires perused the contents of a huge mail-bag that arrived this evening. If we only had some of the cider and apples you speak of, think we could go to bed as jolly as if we were at home. As it is, we are far from sober.”

“Thursday night Company I went on picket on the edge of the river, where we stood in the rain and mud ankle-deep until the next night. While there the brigade moved, and here we were, not relieved so as to get

into camp until 9 a. m., without a dry thread about us; we were glad to throw ourselves upon the ground and sleep, and I am sure I never slept sounder; it was quite enough to take one's patriotism from him; but when we got into camp around a good fire, eating our suppers of coffee and hard-tack, you might see a jolly crowd."

"Nov. 22.—Went to Falmouth in the evening with Burnham. Carried about nine pounds of 'surplus' coffee belonging to the company, which we exchanged for about fifty pounds of flour, which we lugged back to camp, a distance of three miles."

[Burnham says,—]

"We tried what we thought would be a short cut through the woods, but if the distance was less the road was worse. . . . Falmouth is a little, dirty village, of perhaps three hundred inhabitants before the war. It has a large flouring-mill, several stores, and was evidently once the centre of considerable trade and business, but everything here has a worn-out, dilapidated appearance now. . . . Prices are what in New England would seem rather exorbitant: Flour, twenty dollars per barrel; butter, sixty cents per pound; sugar, seventy-five cents; salt, one hundred dollars per sack, and so on."

[It was at this disheartening stage of affairs that the following congratulatory order was issued:]

HEAD-QUARTERS, 9TH ARMY CORPS,

OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA., November 22d, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 13.

The Brigadier-General Commanding congratulates the troops of the 9th Corps on the cheerful and soldier-like manner in which duty

has been performed and hardships endured, during the last month. Night marches, short rations, exposure to stormy November weather, with its rains and snows, while moving in the advance, or with the enemy on our flanks for several weeks, all have been borne nobly. While animated by such a spirit troops are equal to any emergency, and it is with confidence that we face the dangers and trials of the future. In view of the coming operations, the Brigadier-General Commanding directs the attention of the officers particularly to a few points of military importance.

1. Outpost duty requires all the intelligence and skill we can command, in order to secure the rest and quiet of the camp, and to prevent surprises. The Army Regulations on this subject should be studied from paragraph 602 to 642, and pickets should be posted in such a manner as to sustain each other in case of attack, and, supported by the Grand Guards, hold the enemy in check long enough for the Corps to form for battle. Division, Brigade, and Regimental commanders will look particularly both to the instruction of officers, and to the performance of picket and grand guard duty.

2. Company and all other officers will see that their men have always two or three days rations about their persons, that their cartridge boxes contain forty rounds of ammunition, and that their arms are always clean and in good firing condition. The men themselves will not wait for their officers to prompt them to these necessary conditions to their comfort and safety. New troops are cautioned against overloading their knapsacks.

3. On going into action let all remember the necessity of keeping cool, closing well up on the enemy, and taking good aim. Cavalry charges are always to be met, not by random firing, but by a well directed volley, which will inevitably scatter the horses. Artillery fire is more frightful in sound and appearance than reality, and the quicker the men move over the ground to the front the smaller will be the loss. One well aimed bullet does more execution than ten that are not aimed, so that four good shots are worth more than forty rounds fired at random. Ammunition should not be wasted. Many battles are lost because ammunition gives out at just the critical moment. Even rapid firing can best be conducted coolly and with regular aim.

Finally, fellow-soldiers, let us all remember the enthusiasm and patriotism which filled our breasts on first taking up arms for the good

of the country; that we are fighting for the permanent peace and welfare of our families, homes, and firesides, and that by a heroic effort on the part of every man, this campaign may terminate the war.

By Command of Brigadier-General Willcox:

ROBT. A. HUTCHINS,

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.

“Nov. 23.—We are grateful for another Sabbath of rest. Great preparations seem to be on foot for a battle. The smoke of camp-fires is seen for miles on every hand, and the beating of drums, the blowing of bugles and the clatter of cavalry, the rumbling of army trains and thundering of artillery over the stony roads, keep up a perfect din by day, and thousands of cold and hungry mules with their hideous braying give free concerts ‘for the benefit of the soldiers’ every night.”

“Cool, but not very uncomfortable. Inspection in the morning, religious services by the chaplain in the afternoon. Text of sermon: Rev. xxii, 3.”

“Nov. 24.—Were required to lay out our camp in regular order and to ‘fix up’ our quarters as comfortably as possible. Evidently the general’s plans have changed, but why, is more than any of us know.”

“Nov. 25.—We went out scouting with Charlie Hurlbutt, going as far as we thought it prudent. Saw a review of General Birney’s division by General Hooker. The troops of the command, consisting of eighteen regiments and two six-gun batteries, were drawn up in three long lines of battle, in the open, showy order peculiar to such occasions. The generals rode first along the front, and then back along the rear, of each of these, the bands playing ‘Hail to the Chief.’ They then took their position in front of the first, and the troops, in column of companies, passed in review before them, the music

playing lively marching airs. They were well drilled and appeared finely, and as I listened to the soul-stirring strains of the music, and saw battalion after battalion pass with gleaming bayonets and streaming banners, I was almost chained to the spot, and formed new and enlarged ideas of the magnitude and strength of our army."

"Nov. 26.—The weather was cold, and it was very muddy this morning, it having rained nearly all night. This time, however, our shanty was fortunately in a condition to shed water, and we slept dry and comfortable. . . . General Sumner reviewed our division this morning."

Nov. 27.—"I doubt whether there were ever before so many vacant chairs or sad hearts in New England as there are to-day. . . . Early in the afternoon Company E was detailed for picket. Marching to the Rapahannock we found that we were not needed on the posts, and so retired to the vicinity of the Lacy House and spent the night. Finding a pile of boards, Barber and I spread our blankets on some of them and fixed some of the rest into a kind of roof, and altogether our roof and house were the greatest luxuries of the day."

"I am having a Thanksgiving even here. Shall I tell you in what it consists? Feeling a little unwell this morning, and remembering the Latin proverb, '*Fames optimum condimentum est*,' I ate only one hard-tack with a little coffee for my breakfast. . . . I made some flapjacks for my Thanksgiving Dinner, and sprinkled on them my day's ration of sugar, and I had a delicious dinner. We are to have some boiled beans for supper, which will be a great luxury for us, as we have had no variety for some time, though we have had plenty of good hard-tack and meat."

“As I made me a cup of coffee this morning and scalded my hard-tacks to kill the worms in them, I felt that there were those who had nothing to eat, and after satisfying the inner man I said, ‘O Lord, I thank thee that it is as well with me as it is!’”

“Rising at six o’clock from a bed of pine boughs and army blankets, I made a rush for the brook, and after several minutes spent in rubbing and scrubbing concluded I could see, and would pass muster here in this land of dirt and smoke. . . . Breakfast was the next thing on the programme. Imagine, if you can, eight or ten of us round a smoky fire of green pine, cooking coffee in our tin cups, frying pork and hard-tack on our tin plates, with split sticks for handles, toasting crackers on the coals—talking, laughing, eating, and wiping from our tanned and blackened faces the tears that the merciless smoke extorts. . . . attended the religious services, which Chaplain Gushee conducted in a very interesting manner for the two New Hampshire regiments of our brigade, in front of General Nagle’s tent. Text: 1 Thess. v, 18. . . . Company E and three or four others were detailed for picket and ordered to pack up immediately.”

“Attended service in front of General Nagle’s quarters, we playing for the same. This serves to break the monotony of camp life, but the grub remains the same as other days.”

[Some of the Company E boys sent to the old mill and bought a few pounds of flour, and decided to have a “minute pudding” for their Thanksgiving dinner. The flour had been manufactured evidently from “grown wheat,” was very musty, and evidence was not wanting that the rats had enjoyed free access to it. The

finishing touch was given by the cook, who burned the pudding in the making, and if it did not taste of all the colors of the rainbow it certainly smelt of all the odors of Tartarus.]

“Nov. 28.—Yesterday being Thanksgiving Day, I began a long letter to you . . . when I was interrupted, and have not had time to resume. . . . My health was never so good as now. I only feel a little reluctant to go to bed, which consists of the ground, and is pretty cold to warm up.”

“This morning we find ourselves on a beautiful site of land, from which we get a grand view of the city. I can see perhaps a thousand chimneys piercing the roofs of Fredericksburg, yet from all this number the smoke is seen curling from only a very few, which tells us that the inhabitants have left their homes and fled to the country; but on the rising ground beyond the town may be seen batteries and redoubts and long lines of breastworks rising one above the other, and all ready to pour down upon us volleys of lead and iron whenever we shall attempt to cross the river.”

“A comfortless creature is a sick soldier at this season of the year. If we attempt to warm ourselves the smoke drives in our faces, while we freeze one side and roast the other. If we go into our tents, they are cold, muddy, and repulsive, and among our army rations there is nothing that one a little out of health does not perfectly loathe.”

“No guard mount this morning. Played for brigade drill, and afterwards for dress parade.”

“The ‘reb’ pickets are just across the river, perhaps fifty rods broad at this point, and sometimes bandy words with our men. Farther back some of their fortifications are in view, and the hills beyond are smoky with their

camp-fires. Picked a rosebud from a well-loaded bush in the garden of the De Lacy House, where we stayed last night."

"Nov. 29.—Saturday is washing day with us, it being understood that the men have the day as much to themselves as possible for this purpose."

"Nov. 30.—I would like to have you know that we have wet rains in Virginia, such as you know nothing of in Vermont. . . . At present we are some ways from wood, and on a hill, where the wind strikes us in every direction.

". . . Had to deal out three days' rations to the men, consisting of hard-tack, pork, coffee, and sugar, also rice and beans, which are cooked in a mess. We also have 1.1-4 pounds of fresh beef every other day. The ration of pork is twelve ounces per day, both of which the men prefer to cook themselves. We feel the need of more sugar, it being only fifteen pounds to one hundred men, which makes two large spoonfuls per day to a man. . . . The \$5.00—Vermont or New Hampshire money—is good here, but I could pass that \$5.00 Secesh bill that I sent you if I had it.

". . . I have sent to Washington for a field sword for the captain as a present from the company, costing \$13.00, to be paid for equally by them. Colonel Titus will bring it with him. . . . I sent a paper with a hard-tack enclosed the 27th."

"This morning played for general inspection, this afternoon for services at the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania head-quarters."

"Sermon by the chaplain in the afternoon. Text: Luke xxi, 25. A cold place to worship, to sit on the wet ground in a cold windy day."

“Dec. 1.—Regular drills have been instituted, of nearly four hours per day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.”

“This is the first opportunity I have had to-day, but as we draw a half candle now—last night being the first since we left Pleasant Valley—I can write evenings after a fashion.

“I was highly pleased to receive the stockings, nightcap, and bags, all safe and satisfactory. The cap is made different from most others, but all the warmer, they being more like a cap without a visor, a band about an inch wide, with full crown, and a knot or tassel in the centre. Some of them are quite fanciful.

“Send in my box a pound of saleratus, or something of the kind, for making cakes with water, with directions for use—and anything else you choose. Have the box stout and well nailed, for they receive rough usage from Washington here. Few bottles come through safe. One thing more, is a pound of pure leaf tobacco. It may surprise you, but I have used it all the time. The surgeon recommended it as a preventive of disease in this climate, and on observation I am confident that it is the case. It costs here from one to two dollars per pound, according to the quality.”

“Dec. 2.—The New Hampshire Second arrived here a few days ago. We were glad to see them you may imagine.”

“Dec. 3.—The president’s message is the great theme of conversation thro’ the army. I think no one uninspired can now presume to interpret the signs of the times or tell us what the future of our Republic may be.”

“There are no preparations making for winter quar-

ters yet. Many are getting sick from exposure, while others are getting as fat as fools on hard-tack and pork. We get but a pound of bread a day. I can eat the whole any time at one meal, but I weigh 174 pounds, and what I get fat on I can't see, unless it is on faith that I am going home next spring.

“You can't imagine how I should like to see you; and would n't we walk down to Mrs. C's and get some apples? I have not tasted one for many a long day, and do not expect to for many another.”

“This evening serenaded General Sturgis. Had a splendid treat of apples and tobacco.”

“Dec. 4.—Started as soon as light this morning with Bugbee to get some Indian meal. Went to a mill about two miles distant, where we obtained each a haversack full, which will furnish us with many a dainty ‘mess.’”

“Dec. 5.—On duty as ‘police,’ and had a nice time lugging wood and water for the cooks.”

“Things are generally upside down today, and we may as well laugh as cry at circumstances. Indeed I do n't know which alternative our mothers would take if they were to look in upon us this p. m., for they would imagine us very uncomfortable in the first place; and when they saw us using our Yankee ingenuity to better our condition, I am sure they would laugh and say, ‘I'll risk you for a while.’ Here I am, just commencing this letter. Do you ask where? Why, in my little fly-tent with three companions, the size of our domicile allowing us but two postures,—lying and sitting,—the latter only when we take up with very humble seats. Accordingly, I am seated on my knapsack, clad in overcoat, gloves, and hat, and thus able to keep quite comfortable, except my feet are a little cold just now. The snow and sleet

are pattering down upon our tent, and occasionally drops of water and snowflakes introduce themselves through the thin cloth or some convenient aperture, for our house is well ventilated. I shall not attempt to draw the picture outside the tent, for I can give you no correct idea of Virginia mud on and about a camp-ground during a storm like the present. But with pleasant tent-mates, when in good health, I can pass even such a day with considerable pleasure. This afternoon I read one of Beecher's sermons aloud. About the time I finished a mail was announced, and out we rushed, thinking nothing of mud or snow till we had seen the last letter delivered. I received two, one of which covered only a half sheet, and I am using the other half in writing this letter. We shall wrap up in our blankets about dark, and lie as warm as pigs till daylight."

"Dec. 6.—Cold and frozen, thawing but very little in the sun. No drills, but hard work to keep warm."

"Dec. 7.—We got a ration of potatoes yesterday, the first we have tasted for more than a month. We get rice or beans almost every day, so we get along very well with eight hard crackers a day."

"We had snow day before yesterday, and it is cold here now. The snow is some three inches deep. We have little shelter tents with no fire, and have to keep warm the best we can. We earnestly hope there will be a settlement of this thing on the president's recommendation. Fighting is getting unpopular, especially among the private soldiers."

"Would be called a cold day, even in New England. Between the smoke and cold my eyes are nearly out. . . . The only way I can stand it is to crawl in my tent, draw on overcoat and gloves, and wrap up in our blankets."

“Dec. 8.—A little warmer. Orders to ‘fix up’ our tents as comfortably as possible, and excusing us from duty for two days for this purpose.”

“This evening serenaded at head-quarters. Colonel Fellows having resigned on account of ill health, Lieutenant-Colonel Titus is promoted to be colonel, Captain Babbitt to be lieutenant-colonel, Lieutenants Hough, Hutchinson, Smith, and others to be captains, Second Lieutenant Copp to be first lieutenant, and others.”

“Could not get tools yesterday to work with in remodelling our dwelling, but went at it early this morning. . . . Cut and lugged on our backs logs enough to stockade our ‘cabin’ one and a half feet or so from the ground, then dug down a few inches, using the dirt to bank up with. Over this stretched four out of our five (there being one to each man) pieces of tent-cloth. Built a fire-place with chimney in farther end, with sticks of wood for bricks and mud for mortar. Fastened up the other end with our remaining piece of tent-cloth, which answered also for the door, and spread three or four inches of pine boughs on the ‘floor,’ which completed our improvements. Building a fire in our ‘chimney,’ as we termed it, and finding that it worked splendidly, we turned in, as proud and merry as a New York merchant would be with a new brownstone front. Before we had finished, however, orders were received to be in readiness to move on short notice, with three days’ rations in haversacks.”

“Dec. 10.—Pork and hard-tack will fat a soldier if he only gets enough of it. I weigh 180 pounds.

“Our regiment was on picket Monday on the banks of the river. The rebs were on the other side, in plain sight and speaking distance, but during the whole

twenty-four hours neither side spoke a word to the other."

"Expecting an engagement to-morrow. The band was ordered to Division Surgeon Cutter's head-quarters, to receive instructions. This is the first engagement since we were brigaded. Now our duties are different. The Second Brigade band was also there. In the evening serenaded Colonel Stevens and Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers of the Thirteenth New Hampshire, they both being residents of Nashua."

"Dec. 11.—We reported to Dr. Cutter, accompanied by members of the Second Brigade band, and were ordered to the rear of Stafford Heights. Began to erect hospital tents, working at this all day and remaining here through the night."

"The battle has opened in terrible earnest. At 6 a. m. I was awakened by the discharge of two heavy cannon, and in less than five minutes there was a deafening roar of artillery on all sides.

"Noon.—I never had any idea of a terrific cannonade before. There has hardly been a moment's cessation since the first gun was fired this morning, and much of the time it would seem as if the very elements were convulsed in the fierce struggle.

"Artillery and ammunition trains were rumbling over the roads during the whole of last night, and the infantry which has passed this morning seems almost without number. . . . If we succeed in crossing, there must be a bloody battle; if the enemy should retreat, a hard campaign is before us. At 2 p. m., marched back to camp and made coffee; 4 p. m., moved toward the river again; dark, returned to camp and arranged for a comfortable night. The smoke from the batteries and from

the burning buildings set on fire in the city by the shell from our cannon, deepened twilight into darkness, save where the ruthless flames are still doing their work of destruction amidst the once quiet homes of Fredericksburg."

"Dec. 12.—First rations of whiskey issued. . . .
Went down and helped deal out rations."

"Soon after sunrise we were again in motion. Marched this time directly to the river, crossed, and took position in the first street parallel with the river and a little south of the bridge. Remained here till nearly night, when we moved farther south, to the vicinity of the ruins of the railroad bridge, where, stacking arms and eating our supper of hard-tack and pork, we were told to make the sidewalks our bed, and sleep if possible."

"The city presents a spectacle such as I never saw before, nor do I wish to see again. Houses have been perforated through and through with solid shot, and torn in pieces by bursting shell, while the streets are strewed with furniture of all descriptions. Articles of clothing, toys, crockery, and cooking utensils, books, papers, manuscripts, cans, boxes, etc., which the soldiers use for comfort or amusement as best suits their inclination. Some are searching for valuables, some for eatables, and more for tobacco than for both, and these latter are most successful.

"At night the city is literally filled with Union soldiers. Fires were all extinguished at dark, and we bivouacked in the muddy streets. I procured a couple of doors, one of which I used for a bed and the other I arranged to break off the wind, and thus with one of my tent-mates slept soundly and sweetly.

"The streets at this time present a most grotesque

appearance. The sidewalks and gutters are everywhere lined with mattresses, lounges, chairs, etc., which the soldiers, bringing out for temporary use, had not been careful to return. Underfoot, books and every kind of lighter household furniture were thickly strown. Flour had been found in large quantities, and on every hand, with their batter in pitchers, bowls, and all kinds of dishes, the boys were busy cooking fritters."

"We were cutting pine and cedar twigs for beds for the wounded, but few are brought in as yet."

"Dec. 13.—At an early hour Dr. Cutter called for fourteen men, seven from each band, to go with him to the city to establish hospitals there. Arrived at daylight, and began at once to clear some residences of everything movable, and in a short time had four ready for occupancy. We were then ordered to clear the Baptist church. While this was being done the armies had met, and the wounded were being rapidly brought in. In fact, quicker than we had cleared the houses they were filled. Then in the ante-rooms of the church the surgeons began to cut and slash. . . . During the day and night the ambulances were carrying back the wounded, some without being attended to, on the south side, and all who possibly could were ordered to walk."

"Heavy cannonading commenced at 9 a. m., at which we are ordered to 'fall in.' At 10 a. m. we marched a half mile through what was formerly an elegant street, but mansions and huts alike reveal the effects of our batteries upon the town.

"11 a. m.—Are now halting by the river-side, and some of our batteries have opened a brisk fire. A large balloon has just ascended from the other side, which is a novel sight for many of us. A company of bridge-

builders have commenced to rebuild the railroad bridge, working under cover of our batteries.

“Noon.—Batteries are now hotly engaged on both sides of the river. The infantry is now becoming engaged in rear of the town. Now we can hear the thunder of batteries, the whizzing of shot, the hurtling of shell, their explosion in air, the rattle and crash of musketry, and the hissing and humming of stray bullets which pop over our heads. No doubt we shall soon be engaged. Our captain is back in camp sick. Lieutenant Hutchinson commands the company, and Lieutenant Little is the only other officer.

“2 p. m.—The brigade next to us is now moving to the front.

“2:20.—We have advanced near the front, at the left of the city, and are now lying under the brow of a small ridge. The musketry firing is terrific only a few rods in front of us. Orders to ‘Forward.’

“I can never describe, nor can I ever forget, the scenes of that afternoon, after the fall of Lieutenant Lewis. The plain known as the ‘slaughter-pen,’ thickly strewn with dead and dying, the bursting of shell in our very midst, cannon balls tearing up the earth around us, the air filled with the hissing and screeching of the unseen missiles of death, bullets striking the ground all around us and throwing up mud and gravel in our faces, the shouts of officers, the yells of the wounded, the gaps made in our ranks at every step, and that, too, when rushing at the top of our speed, the frightful looking corpses which strewn the ground still reeking with blood—all was hideous, frightful, hellish—I was suffering from a severe cold and shortness of breath, and when about two thirds of the distance across the plain stumbled

and fell, and attempting to rise seemed completely exhausted. Dead and dying lay thick around me, and the missiles of death spared not even these.

“I hastily freed myself from all luggage except my arms, ammunition, haversack, and canteen. I then sprang to my feet and pushed on to the front. Here, being partially protected by the embankment, I fired my fifty rounds of cartridges to the best of my ability—and most of my comrades did the same.

“Darkness now drew on, and when we ceased firing we were covered with mud, our faces blackened with powder, our bodies freely perspiring under the activity and excitement of the scene, and our whole selves weary with the day’s scenes and labors.

“Soon after dusk our regiment was ordered to fall back to the city. Stepped into several slough-holes on my way back, filling both boots with mud and water.

“Arrived at the city, and after a sad roll-call, in which neither of my three tent-mates answered to their names, were ordered to rest as comfortably as possible, but in no case to light a fire. I turned in with George, Tracy, Burnham, and some others, and after returning thanks to God for our preservation, we lay down close beside an old slave-pen, and covering ourselves with our blankets were soon asleep.

“But scarcely had we forgotten the horrors of war and begun to dream of home, when in husky tones we heard the order, ‘Ninth New Hampshire, fall in!’ which we did as quietly as possible, took a fresh supply of ammunition, and again started for the front. Arriving on the field something after midnight, we were stationed as a reserve picket force near the old brick-kilns. A heavy, chilling fog settled down upon the plain, and we suffered much from the cold.”

“The ‘rebs,’ meanwhile, were more prodigal of their shells than they had been the day before. . . . One of them exploded in the midst of a band who, across the river near the Lacy House, were playing ‘Hail, Columbia!’ The cessation of the music in the midst of the most inspiring strain was as sudden as the explosion had been, and the musicians went skedaddling to a place of safety in quicker time than they had ever played ‘Yankee Doodle!’”

[Apropos of the above statement is the following newspaper correspondence, showing why the music was cut short at Fredericksburg:]

To the Editor National Tribune:

Let me say a word about that music at the crossing of the Rappahannock, alluded to by General Howard in his article on Fredericksburg. After my brigade (First brigade, Second division, Ninth corps) had crossed the river, it lay in line on the first street parallel with the river—the right of my regiment (the Ninth New Hampshire) being opposite the end of the bridge, above the railroad bridge. While we were lying there the Twelfth New Hampshire (a new regiment) came marching across the plain west of the Lacy House, with their band at the head of the column. When they came to the descent leading down to the pontoons, instead of taking advantage of a ravine, which would have covered them, they started down the open slope in plain view of the Johnnies’ batteries. When the band came to the crest of the descent, they could look across the river and see the thousands of troops that had preceded them, and they struck up “Bully for You, Bully for You.” At this, old Gen. Sam Sturgis, commanding the division,



SERG. WM. H. HARTWELL, CO. I.



Q. M. SERGT. CHARLES E. RUGG.



SERG. WM. H. HARTWELL, CO. I.



EDWARD M. MESSENGER, CO. I.

who was sitting on a door-step in front of my regiment, said: "Who in — commands that brigade? He'll get the eternal stuffing knocked out of him in two minutes." He had hardly got the words out when "quit, quit," came a couple of shells over our heads, and I tell you what, Mr. Editor, they cut that "Bully for You" mighty short.

WM. H. HARTWELL,

Sergeant, Co. I, 9th N. H. Vols.

Kirkwood, Ill.

"By the time I had fired my sixty-four rounds it was nearly dark, my gun was so foul I could scarcely force a bullet home, and taking a plump-looking haversack that lay just in front of me, I crawled back a few steps, where I should be more out of the way of stray balls. Opening the haversack, I found a box of butter and a plentiful supply of pork and hard bread, and soon put myself outside of nearly an ordinary day's rations. . . . rendezvoused near where we passed the previous night. Our ranks were much thinned, but as there were of course many stragglers, we could not ascertain anything definite in regard to our loss. A large number of us had taken possession of a heavy brick building formerly used as a slave-pen, intending to make it our quarters for the night. Several of us had reached the third story, and were spreading our blankets, when—crash came a shell against the wall! The explosion nearly stunned us, and sent the bricks whizzing most unpleasantly about our ears."

"Dec. 14.—The wounded of yesterday are being brought in, and we are kept busy in the hospitals."

"Remained in the vicinity of the brick-kilns all day. The plain is strewed with corpses, and all the débris

ever to be found upon a modern battle-field. From the numerous knapsacks lying about we have supplied ourselves with blankets in place of those lost yesterday, and many other comforts. I exchanged my boots, burst open at the sides and worn through on the bottoms, for a good pair of shoes from feet that have no further use for them. Also took from a knapsack a good pair of socks, of which I was greatly in need, and a pair of new woollen drawers.

“No firing to-day, except occasional skirmishes along the picket line. Moved back into the city at dark, and for the third time lay down to sleep in the streets of Fredericksburg. The city is full of wounded, and every house is a hospital, and few but might be called ‘dead houses.’

“Soon after midnight we were called out, furnished with a fresh supply of ammunition, and sent as a reserve picket to the outskirts of the city, south of the railroad. Here, in what had been a flower-bed, curled up on my blanket-roll and haversack, I was soon asleep again, and did not wake till morning. This morning a detail was called for to fill up the color guard, and I volunteered to go. Will now be with my chum Tracy all the time.”

“Dec. 15.—Was this morning stationed on guard at the church. While here I received letters from home, also a pair of boots, which I very much needed. Remained on guard all day. As soon as darkness came we were told to take our effects and report to the division hospital on the north side. . . . We had a good night’s rest, which is the first since we went to the city, either assisting at the amputating-table or on guard for the past sixty hours.”

“Had a chance to cook a warm breakfast, clean our guns, collect stragglers, etc., this morning. Also counted up our loss, as nearly as it could be ascertained. Foots up eight or ten killed and ninety wounded, with quite a number still missing. In Company E five are missing and eight are wounded, among them Barber, whose left arm, crushed by a piece of shell, has been disjointed at the shoulder. . . .

“Witnessed to-day some of the horrors of war in a new form, or rather in a new degree. About sunrise commenced moving the wounded to the Falmouth side. Oh, my God, spare me the pain of such another sight! For eight long hours the streets were crowded with the mutilated victims of Saturday’s fighting. Those who have the use of their limbs are hobbling along as best they can, many on crutches of their own manufacture, hastily improvised from fence-boards, or anything that would serve their purpose, many leaning for support on those but slightly wounded, and thousands are being borne along on stretchers and in ambulances. The heart sickens at such a sight of suffering. . . . And yet, from all these bleeding, suffering thousands I have not heard a groan or complaint. Hundreds are left dead about the hospitals. . . . Not only are our wounded crossing the river, but ammunition and stores are recrossing, so that it looks like an evacuation.

“Very little fighting during the day. Soon after dark we were supplied with extra ammunition, and with the rest of our brigade moved out of the city toward the front. Even the rattling of a tin cup was forbidden. At the front we were variously disposed of. Company E and two or three other companies were taken into the second story of an old brick building,—very large, but which seemed to have only one apartment above—placed

around the room next the wall, and ordered to dig loopholes thro' the brick walls with bayonets as quietly as possible. We were not permitted to speak aloud, and were forbidden on pain of death to look out of a window when it should become light. The object of this performance I am at a loss to divine, but if the enemy had advanced upon us suddenly we must all have been captured; or, if they had fired a single shell into the old building, it might have torn it to shatters and buried us in its ruins. About midnight we were ordered out of the building, and we freely obeyed, tho' as stealthily as we had entered it. We moved on towards the city, but on entering it, instead of finding the streets crowded with troops as we had left them, there was not a soldier to be seen outside our ranks, and an ominous silence, broken only by our stealthy footfalls, pervaded the whole city. Passing along the main streets, we at length filed down to the river, and there were no longer any doubts as to the movement—we were retreating across the Rappahannock.

“As we stepped upon the pontoon bridge every heart beat with mingled sensations of joy and grief. Joy, that another great battle was ended and we were able to write to our friends ‘we are safe.’ But this feeling was far outweighed by the thought that our great army was again defeated, and by the remembrance of the noble comrades we had left unburied behind, and the anguish which would accompany the news of their death to thousands of homes. Our regiment had entered Fredericksburg with about 600 men, and we were returning with about 350.

“We returned to our old camp-ground, and being weary and sleepy we lay down, very many of us without pitching our tents, and with a few sighs for our dead and wounded comrades, we fell asleep.”

CHAPTER VII.

CLOSING UP THE YEAR.

The year 1862 was drawing to a close. The Ninth New Hampshire had seen nearly four months of active service, and during that time had participated in three battles. It had been a stern experience for lads scarce starting in life for themselves,—one that would leave its impress on all their future. But there were brave hearts left, in spite of disaster, defeat, and hardship. There had been much to discourage and dishearten, yet they had shown themselves true men, and in the face of their sadly diminished numbers still looked into the future with the utmost intrepidity. Surely there would be a reward for all this terrible suffering, and the right must prevail.

In the absence of Colonel Titus, Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt had led the regiment at Fredericksburg, and he thus reported the specific action of the Ninth New Hampshire to Brigadier-General Nagle :

“I have the honor to forward herewith a list of the loss of this regiment in the engagement of Saturday last, near this city, which is as correct as can be made at this time. Some of those reported as missing are expected to soon join the command, while it is feared that others of that number will prove to have been killed.

“The regiment was ordered to advance about two o'clock from the bank of the river, each company mov-

ing in column through the streets until arriving outside the city near the scene of action, where it formed in line of battle and awaited orders. It was then ordered to move by the right flank forming line upon the railroad track, and was thus ordered to advance. After passing the railroad, while in a deep cut, the regiment received a galling, enfilading fire from the enemy's artillery, which was continued with great effect after passing beyond. Notwithstanding this repulse, the men, though in considerable confusion, pushed forward and took a good position, where they remained until dark. Most of the companies having then exhausted their ammunition, they withdrew in good order, following the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers.

“The conduct of officers and men, considering the difficulty and extreme danger of the first advance, was most commendable. Sergeant Dinsmore, bearer of the National colors, fell early in the action, mortally wounded, and the colors were brought safely through by Second Lieutenant Copp of Company C. I regret to report the instant death of First Lieutenant John G. Lewis of Company H, an efficient and gallant officer, who was killed soon after passing the cut near the railroad. Captain John B. Cooper of Company K, having been absent for months past on account of wounds received at the Battle of Antietam, joined his command only an hour before the order to advance, and did good service. Other officers were slightly wounded, most of whom will soon be able to resume their commands.”

The official list of the killed, wounded, and missing, between the dates of December 11 and December 16, follows :



LIEUT. COL. JOHN W. BABBITT.

Four were killed outright: Private G. W. Wright of Company C, Sergeant E. W. Dinsmore and Private W. S. Chapman of Company F, and First Lieutenant John G. Lewis of Company H.

The wounded numbered sixty-eight:

Company A.—First Sergeant L. H. Caldwell, Sergeants J. G. Merrill and Morrison Alexander, Privates B. D. James, W. McGarrett, J. L. Archer, F. Lovejoy.

Company B.—First Sergeant W. H. Edmunds, Privates J. Harrington, J. Carroll, W. Griffin, A. P. Horne.

Company C.—Captain A. S. Edgerly, Corporals John Robinson and J. S. Bean, Privates J. S. Chase, O. Hutchinson, C. J. Ranlet, S. Tibbetts, J. W. Williams.

Company D.—Privates G. B. Brown, P. Potter, C. A. Hall, A. Eastman, E. Bunce, Peter Menard.

Company E.—Privates J. S. Rowell, F. Howe, A. J. Davis, H. C. Bugbee, A. Griffith, D. Hadley, G. W. Barber, B. F. Pettingill.

Company F.—Lieutenant L. B. Little, Privates N. W. Wier, H. A. Clement.

Company G.—Lieutenant Charles A. Harnden, Privates J. F. Wilkins, C. W. Wheeler.

Company H.—Sergeant J. B. Tumbly, Corporals A. Little, C. H. Watts, Privates J. G. Clogston, J. Avery, C. H. Wentworth, M. F. Gray, F. Dexter, J. Scott, L. Beard, H. Martin, W. C. Eastman, J. Buffum, J. H. Howard, N. Whitcomb, M. Hester.

Company I.—Privates A. A. Wymer, M. R. Ellis.

Company K.—Corporals E. R. Emerson, E. R. Miller, A. Brown, Privates G. F. Blood, G. A. Chase, O.

L. Cummings, G. N. Loving, A. Patmorn, C. Sanborn, S. F. Lane.

Twelve were reported as missing :

Company B.—Sergeant W. Pettingill, Private D. Kean (wounded, and died December 29), Privates W. McClary, H. J. Page, W. L. Skillings.

Company C.—Privates J. Bradford, Thomas F. Gile, Jr.

Company D.—Private Orrin S. Abbott.

Company E.—Privates R. W. Clark, F. W. Rand, A. C. Stephens, E. O. Sheppard.

The following spirited account of the part borne by Company H, whose gallant first lieutenant was killed outright, and whose wounded numbered three officers and thirteen privates, finds appropriate place here :

COMPANY H AT FREDERICKSBURG.

By Capt. Charles W. Edgerly.

I saw, and Company H saw, as much of the Battle of Fredericksburg, and a little more, than any other company in the regiment.

Colonel Babbitt will probably remember, and Adjutant Chandler certainly would, that Company H was detailed the day before the battle (and I was the only commissioned officer at the time) to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Gillespie, at the Lacy House, for fatigue duty for twenty-four hours. I reported to him at 9 a. m., and we awaited orders from him till 10 p. m., when the pontoon train arrived, and we marched some three miles below the city to a place called Deep Run, where we were furnished with picks, shovels, and axes, and then

we went to work in good earnest to build a road over the steep bank to the river.

Every man worked with a will, and as quietly as possible. A Massachusetts regiment was in our front, to protect us, and the pontoon men, who were laying the boats; and Raymond's battery on the river-bank, at the very spot where we began to grade the road on the hill-side, was in readiness in case of an attack by the Johnnies. All went well; we had our road completed, and were moving about to keep warm and kill time till daylight, when at four o'clock in the morning we were discovered by the enemy.

A blue rocket went up from the rebel camp in our front, followed immediately by a red one, and then we heard the long roll beat, and in less than five minutes we saw a rebel regiment coming down the road leading to the pontoon bridge, which by that time was nearly completed.

Our boys were standing just a little to the left and rear of Raymond's battery when they discharged the first piece at the advancing rebs. This shot was followed by several others from the same battery, and in less than thirty minutes afterwards our batteries were all at work. So that the first piece of artillery to open fire on the Union side in that great battle was in position to cover the men who were laying the pontoon bridge and Company H of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers.

When we returned to camp the whole Ninth corps was out on the plain in front of the Lacy House, where I reported to Colonel Babbitt, and then went to camp for rations and arms and rejoined the regiment as soon as possible. The regiment returned to camp that night, and the next morning crossed the pontoons into the city.

Company H was therefore in at the beginning as well as the ending of the Battle of Fredericksburg.

GLINTS FROM THE FIELD.

FREDERICKSBURG, Dec. 13, 1862.

[Lines found in the knapsack of Charles H. Duncan, Company E, after his death at Camp Burnside, Ky.]

At early morn, that awful day,
The mist along the river lay,
And, wrapt in dense and massive cloud,
Lay Union hearts and rebels proud ;
Too soon in deadly strife arrayed,
Too soon by slaughter lowly laid.

For, ere the yonder rising sun
Again his daily race has run,
The cannon's deep and horrid roar
Shall sound from either quaking shore,
The million deadly bullets fly,
And shrieking shells shall plough the sky.

“Ye low'ring mists, still longer stay ;
Ye winds, still longer cease to play,—
Nor lift the frail and cloudy screen,
And open to the world the scene
Of blood and horror, pain and death,
To still the blood and stop the breath !”

Thus weeping Mercy loudly calls
Through Fred'rick's torn and trampled halls.
But Justice stands, with sterner mien,
Bearing the sword most bright and keen :
“The cause is just, is glorious,
Shall be, at last, victorious.

“Who dies in freedom’s holy cause—
Dies to protect her trampled laws,
Throws not his sacred life away—
His name shall live in future day;
What though, unknown, he lowly rest,
His dust is precious, mem’ry blest.”

But see, the strong and mighty sun
The airy field hath fairly won;
The broken mists now lowly fly,
Or on the hill-tops softly lie;
And now, like man’s immortal soul,
They calmly, swiftly, upward roll.

Oh, would that ev’ry martyr soul
Might thus attain a heavenly goal;
For God, as for his country, die,
And dwell eternally on high!
Then should our grief with faith arise,
As when the Christian patriot dies.

The survivors of the Battle of Fredericksburg will never cease to wonder how they ever came through such a storm of lead and iron. The streets of the city were a mass of wreckage, and the houses were riddled with shot and shell, no less than thirty-eight gaping apertures being counted in one small building. Evidently the inhabitants were compelled to leave at short notice, for in many instances tables were standing spread, with the food half consumed upon the plates.

Under the supervision of the brigade surgeon, Dr. Cutter, the members of the band were doing a noble work. During the engagement they were literally without rest or sleep, and though as many of the wounded as

possible were sent to Washington, still so many were left that the members of the two bands were divided into two squads for night and day service. Their principal duties were the preparation of tea, coffee, beef tea, and soup and vegetables for the sick, and to assist the surgeon in the dressing of wounds.

Talk of comforts for the sick! A visit to the hospital tents on the morning of the 16th of December would have revealed very little in that line of commodities. A heavy rain had fallen the night before, and the blazing fires in front of the tents was the only cheerful feature of the scene. Here and there between the tents could be seen the bodies of those who had died during the night, each with a bit of cloth over the face and a piece of paper bearing their name and company pinned on the breast. Death in any form is ghastly, but who could repress a shudder of horror at the sight of those poor maimed bodies, as they lay there in the slowly dripping rain, awaiting burial! Inside the tents the ground was covered with straw, or pine and cedar boughs, and on these rude couches, wrapped in their blankets, lay men wounded in every conceivable manner, yet cheerful, despite their dismal surroundings. Nor was this the worst, for many of the wounded had lain all night in the drenching rain, without even a blanket, for lack of accommodations.

Private George W. Barber of Company E was among the severely wounded, and was discharged for disability three months later. As the regiment was hurrying over the plain known as the "slaughter-pen," a large piece of shell struck his left arm near the shoulder, shattering

the bone and lacerating the flesh. Bullets and shells were claiming victims all around him, but he coolly undid the rope that bound his blanket, then wound it tightly around his arm, to stanch the bleeding, and started back towards the city. On the way he became faint from pain and loss of blood, and was put on a stretcher and taken to the Baptist church, which had been utilized as an amputating-room. Here his arm was taken off at the shoulder joint, but his life was despaired of. The next morning found him still alive, however, and he was placed in an ambulance, carried across the river, and put in a tent. He lay there for thirty-six hours without the slightest attention, and with nothing to eat or drink except a little water; but there was good stuff in the fellow, and he finally pulled through all right.

Sergeant Robinson says,—

“All of my three tent-mates (including Barber) were missing on the morning of the 16th. I started for the Second Division hospital to search for them. After a long hunt, during which I lifted the cloth from many a dead man’s face, I found Barber. He gave me some trinkets from his pockets, including his diary, to send to his friends, and said, ‘Whatever comes of this, tell them I have no regrets for the course I have taken.’ Some three months later, while I was sick in the hospital in Washington, Barber walked into my ward one day on his way home, going back to school and college. I gave him back the trinkets, including some bullets that he picked up when he was hit, and his diary.”

The 17th of December was very cold, and a light snow had fallen on the field, hiding from view the unburied bodies of the slain, who lay where they had fallen in the field beyond the town. That day, however, a detachment of men was sent across the river under a flag of truce, and the dead were decently interred.

Captain Edgerly contributes the following peculiar incident :

“ There was a man in Company D by the name of Potter, and he was the only man in our regiment, to my knowledge, that had the moral courage to pray audibly every night before retiring to rest, and while we were encamped near Falmouth, Va., his tent was near mine, and I heard him pray often, and I respected him for his moral courage, and became quite well acquainted with him. At the Battle of Fredericksburg, while we were in front of Marye’s heights and the rebel rifle-pits, our regiment was badly mixed up with others, and the casualties of battle were very numerous. Mixed in with my own company I saw Potter, and blood was streaming from his mouth. I spoke to him and asked him if he was badly wounded, but he only shook his head, so I found he could not talk. The next morning I went into a house to see some of our wounded men, and Dr. Gibson was in charge; among others I saw Potter and spoke to him, but he again shook his head. I asked Dr. Gibson in regard to his wound, and he told me that a ball had passed through his mouth parallel with the lips, taking out some of his teeth, and passing under the tongue had cut it nearly half off. I have never seen him since, but I have thought of him many times, and how strange it was that our only audibly praying man should have his tongue severed by a rebel bullet; but

at the same time I think he was a good man. I believe he is still living at Conway, N. H.”

With a total loss on the Union side of 1,284 killed and 9,600 wounded, it is not strange that in caring for the living the dead, who could suffer no more, were neglected. In his official report General McLaws accounts in a measure for the heavy loss on the Federal side. He says,—“The body of one man, believed to be an officer, was found within about thirty yards of the stone wall, and other single bodies were scattered at increased distances, until the main mass of the dead lay thickly strewn over the ground at something over one hundred yards off, and extending to the ravine, commencing at the point where our men would allow the enemy’s column to approach before opening fire, and beyond which no organized body of men was able to pass.”

Sergeant Hiram W. French, of Company D, writes,—“Those who were with us when we were hurled against that fatal stone wall will remember that we crossed a deep ditch, or railroad cut, just before. The enemy was shelling us from Marye’s heights, and I recall with what a feeling of relief I plunged, slid, and tumbled down into that cut, believing that for the time we would be safe from the enemy’s fire. But alas! no sooner had I reached the bottom than I chanced to glance off to our left, in the direction the cut ran, and saw a puff of white smoke, then another,—and bang! bang! came two shells up the cut. I looked back, and saw some of the officers who had not yet come down into the cut. At that moment Lieutenant Lewis (a big, fleshy man) fell head-

long and rolled down over the bank into the cut. Then I heard Colonel Babbitt, in his clear, ringing tones, shout, 'Forward, men, forward! They'll shell h——l out of you here!' We climbed the opposite bank, and met a worse fusillade from the batteries in front, one shell exploding right in the faces of the Company E men just as we gained the top of the slope."

In the camp proper, matters were very quiet. There was an occasional inspection, but in the main the men were left pretty much to themselves. One day a couple of them procured a beef's heart and a chunk of tallow from the butcher, and going into the woods a little way, built a fire, cooked their meat, and managed to divide the heart between them in the course of the day.

The Ninth had its share of the picketing, however, and it was no pleasant task to pace up and down the bleak shore of the river all the long, dreary night. Sometimes fortune smiled on them though. One time in particular a cold, north-west wind had been blowing "great guns" all day, and late in the afternoon the regiment was ordered out. But as good luck would have it, when the station was reached it was found to be in a deep ravine, and permission to light fires was obtained; so that, sheltered from the bitter wind, the boys managed to have a pretty jolly time.

Just before Christmas the regiment was paid off up to the first of November, and while the majority of the men sent the greater part of their money home, nevertheless the sutlers did a thriving business the next few days, and the boys fairly revelled in apples and other luxuries.

After all, man is largely a creature of circumstances. The first shock of horror at the scenes they had so recently witnessed passed away, and with the coming of pleasanter weather and the paymaster and sutlers there was a wonderful lightening of spirits, and the boys were as jovial and happy as the proverbial coon on his favorite maple; but by the same force of reasoning, under the depressing influence of cold and the lack of creature comforts there was a strong suggestion of a farmer's cattle caught in an unexpected snow-squall.

In Chapter VI, under date of December 13, one of the diarists mentions the fact that the captain of the company was back in the camp sick. The following letter, dated December 24, from Captain Alexander to his sister, explains the circumstances :

“We are now occupying the same encampment that we have done for the past month, and the same occupied by our troops before the battle. I was not in the battle, as I had been sick for some two weeks before it took place with severe pains in my back and sides—resulting, I suppose, from a cold. So severe was it that I was unable to walk, or hardly sit up. I am a good deal better now, so that I have returned to duty, but am not yet free from pain, though I hope soon to be entirely well.

“It was a terrible battle fought here, and a terrible reverse to our side. I hope such an one may never again befall our army. No chance of success did our troops have to gain a victory. The rebels had fortified the hills in the rear of the city in such a manner that infantry had no chance—before they could get within musket range they were subjected to a most galling fire of artillery, and when they arrived near enough to fire

they were mowed down by the musket balls of the rebel infantry.

“I do not know whether another attempt will be made or not. The rebels are working night and day, throwing up intrenchments and digging rifle-pits, so they are much stronger than before. If they attempt it again, it will be a bloody contest. I hope if they have one that I shall be well, and able to lead my company, for I assure you I never spent such uncomfortable days in my life as when my company went away without me, and when I lay in my tent and heard the roar of cannon and the sharp crack of musketry, and knew that my company was there and I not with them. It was the first time it had ever gone anywhere and I did not go with them. My company were fortunate—I had none killed and only four wounded—but the left wing of the regiment suffered much. In the morning I was determined to go, but the surgeon and colonel told me not to attempt it.

“There is a very probable rumor in camp that the Ninth Army corps is going to Alexandria this winter. I have understood that Major-General Sedgwick has been appointed to the command of the Ninth corps, and it is said that the corps he commands is to be sent for the defence of Washington, as General Sedgwick has been wounded and is not fit for active service. I hope it is so, for the regiment has suffered and endured more, I think, than any other regiment in the same time. You would not know it if you were to see it to-day. Yesterday we had a grand review before General Sumner, and our regiment only brought out 312 muskets—quite a difference from the 960 in Concord. I can't get out more than thirty-five men at the most—the rest are dead, wounded, sick, or detailed—or deserted.”

Merry Christmas saw the regiment comfortably established on the camp-ground they had occupied before crossing the Rappahannock. Quiet and discipline were fully restored, and daily drills had been instituted while the reorganizing and equipping of the troops went on. The weather that day was mild and sunny, and strongly reminded one of the beautiful days of the Indian summer in the far-off Granite state. Chaplain Gushee conducted services in front of General Nagle's head-quarters, and then came the Christmas dinner. Beefsteak and potatoes were luxuries indeed after a steady diet of pork and hard-tack, and were greatly enjoyed.

The remainder of the month slipped away in the monotonous round of duties, the only special incident being the promotion of Brigadier-General Nagle to the command of the division, and of Colonel Allen of the Second Maryland to that of the brigade. The last day of the year 1862 closed down on the Ninth New Hampshire cold and rainy, but hope still whispered that with the dawning of the new year might come brighter fortunes.

BESIDE THE CAMP-FIRE.

The Ninth had met with its share of adventures during the stay at Fredericksburg, and a few brief sketches are here inserted in remembrance of bygone days.

The Chaplain's Horse.—Up to this time Chaplain Gushee had been obliged to ride anything but a desirable beast, but the boys could n't quite stand that, and a beautiful cream-colored horse was provided for his use. The animal was a great favorite with the chaplain, who retained him as long as he himself remained in the army.

A Midnight March.—One cold, stormy night Company I was ordered on picket duty. The rest of the regiment chuckled at their good fortune in being under cover, but the laugh was on the other side before morning. The Second brigade was deep in its beauty sleep when the order to “Turn out under arms!” rang through the camp, and hastily donning their equipments, the men were soon in line. Through mud and snow for two long, weary miles they tramped, the order was given to return, and they finally turned in again, wet, cold, and thoroughly disgusted, heartily echoing the regimental poet’s inspiration,—

“The toughest march that ever was made
Since the days of old King Pharaoh,
Was the march that was made by the Second brigade,
By order of General Ferrero!”

Fighting in His Sleep.—Another night, when the camp lay wrapped in slumber, a gun was discharged right in their midst. Of course everybody turned out in a hurry, expecting nothing less than a midnight attack,—only to find that Sergeant Fletcher, of Company I, had been tackling the enemy single-handed in his sleep, and had accidentally discharged his gun, the ball passing through his foot.

Fifty per Cent.—After the regiment was paid off it was discovered that some of the men were not indisposed to turn an honest penny. Two of them invested their joint stock in apples, and after indulging themselves proceeded to peddle out the rest at an advance of fifty per cent. over the original cost before the boys caught on.

Sugar in Theirs. Just before going into camp at Fredericksburg, Sergeant Wilcox detailed Foster, Wheeler, and Kemp, of Company I, as a guard over the brigade

commissary stores. The rest of the regiment had gone along, the boys were left to themselves, and the old adage that "When the cat's away the mice will play," was exemplified. "Jake" Green was the officer of the guard, and after listening in silence to their comments on their rations for some time, sympathetic Jake finally burst out,—“The orders is for you boys to steal nottings and let nobody else steal nottings; but mein Gott, boys, if you drinks your coffee mitout sugar to-morrow, you be d——d fools!” They had sugar in theirs for several mornings.

A leaf from a soldier's note-book furnished this :

“We crossed the Rappahannock river into the city, Friday, December 12. Here I saw, at the corner of a brick house, an old rebel soldier with the top of his head shot off, leaving a part of the ears and nose. It was cut as smooth and as straight as if done with a knife.

“For the first time since leaving home I had the pleasure of sleeping on a feather-bed, one that we boys borrowed from a deserted house. We also confiscated a barrel of flour to our use, which we speedily converted into griddle-cakes, cooking them over a fire which we built in the middle of the street. About a half dozen of us were having a good time, frying and eating, when a shell burst overhead, and a good-sized piece dropped down in the midst of our frying-pans, scattering them—as well as the boys—in a hurry.

“That afternoon we had other cakes to fry, I can tell you; and I shall never forgot the charge over that field and through the deep cut where the rebels mowed us down like grass, and where I was wounded in the face by a piece of shell.”

And now a bit of hospital experience from a lad who was only sixteen years old at the time of his enlistment, and who afterwards received two wounds at Spottsylvania :

“After the fight Wheeler, Phillips, and myself were detailed to go over with the party who were to bury the dead. The trenches were dug six feet wide and three feet deep, and in one trench in particular I remember of helping put in two hundred and seventy-five men, all of them entirely nude, for the rebels were short of clothing at that time.

“We were there burying the dead two days and one night. The night we returned to camp, Wheeler, Phillips, and myself were taken sick with typhoid fever, and in a few days were loaded into a freight car and shipped to Aquia Creek with the sick and wounded. On arriving there, we were put into a tent that would hold twelve small cots. We had one man to attend to us, and he had to walk around with rubber boots on, half way to his knees in mud. In a little while Phillips, who laid opposite to me, on the other side of the tent, died in the forenoon; and that afternoon Wheeler, who had a cot close beside mine, also died.

“Not long after the order came to remove all the sick and wounded of the Ninth Army corps to Washington. I was placed on a stretcher, carried to the boat, and laid on deck. Before we got to Washington some unprincipled wretch relieved me of my watch and chain and everything else I had in my pockets. On arriving at Washington, I was put in an ambulance with another comrade, and he died before we reached the hospital. You may be sure I was glad enough when I got back among well folks.”

A day or two after the battle a man of Company E went to the hospital to visit Barber. He found eleven men, nine of whom had amputated limbs, and some who were wounded in two or three places, in a wall tent and tended by a single nurse, who was tired out. Barber asked his comrade to stay all night with the boys. He obtained leave, and was soon installed as nurse for the night. It was a new and trying experience, and he was kept busy bathing wounds, administering cordials, and waiting in various ways upon the men. It was a cold, frosty night, and with one exception the men lay upon the ground, with a little straw under them but no covering over them. One of the men had a half blanket merely. About seven o'clock the surgeon in charge came around, looked at the wounds, gave orders for the night, counted the men, and said,—“Nurse, in an hour come to my quarters and get ten blankets for these men.” As the nurse started after them, the man with a half blanket said,—“You get one for me if you can.” “I'll see what I can do,” he replied. At the surgeon's tent, the surgeon asked, “How many blankets were you to have, my man?” “There are eleven men in my tent, sir,” he replied. “Steward, count out this man eleven blankets,” the doctor said. So one for every man was carried back, and that nurse's reputation *for efficiency* was well established.

Another comrade contributes this incident :

“While we were crossing the plain back of Fredericksburg, before we reached the railroad,—which I could see plainly, being slightly in the rear as stretcher-bearer,—there was one man who was putting in the steps for all he was worth. He was a lieutenant, coming, I think, from Newport, and was the smallest man in the regi-

ment. We were going it on the double-quick, and the best he could do, he could not quite keep up. All at once a shot from a cannon came skipping along the ground, so near him that the wind of it sent him head over heels for several feet (it seemed to me to be rods), before he finally came to a stop. I thought sure he must be hurt, but he jumped up, and having gained on the regiment by the help of the ball, turned round to his command and shouted sharply, 'Close up there!' Oh, he was a cool one, if he was little."

From the diary of the lamented Captain Alexander comes this graphic picture of a night on the picket:

“ALONG THE RAPPAHANNOCK.”

We had just got our tent fixed so we could sleep comfortably to-night—having carried boards on my back nearly a half mile—when the adjutant came to the tent and gave me the unwelcome intelligence that my company and Company I were detailed to go on picket along the Rappahannock, both companies being under my command. So we packed our tents, rolled up our blankets, and trudged along through the mud, almost to our knees, to the river-bank.

We were to picket the river above the bridge. Before we got our pickets stationed, darkness was upon us. The rebel pickets could be plainly seen, sitting beside their fires, within musket range. . . . Tired, hungry, and wet to the skin,—after having travelled over the whole distance twice to station the pickets and give them instructions,—I seated myself on the wet ground, beside a few embers left by the pickets we relieved, to pass the weary night. . . .

Thank God, morning has once more dawned upon us, though still raining and the wind blowing. I hail the break of day with delight, for such a long, cold, rainy, wearisome night I never experienced. . . . Once during the night I walked the length of the pickets to see that all was right, but at no time did sleep visit my eyelids. . . . We were not relieved till after dark. The regiment had moved during the day some two miles back from the river, so for almost three miles, through mud and water, we trudged along, and tired and hungry arrived in camp about 9 p. m.

CARRYING THE COLORS.

Sergeant Dinsmore was the original bearer of the National colors, but at Fredericksburg, while the regiment was moving forward to attack the enemy's lines, a piece of shell struck Dinsmore in the left breast, and he fell, mortally wounded, carrying the colors with him to the ground. Without a moment's delay Capt. C. D. Copp, then second lieutenant of the color company, sprang quickly to the front, drew the colors from under his fallen comrade, and calling out, "Forward, boys, forward!" led the regiment through that terrible storm of shot, shell, and leaden hail, carrying them as far forward as the regiment went on that field. For this act Captain Copp was awarded the "Medal of Honor" which by an act of congress is given to all soldiers who distinguish themselves by any deed of special bravery.

The next morning, at roll-call, Captain Stone called for some sergeant to volunteer to carry the colors. The regiment had been so much reduced that only one or two sergeants were left in the color company, and as no one

seemed anxious for the dangerous position, Captain Stone again called out, "Is there any private who will volunteer to take the colors?" James B. Prendable was a brave fellow, though a little slow of speech, but he finally managed to stammer out, "I-I-I'll t-take them, Ca-Captain, and ca-ca-carry them t-till I fall!" He was promoted to be color sergeant, and carried the colors until he, too, was wounded on the field at Spottsylvania.



COLOR-BEARER JAMES PRENDABLE, Co. F.



GEORGE W. MORTON, Co. F.



CHARLES W. UNDERHILL, Co. F.



ROSCOE B. KIDDER, Co. F.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALMOUTH, NEWPORT NEWS, AND KENTUCKY.

January 26, 1863, General Burnside transferred the command of the Army of the Potomac to Major-General Joseph Hooker. No general movement of the army had been made since the abortive attempt to dislodge the Confederate forces at Fredericksburg. During the last days of December a cavalry raid under General Averill around the enemy's left had been auspiciously begun, and was to have been supplemented by a general movement along his front and right flank, but positive orders from Washington prevented the successful accomplishment of the commanding general's plans.

On the 20th of January a movement across the Rappahannock at Banks's ford was inaugurated, but was foiled by a furious rain-storm, which rendered the roads absolutely impassable. Even the march back to Falmouth was made with extreme difficulty. Burnside, whose plans had now been thwarted for the third time, tendered his resignation as major-general of volunteers; but the president refused to accept it, preferring to relieve him of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and to retain his services for use in other fields.

The order relieving Burnside arrived on the 25th, he turned the command over to Hooker on the 26th, and immediately proceeded to Providence. After a few weeks rest he was appointed to the command of the

Department of the Ohio, with head-quarters at Cincinnati. This department comprised the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and eastern Kentucky. General Burnside reached Cincinnati March 23, and assumed command on the 25th. The Confederate general Pegram was devastating central Kentucky almost without opposition, and the need of re-enforcements to the unattached Federal regiments in Burnside's department was manifest. On his request the two divisions of the Ninth corps commanded by Generals Willcox and Sturgis were transferred to the Department of the Ohio, from Newport News, whither they had been sent from Falmouth on February 10.

General Sturgis was relieved of his command on the departure of the division from Newport News, and Gen. Robert B. Potter, formerly colonel of the Fifty-first New York, was assigned to the position. On March 13, 1863, Colonel Potter was promoted to be brigadier-general. Getty's division (formerly Rodman's) was detached from its corps at Newport News and ordered to Suffolk, where the enemy was threatening the Federal works. This division as a complete command never afterwards rejoined the Ninth corps, but the detached regiments never forgot their former comrades, and though transferred to other commands their tents still bore the initials "9th A. C.," by which they were proud to be known.

General Burnside's affection for the officers and men who were attached to the Ninth corps never lessened. In his general order taking leave of the Army of the Potomac he said,—“The commanding general, in taking an affectionate leave of the entire army, from which he separates with much regret, may be pardoned if he

bids an especial farewell to his long-tried associates of the Ninth corps. His prayers are that God may be with you, and grant you continual success until the Rebellion be crushed."

The corps in Kentucky was once more under its beloved Burnside, but since his advancement from its special direction to more extended duties many changes in corps commanders had occurred. Following General Burnside came Maj. Gen. Jesse L. Reno, who was killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862. General Reno was succeeded by Gen. Jacob D. Cox, who did such good service at Antietam; but on October 7, 1862, General Cox, with his famous Kanawha division, was ordered to West Virginia. Brig. Gen. Orlando B. Willcox was then assigned to the command of the corps, Brig. Gen. W. W. Burns taking charge of General Willcox's division, and Brig. Gen. G. W. Getty that of the gallant Rodman, who fell at Antietam.

General Willcox retained the command through the Battle of Fredericksburg, where his services were manifold and highly meritorious, and until just before General Burnside left the Army of the Potomac, when Maj. Gen. John Sedgwick succeeded General Willcox, and the latter returned to his division. February 5, 1863, General Sedgwick was transferred to the Sixth corps, and Maj. Gen. William F. Smith was assigned to the Ninth. In March, 1863, Smith was succeeded by Maj. Gen. John G. Parke, an old companion-in-arms, who had been General Burnside's chief of staff when the latter commanded the corps and also when he directed the Army of the Potomac.

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During the winter at Falmouth, until the corps

removed to Newport News, the Ninth regiment had suffered severely from sickness. Not expecting to remain for a long time on the ground where they encamped before and after the Battle of Fredericksburg, many of the men did not build comfortable quarters; and in a few weeks the forests had been so completely cleared away, for miles in that vicinity, that it was almost impossible to obtain firewood, to say nothing of material for building quarters. Men and officers were alike unaccustomed to the shifting weather of a Virginia winter, and knew nothing of preparing "winter quarters." Fevers prevailed to an alarming extent, and the regiment was also visited by measles, and during the winter many were borne to their last resting-place beneath Virginia soil.

The new year opened with fine, clear weather, much like the latter part of October in a more northern clime; but as many of the boys were almost barefoot, and without gloves or mittens, drilling was pretty cold work in the frost of the early morning. At the regular drill on New Year's morning, Company I had a pleasant surprise in store for their former captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt, they having clubbed together and sent to Washington for a handsome field sword and belt costing thirty-five dollars. Sergt. S. H. Perry made the presentation speech. The colonel was taken by surprise that time, and after heartily thanking the boys for their beautiful and appropriate gift, he was heard to wonder how they managed to get it into camp without his knowing about it. Perhaps if Adjutant Chandler had been questioned in regard to the matter the colonel would have found out how it was done.

Outside the ordinary routine of duty the camp was very quiet, the men spending most of their time in the shelter

of their thin cotton tents; while the few who had been fortunate enough to have secured log huts for themselves, could indulge in the luxury of a fire in a mud fire-place with a barrel for a chimney, provided they were willing to cut the wood and then "back" it for a mile or more to camp. It is not strange that the majority of the soldiers were suffering from colds and sore throats, and that the hospital steward was overrun with applications for "syrup of squills."

Quartermaster Moses was absent from camp that New Year's day on a very pleasant duty, for word had come from Washington that a number of boxes for the Ninth New Hampshire boys had been forwarded from that point to Aquia Creek. When the quartermaster arrived with his precious treasures the following day, you would have thought a Fourth of July celebration was going on in camp, so great was the uproar of rejoicing. Only those who have suffered from cold and hunger can understand what warm clothing and some of "mother's cooking" meant to the boys at that time.

The night of January 3 was spent by the regiment on picket, and they had but just got back to camp the next morning when they were ordered out again for inspection. "Not very many left to inspect!" was the comment, and what with the wounded and the sick, the ranks were indeed thin. A day or two later they were out again, this time participating in a grand review of the corps by General Burnside, though a sudden shower rather spoiled the effect and sent the men to their quarters on the "double-quick."

Rainy weather was dreaded by the soldiers perhaps the worst of all, for it was impossible to keep dry in their tents, and a long or severe storm would make the

“ floor ” of the tightest hut a regular mud-puddle. One day would be as warm and mild as in the early spring, and the men would be out on drill for two or three hours at a time, without a thought of being cold; and perhaps the very next day would come a driving storm, and they would crouch, shivering, in their tents till the sun shone again. So it was that one after another fell victims to the prevalent maladies, and were borne to the hospital.

About once in four days the regiment did picket duty, and drills were varied by a detail to cut wood, which now had to be hauled by teams two or three miles. There was enough to eat—such as it was—but the condition of the men, as a whole, was truly deplorable. It didn't help matters any, either, to read in the papers that the soldiers were supplied with everything to make them comfortable. Only the men themselves knew what they suffered. The news correspondents and commissioners, who occasionally visited the camp, seldom extended their investigations beyond head-quarters. Had they endured what these soldier-boys of ours had—march till ten o'clock at night, then pitch tents that were frozen stiff, eat a supper of hard-tack and raw pork, and turn in with the ground covered with snow and the mercury below the freezing-point; bivouac in the open streets under the enemy's guns, and march across an open plain in the face of almost certain death; or, least endurable of all, live, or rather exist, for weeks in a literal mud-hole, such as a Northerner would go around rather than through, even if provided with rubber boots—had they done all these things, suffered all these things, then indeed could they have furnished their papers with “startling intelligence.”

January 16 orders were received to have the men ready to move on the following day, with three days rations. Any change from their present quarters was welcome, and preparations were made with alacrity. But it proved to be a false alarm, and again the monotonous regime held sway. At this time nearly all the provisions were issued raw, the men making their own coffee and doing their cooking, except the weekly dish of beans and rice, and many were the devices adopted to enlarge upon their somewhat limited bill of fare.

Occasionally a little flour was to be had, and this was made into a kind of pudding, and one of the boys essayed some biscuits even. While in Fredericksburg he had secured a large package of what he took to be saleratus, and his plan was to use some vinegar with this to produce the coveted leavening power; but the saleratus, instead of dissolving when mixed with the vinegar, speedily hardened into a small cake, for it happened to be plaster of paris. So that scheme came to naught; but our hero was not a whit discouraged, and with lye, manufactured from the ashes in the fire-place, he tried his luck again; and this time succeeded in getting some veritable biscuits, light and sweet, though it must be confessed they were just a trifle tough.

Another favorite dish was slices of fat pork fried out, and the gravy thickened with a little flour or meal, while a bit of apple-sauce was a wonderful lubricator in getting down the flinty hard-tack. Hoe-cakes baked in the ashes were not beyond the veriest tyro, and the men vied with each other as to who could serve up the greatest variety. Certainly they were none the worse for these diversions, and were far happier than if the time had been spent in brooding over their misfortunes.

Active operations commenced again on the 20th. Hooker's and Franklin's divisions were to have the advance, and accordingly broke camp that day, while the rest of the army was ordered to be ready to move on the following morning. That night, however, a violent rain-storm set in, continuing all that day and the next, and rendering the roads wholly impassable. It was bad enough for those who were left in camp, for every tent was flooded, and it was impossible to use the teams for getting wood; but the sufferings of those who were exposed to the fury of the elements without any shelter whatever, were simply beyond description.

The rain ceased towards night on the 23d, and through oceans of mud Hooker's and Franklin's commands wearily waded their way back to the old camping-ground, though it was only by the combined strength of horses and men that the batteries of artillery were restored to their former quarters. It was plain that no further move could be attempted at present, the number of sick ones increased daily, and a sort of dull despair settled down upon the camp.

There were still a large number of cases of the measles, and Sergt. C. W. Wilcox had the genuine "black" measles. As soon as a man was over the worst of the disease he was sent back to his tent, to make room for some other unfortunate, and there were several deaths resulting from the increased exposure, which told heavily upon the already weakened constitutions. It was all that could be done, though it did seem cruel; but when one thinks of caring for eight thousand patients, which was the largest number that could be accommodated in the field and general hospital, besides the many that were sick in the tents, some idea of the amount of

suffering there was among the soldiers at this time can be obtained.

Colonel Titus, who had been absent on sick leave since he was so severely wounded at the Battle of Antietam, returned to duty January 31, and received a hearty welcome. Four months only had intervened, but the regiment which had numbered close to a thousand men on that pleasant September afternoon now had less than four hundred men in the ranks.

The first week in February it stormed every day, and still one cheery soul wrote home from his quarters in the hospital,—“I have sat up a good deal to-day, and what do you think is the reason of it? Thank God, my box came this afternoon, safe and sound, or nearly so. The boys brought it in to me, and helped open it, together with Lieutenant Green's. They all thought it the nicest box of stuff they had seen. The dried apples and butter made their eyes hang right out.”

Another letter reads,—“I am in great need of my coat, as my old one has given out round the armpits and the button-holes are nearly torn out. When I came out here I did n't have a single ragged thing, but now I am all rags. The boots we get here are miserable affairs, and I want N—— to get me up a good pair. Send them by mail and mark them ‘Soldier's Comforts,’ and they will come for a cent an ounce.”

On the 6th orders were issued for the sending to Washington of the sick, and for the command to be ready to move at a moment's notice, though the Ninth went on picket duty that morning and was not relieved till three o'clock the next afternoon. When Captain Stone ordered out Company F only twenty-three men responded to the call. It was their last picket tour on the Rappahannock,

for when they got back to camp they found that the sick were on their way to Washington, and that they themselves were to leave on the morrow.

On the morning of February 9 the camp on the Rappahannock was astir at an early hour, and it was with light hearts that the men made ready for their departure from this "Slough of Despond" which had claimed so many hapless victims—"martyrs in their country's cause." On arriving at the station there was considerable delay before the cars were boarded and the journey to Aquia Creek was begun. It was nearly dark when the long train finally came to a standstill, but by eight o'clock the Ninth New Hampshire was on board the transport *Columbia*, and the weary travellers, snugly wrapped in their blankets, were ready for the "sweet restorer" to commence his wonted labors.

The morning dawned, bright, warm, and clear, and about ten o'clock the *Columbia* weighed anchor, and in company with the *Metamora* and *Juniata* steamed down the stream. These transports had on board the troops of the brigade, and were followed by several schooners which were conveying the trains and heavy baggage. Many of the men remained on deck the greater portion of the day, watching the numerous craft on the broad bosom of the Potomac, or trying to get interested in the rather monotonous scenery along the banks of that noble stream.

Perhaps the most novel scene of the day was that afforded by three tugs, puffing and snorting along against the current, towing no less than forty barges laden with hay. These were fastened together four abreast, and formed an imposing load for the three little sea ponies to which they were attached. During the

middle of the day the sun shone out so warmly as to be quite oppressive, and this to Northern-bred men seemed not a little remarkable, remembering, as they did, that up in the old Granite state the snow would be lying white and thick on hill-top and valley.

NEWPORT NEWS TO CINCINNATI.

The morning sunlight was gilding the scene when the Ninth New Hampshire boys roused themselves sufficiently to look about them. The boat was anchored in Hampton Roads, and on all sides were vessels of every description, their white sails gleaming in the bright sunlight and their colors dipping in the fresh breeze. Close at hand rose the grim-looking walls of Fortress Monroe, its black-mouthed cannon, with those of the Rip-Raps just across the channel, threatening with mute defiance the foe who should dare to venture within their reach.

It was not long before orders were received to proceed at once to Newport News, and it was nearly noon when the boat dropped anchor near the landing. The Ninth came ashore during the afternoon, and went into camp on a dry, sandy plain about a half mile from the landing, with an abundance of wood and water close at hand.

What an immense relief was the change to their present situation from the mud and filth of Falmouth! The men set about the arrangements for their new homes with light hearts and willing hands, their quarters soon boasting of bunks, fire-places, and in fact all the modern conveniences their Yankee ingenuity could devise. The weather was delightful, and plenty of soft bread and other good things to which they had long been strangers were provided in abundance. Oysters of the very

best quality could be bought for a dollar a bushel in the shell, and were an appetizing addition to the bill of fare. So, with the help of an occasional box of "goodies" from home friends, the men contrived to exist very comfortably, and life took on a somewhat brighter hue.

As soon as they had become fairly well settled in their new quarters, Colonel Titus instituted daily drills again; but as he was an excellent disciplinarian, and withal popular with the men, they did not regard their duties as especially irksome, and were very proud of their efficiency, when, in the latter part of February, the Ninth corps was reviewed by Generals Dix and Smith. What was to become of them when the spring campaign opened, was a question that troubled them very little at this time. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that Hooker would proceed to attack Lee as soon as the roads became passable for the artillery, and it was thought that the Ninth corps would be sent farther south. But "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," had long been the motto of the Ninth New Hampshire, and they proposed to enjoy their present advantages to the utmost while they lasted.

So the days slipped by, in unvaried, though pleasant, monotony, and on March 25 the long expected orders arrived. The six-weeks rest under favorable conditions had greatly improved the general health of the men, and they were in far better shape for an active campaign than when they left Falmouth. It was not without regret that they left their pleasant camp on the James, yet once on board the steamer *Croton*, that was to carry them up the Chesapeake to Baltimore, three hearty cheers rent the air as the steamer cast her moorings and the Ninth New Hampshire was once more en route.

Baltimore was reached on the afternoon of the 26th, and having marched across the city, the regiment boarded the cars. It was nearly dark when the train started on its way to Harrisburg, and when York was reached, towards eleven o'clock, a stop of about an hour was made, while rations and hot coffee were issued to the men, who had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours. The pie and apple girls were out in full force, and the boys invested their spare change in a liberal supply of these delectables. When daylight dawned, the train was passing up the valley of the Susquehanna, and soon after came to a stop in the pleasant city of Harrisburg. Here the train was switched onto the Pennsylvania Central road, and pushed steadily on for Pittsburg, two hundred and fifty miles away. At Altoona and Patterson short stops were made, and hot coffee was served to the men through the kindly forethought of General Burnside, who had preceded them on the journey.

The train steamed into the "Iron city" a little before midnight on the 27th, and the men were glad to "unkink the knots" by a short march to the city hall, where the kind-hearted women had prepared a bountiful repast for the hungry and wearied soldiers. Having done ample justice to the good things, and given three rousing cheers for the fair donors, the return march to the station was made, where, stowing themselves away in convenient corners, the men devoted the remaining hours of the night to such sleep as it was possible to obtain.

At an early hour the journey was resumed, this time over the Ohio Central. The day passed uneventfully, and the men were too tired and sleepy to pay much attention to their surroundings. Only one stop was made before reaching Columbus, where they arrived late in

the night. Soon after daylight they were again on the way, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, March 29, the train came to a standstill in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Only a few minutes were required to clear the cars of their living freight, and the men needed no urging to fall into a "double-quick" for the short march to the Fifth-street market, where a good dinner was waiting for them. Arms were quickly stacked in the street, and the men fell to with alacrity after their long fast. This pleasant duty being satisfactorily accomplished and their hosts roundly cheered, they started for the ferry, pausing as they passed General Burnside's head-quarters to give him three cheers and a "tiger." The river was crossed, a train boarded, and about dark the regiment was on its way to Lexington, Ky., one hundred miles to the south.

THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

Before the arrival of the troops from the East, the Confederate forces under General Pegram had been driven across the Cumberland river by the Union men under Generals Gillmore and Boyle, and with the arrival of the two divisions of the Ninth corps there came to the much-harassed people of Kentucky an assurance of security from further depredations by their neighbors on the south. Yet the Northern troops were not received at first in the most cordial way, for the Kentuckians were not much acquainted with Yankees and were prejudiced against them, nor did they care to welcome Abolitionists to their homes. But the Union troops had

been sent there to foster patriotism, they were determined that the Kentuckians should be less inclined to rebellion because the Yankees were in their midst; and it did not take the inhabitants a very long time to discover that their preconceived notions of Northern character were at fault.

The Ninth New Hampshire had been the first regiment of the Ninth corps to enter upon Kentucky soil, and one of the men liked the climate—or the whiskey—so well that he was determined not to board the cars at Covington with the rest. In vain the sergeant besought him to go peaceably, and finally Captain Stone lost his patience. Seizing the mutinous soldier by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers, he pitched him bodily into the car.

The forward car was occupied by Benjamin's battery, and they had managed to smuggle on board a considerable cargo of Kentucky's choicest production, wherewith they proposed to regale themselves during the journey. The New Hampshire boys were n't long in scenting out the racket, and at every opportunity the canteens were replenished at "the Spring."

It was late in the afternoon of Monday, the 30th of March, when the regiment arrived at Lexington. They marched through the city and encamped on the fair-grounds just beyond. The next day the men set about building shanties from the liberal supply of boards afforded by the furnishings of the grounds, and having contrived to secured straw for beds, thought themselves very fortunate.

Head-quarters were established in a beautiful house which had been the home of an officer in the Confederate service, and Colonel Titus and Adjutant Chandler

received their visitors and did business in an elegant parlor decked out with long mirrors, marble-topped tables, and the like. The regular camp routine was at once entered upon, the first inspection and dress parade at Camp Ella Bishop being held on April 1.

The removal from the sterile, worn-out, inhospitable tobacco lands of Virginia to the fertile, health-giving, corn- and wheat-fields in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, was like a translation to another sphere. The sunken eyes grew bright, the sallow cheeks took on the glow of returning health, and the weakened and debilitated systems received new life and vigor. The men greatly enjoyed their new quarters, but it seemed to be their fate that the more comfortable the place the shorter was the stay. Just at dusk on the 7th of April an order was received moving the camp to Winchester, a small town about twenty miles distant.

By seven o'clock on the following morning the tents were struck, and the regiment was once more on the move. The march was a wearisome one, over the hard pikes with their attendant clouds of dust, but when Winchester was reached the regiment was given a pleasant camping-ground in an old pasture on top of a hill about two miles out from the town. The hill was well wooded with large oak and walnut trees, and the boys had gay times running gray squirrels. As many as fifty or a hundred soldiers would be after one poor squirrel, and the one who succeeded in catching the plucky and agile game, who had no chance to climb a tree and could only dodge around the feet of its pursuers, was the hero of the chase, and usually lost no time in converting his prize into a savory soup.

The regiment was paid off on the 12th, and the boys found plenty of chances to invest their spare change. Provisions were plenty and cheap, but the natives had little idea of the worth of one article in comparison with another, as a Yankee would reckon it, and contented themselves with asking for each as high a figure as they thought the customer would give, though with utter disregard of the relative value. A colored man came into camp one day with two baskets,—one of baked chickens and the other of hoe-cakes. “How much do you ask for your chickens, Uncle?” called out a soldier. “Jess a quartah, Massa,” was the answer, and at that figure the contents of the first basket were quickly disposed of. The old darkey, elated at his success, then produced his hoe-cakes, and was greatly surprised that they found no purchasers at fifty cents apiece.

Occasionally the boys would save up their coffee and barter it for provisions. One day when a woman came into camp to trade, the only coffee on hand was already burned for grinding, and she refused to take it except at a discount. In vain the cook tried to convince her that as she bought by weight it was all in her favor—“he could n’t stuff that down her craw, for she knowed burnt coffee was the lightest.”

On the 16th orders came for the regiment to be ready to march at six o’clock that evening to Boonsboro, about ten miles to the south, in anticipation of a Confederate raid at that point. It was an all-night march, and when Boonsboro was reached, then the command was ordered to push on to Richmond, which lay about twenty miles to the west from Lexington. Crossing the Kentucky river at Boonsboro was a matter of time, for the only means available were several old mud-scows, which called for

considerable skill in paddling to prevent swamping the ticklish craft. The rest of the journey was through rather a pleasant part of the country, and Richmond was reached about noon of the 18th.

Nearly three weeks were spent in this pleasant camp, and the usual routine obtained. Fast day fell on the 30th of April, and the troops were mustered to attend divine service at head-quarters, but were excused from other duties. Orders were received that afternoon to be ready to march at daybreak next morning, with three days rations in haversacks and two of cooked rations on the teams. The camp presented a lively appearance during the evening, for the soldiers were making ready for the morrow, ambulances were conveying away the sick, and supply trains were bringing in rations. The cooks worked nearly all night boiling meat, and before dawn the camp was alive with preparation. Knapsacks were hastily packed, an unusually early breakfast was eaten, and then the word was given to "do no more packing until further orders."

The march did not begin till Sunday, May 3, when a start was made at seven o'clock in the morning and sixteen miles covered, through a drenching rain, before a halt was called late in the afternoon and the tents were pitched at Paint Lick. When the regiment assembled for dress parade the next day, three important orders were promulgated,—one from President Lincoln in regard to a lieutenant who was discharged on account of expressing sympathy with the Confederates, one from Colonel Titus regarding stragglers, and another forbidding gambling.

Near the camp at Paint Lick was a small church, which General Nagle used for brigade head-quarters, and on May 6 the grass-plot in front of this church



SIMEON A. MASON, Co. I.



CHARLES LANG, Co. I.



ALVIN A. BUNDY, Co. I.



EDGAR F. WILEY, Co. I.

was the scene of a jolly gathering. Several Kentucky ladies called on the general, and were royally entertained by the brigade commander and his staff. The bands played national airs, and an orchestra of one lone violin summoned the merry-makers to the grass-plot for a hop. The dancing party was interfered with, however, by a brisk shower, which drove them into the church for shelter. The rain-drops were falling thick and fast, and showed no signs of lessening, so the ambulances were ordered out, the ladies bestowed therein, and, escorted by the whole staff, the visiting belles were safely returned to their homes, while the band boys and the orchestra made haste to devour "what grub there was left."

May 10 another Sunday march was made to Lancaster, some eleven miles away, the regiment arriving in the early afternoon and pitching their camp in a large, grassy field. The First brigade was here joined by the Second, just in time to share in the jollification over the news that General Dix's forces were occupying Richmond, Va., and that communication with Fredericksburg had been cut off. The next day there was a genuine sensation in camp, a case of small-pox having developed among some convalescent soldiers who had joined the regiment just before going into camp at Lexington.

The man was immediately put in a tent in the woods, with good nurses who had had the disease, and the company to which he belonged was put into camp by itself, a quarter of a mile distant, under a strong guard. The whole regiment was vaccinated, and every precaution taken to ward off the disease. The poor fellow who first had it died in four days, but there were no further indications of an outbreak. The vaccine matter worked so well, and affected the general health of the men so

much, that when the brigade moved on the 23d the regiment was in no condition to undergo the fatigue of the march, and so they were left behind, with orders to follow in five days.

The march to Crab Orchard was made on the 28th, but on arriving there it was found that the division had again been broken up, the Second brigade having moved on to Stamford, and this was the beginning of the gradual disintegration which in the course of time wholly separated the Ninth New Hampshire from the corps. Colonel Griffin of the Sixth New Hampshire was now in command of the First brigade, General Nagle having resigned the command on account of ill health.

For two or three days part of the regiment was detailed for picket duty on the main pike between Crab Orchard and Stamford. One day a sheriff appeared in the camp, and attempted to arrest a young contraband who was acting as waiter for Lieutenant Copp. The little fellow set up the most piteous cries for help, and the whole camp turned out to the rescue. The sheriff was a six-foot Kentuckian, and with the help of his half-grown son was attempting to get the boy off without making any disturbance. They had come upon him unawares, and having secured by strategy the revolver with which the boys had furnished him, evidently thought they had made sure of their prey.

The darkey, on the other hand, was determined not to give up without a battle, and was biting, kicking, and screaming to the full extent of his ability. "O dear! Don't! Charlie, Charlie, I say, don't let me go!" By this time the men were swarming out like bees from an overturned hive, and the Kentuckian saw that his little game was up. Without much opposition he relin-

quished his hold upon the boy and gave up the pistol. Taking this, "Sambo" was very speedily missing, and probably all the sheriffs in the state could n't have found him again that day. Seeing that he was not going to be torn in pieces immediately, the slave-hunter's courage revived, and he attempted to fall back upon his dignity. "Hold on, boys! I am high sheriff of Lincoln county. I can show you my authority!" he exclaimed, putting one hand in his pocket for the warrant.

The fact that he was high sheriff of Lincoln county did n't seem to frighten the crowd materially. "Show it, and be d——d!" "Go to h—l with it!" were some of the replies with which his announcement was greeted. Just then, somebody sung out "A rail!" and "A rail!" "A rail!" was the response from a hundred voices. His honor, the high sheriff of Lincoln county, did n't seem to particularly fancy this idea of a rail, and looking very pale and sheepish began to edge off as fast as possible, his son shedding floods of tears over the prospect of seeing his paternal relative treated to a ride on a fence-pole.

At this point the officer of the day appeared, and having quieted the boys a little, escorted the high sheriff of Lincoln county to the colonel's tent. The only comfort which awaited him there was the information that he had no business in camp without the permission of the commanding officer, and that had he obtained this, he must then run his own risk of finding and securing his runaway property, though he would have been protected from personal violence. This course of action the colonel, according to the strict letter of the law, would be obliged to take, but he knew very well, that with the warning given that a sheriff was in the camp,

there was small danger of a contraband ever being discovered.

This was by no means the only experience that the boys had with the slave-hunters. Adjutant Chandler had a black boy about eighteen years old for a servant, whose master sought repeatedly to find him in the camp, but the adjutant kept a close watch and finally got the boy safely away.

Another time, when Colonel Babbitt was brigade officer of the day, Lieutenant Perry brought in a colored man who was not much darker than his white-blooded brethren were at that time. He had run away from his master, and wanted to go with the regiment. The colonel asked him several questions, and then Lieutenant Perry took up the ball. "Did n't your master always use you well?" "Yes, most always." "Did n't he give you plenty to eat?" "Always." "You always had good clothes?" "Massa always gave us good clothes, plenty to eat and drink, and all that. Massa always treats us well." "Why," said Perry, "if that's the case, what in the devil did you want to run away for?" "Well, Massa," said the slave, "if you think that's all a man wants in this world, plenty to eat and drink and good clothes, there's a vacancy down where I came from." Perry was so mad he wanted to give the negro a good thrashing, but Colonel Babbitt told him he thought the negro had answered him well.

It had been intended to use the troops from Newport News in a movement which Generals Burnside and Rosecrans were organizing against the Confederates in East Tennessee, and on June 2 General Burnside left Cincinnati for Lexington, to take personal command of his forces in the field; but on his arrival there he found

an order awaiting him to send 8,000 men at once to Vicksburg to re-enforce General Grant, which obliged him to change his plans. Instead of the trip to East Tennessee the troops were ordered to be ready to march the next morning with eight days rations. Reveille was sounded at two o'clock that morning, and by four o'clock the men were on the march. Camp Dick Robinson was reached just at dark, and the next morning the march to Nicholasville was resumed. That place was reached by noon, and quite late that afternoon the cars were taken for Covington.

No hint of their destination had as yet reached the rank and file, and many were the speculations indulged in as to the cause of the sudden change in the general's plans. At daybreak on June 6 the Ohio river was crossed, and cars on the Ohio & Mississippi railroad were taken at Cincinnati. It became evident then that Vicksburg, eight hundred miles away, was the objective point. This was a change with a vengeance; but then, as Voltaire said about his ornamental trees when a friend remarked that they grew rapidly, "That is what they are here for."

At noon a short stop was made at Seymour, Ind., and Vincennes was reached at dark. An all-day ride in a freight car, packed in like sheep, roused a hearty appreciation of the good bread and coffee that was furnished them here by the citizens. The Wabash was crossed, they were in Illinois, and all night long, through the darkness and gloom of a heavy rain, the cars rattled on towards Cairo, which was reached on Sunday, June 7, at candle-light. The regiment was marched to a low plain just north of the city, through oceans of sticky mud that threatened at every step to deprive them of their

boots. Here they were ordered to make themselves "comfortable" during the night.

Such a feat would have been an impossibility to a civilian, but a soldier is bound to obey orders; ergo, when told to be comfortable, he straightway is comfortable. But in this particular instance, the men, though comfortable, were not quiet, and either because of their just complaints, or because some one feared they would be lost in the mud, they were again ordered to fall in, and were marched to the depot in the city, where the remainder of the night was passed in dry quarters. During the afternoon of June 8 the regiment boarded the transport *Armada*, and the following morning was steaming down the Mississippi.

Quartermaster Moses tells a story of a negro who came to him the night that was spent at Camp Dick Robinson, and who shared the fortunes of the regiment until they returned to Kentucky again, as follows:

THE STORY OF THE BOY ISAAC.

I was told that there was a colored boy who wanted to see me. He was about five feet ten in height, and had very good features, except that he had the flattest nose I ever saw. He said he was owned by a man named Bias, who was trying to turn all his property into cash, so that he could get out of the country. The boy said he was afraid his master was going to sell him to a man who had occasionally hired him. He seemed to be very much troubled, and said, "I can't suit that man nohow, and still he is going to buy me; and I don't want him to have me. I've heard good talk about you,

and I want to go with you." "Well," said I, "there has been a great uproar here several times about your unfortunate race, and I declare I don't know what to do with you."

The wagons were ranged along in a row, and I was walking back and forth by them, and he was following along. Pointing to a convenient hole in one of the wagons, I said, "Do you suppose a man of your size could crawl into a hole of that size?" I turned right away, and I did n't see that colored boy after that until we got to Nicholasville, and then he chanced to be in the first wagon that was unloaded. It so happened that one of the cars had been in a collision, and had one corner stove in. I saw in a minute that this would make a breathing-place for the fellow, and in a trice we had him in the car, and had a barricade of hard-tack boxes built up around him. This was the last of him until Covington was reached.

We were busy loading the stuff onto wagons, in order to get it across the ferry, when one of the men said, "Quartermaster, I'm afraid you'll lose your negro now, because we're getting out of Kentucky." "Jeff," said I, "you want to keep in mind that this is a Virginia negro." I then had Isaac take an old horse by the bridle, and told him to go on and keep twitching the bridle, and not mind what I said.

He obeyed implicitly, and as we went along to the ferry I kept saying, "O you black rascal, you Virginia darkey, if I ever get you across this river I'll pay you up!" There was a Kentucky lieutenant there at the ferry, and he called out, "What have you got there?" Said I, "He's a Virginia negro that I've been bringing up here, and he's no good, and when I get him down in Missis-

sippi I'll kill him. I've been feeding him for months, and have n't got one hour's good service out of him. O you black rascal, go along with you!" I kept that up, and fairly beguiled the Kentucky lieutenant until we had crossed the river.

He went down with me to Mississippi, and proved to be true and reliable. Zimmerman wanted him, and said he would give him a dollar a day. I told Isaac of the offer, and that I could n't afford to pay him that, but he said he did n't want to go, and clung to me. He stayed by us until we got to Cincinnati, on our way back to Kentucky in the latter part of August. When it came to crossing the river, he came to me and said, "I have got to bid you good-by." "Why, how is that?" said I. "You are going over there in Kentuck," said he, "where they hold my race slaves. I've got my freedom now, but over there I lose it, and I can't give it up!" I told him to stay around there, and I would come back as soon as I could; but we went farther down, and that was the last I ever knew of him.

A sad incident of the journey to Cairo was the bursting of a locomotive at Nicholasville, George K. Gage of Company K being killed outright, and N. B. Chamberlain of Company I seriously injured. The story of Chamberlain's experience is told by himself:

"We had started to go to Vicksburg, and some of us were detailed to guard the baggage at Nicholasville. I was in the freight car, with one or two others, after we had got the baggage loaded and were ready to go. The engine had been backed up to the car, and left there, and all at once it blew up. The engineer and fireman

had left the engine, and so they did n't get hurt at all. I don't remember anything after the explosion till I found somebody was trying to poke my eyes open. It was a doctor from the corps head-quarters—I do n't know what his name was,—and he was looking at my eyes, and poking them open to see if they were gone or not. The explosion blew off all my hair, and shut my eyes so that I did n't see anything for three weeks. I bear the marks of the scalding on my arms, breast, and legs now. I was in the Main-street hospital at Covington until the regiment came back from Vicksburg, and then I joined them, and we went down to Paris, Ky.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE MISSISSIPPI CAMPAIGN.

It was on a dismal, rainy day that the Ninth New Hampshire started on that fatal journey down the Mississippi on the steamer *Armada*. A few of the companies were quartered on the lower deck, along with the heavy freight, horses, engines, and coal; but even these surroundings were preferable to the hurricane deck, where the remaining companies faced the storm unsheltered. There was almost unbroken monotony in the scenery, as the steamer glided swiftly through the yellow water, the low banks being covered, except at rare intervals, with dense forests of cottonwood, and most of the men preferred to pass the time in sleep. During the day the regiment was paid off for the month of April. As it grew dark the boat was anchored near the shore, the channel being too narrow for safe navigation except by daylight.

The next day was clear and bright, and the boat arrived at Memphis a little after noon. As they were to await the arrival of the remainder of the Ninth corps at this point, the troops were allowed to go ashore. Ripe blackberries, new apples, and other good things were in the market, and the treat of fresh fruit was greatly enjoyed. By night nearly all the corps had arrived, and for a long distance the shore was crowded with boats and packets loaded with men, horses, and munitions of war.

At daybreak on the 12th of June quite a fleet set out

from Memphis. There were fifteen large river boats, escorted by three gunboats, and all these were heavily laden with troops and supplies for the army at Vicksburg. Below Memphis the river is very crooked, and it happened quite often that those in the rear boats could look across the land and see the foremost boats moving in an exactly opposite direction, though all were going down river. A stop of an hour or so was made at noon, at Helena, Ark., where contraband troops were busily at work throwing up fortifications. About five thousand Western soldiers were garrisoned here, under command of General Ross. The fleet anchored for the night near the mouth of the Arkansas river.

Just before the fleet reached Columbia the next forenoon, a party of bushwhackers sent a few stray shots among the boats, fortunately doing no injury. A gentle reminder from a six-pounder was sufficient warning to prevent any further attempt at mischief, and at Columbia several gunboats joined the fleet and escorted it during the passage of the region infested by guerrillas.

The country was more open along this part of the river, and plantations lined the banks on either side. In the centre of large cotton- and sugar-fields, and surrounded usually by a cluster of shade trees, stood the palatial home of the planter. A little in the rear could be seen the hovels of the negroes, frequently less comfortable than Northern stables, and appearing all the more wretched from their contrast with the owner's mansion. Near by were the sugar mills or cotton storehouses, and the gang of field hands kept at their tasks by the lash of the overseer was all that was wanting to complete the picture.

The fleet reached Providence, La., at the close of a

perfect June day, and a most beautiful panorama presented itself to the view. The air was soft and balmy, and gently stirred by a deliciously cool breeze; the sharp prows of the boats cleft the yellow waters with a soothing ripple; the setting sun was playing the artist with wonderful success—the light of departing day his pencils, the cloudless sky his canvas; the river, with slackening current and widened channel, went rolling on towards its ocean home with a majesty and grandeur commensurate to its lofty title of Father of Waters; the banks were crowned with forests of seemingly tropical luxuriance and plantations of unrivalled fertility, which the mellow light softened into a scene of almost celestial beauty; while, like things of life, the steamers in extended line glided along the bosom of the mighty stream, their white walls relieved by the dark masses of soldiery on the decks, their flags rising and falling in the gentle breeze, and their lofty smoke-stacks belching huge wreaths of gas and vapor in grotesque defiance against the serene heavens. It was nearly midnight, so clear was the twilight, ere the boats came to anchor near a negro camp at Milliken's Bend.

At daybreak on Sunday, June 14, the fleet was again under way, and at twenty minutes before seven the city of Vicksburg was in sight. The troops disembarked at Young's Point, La., on the opposite shore from the besieged city, and having crossed the levee, pitched their tents on an old camp-ground about a quarter of a mile from the river. Close by the landing was a large contraband camp, and the men were greatly interested in watching the novel and even ludicrous scenes that were constantly being enacted before them. The majority of the negroes had managed to cover their

nakedness, but the variety of apparel was both fearful and wonderful. In their departure from the house of bondage they had not forgotten to spoil the Egyptians, and to "borrow" everything left behind by the master and mistress in their hasty flight.

Here was an old patriarch with bare splay feet, the remnants of a pair of plantation trousers, an embroidered vest, which also did duty as shirt and coat, and a brimless straw hat. His companion was a buxom "mammy," who had endeavored to deck herself out in a gay silk gown that had once graced a belle of somewhat more slender proportions. And the remainder of the company, when they were arrayed at all, were fully as kaleidoscopic in their decorations. Their only shelter from the rain and sun was a few old remnants of tents and some brush booths. Yet they were by no means unhappy; on the contrary, it was their ideal of freedom—plenty of army rations, and no overseer with his cruel lash to drive them to work. They had learned their first lesson in politics—to "go in for the old flag and appropriations."

But these poor human chattels, who knew no other value of themselves save that reckoned in dollars and cents, whose greatest luxury hitherto had been an occasional holiday,—not one in seven, but one or more at Christmas-time—of both sexes, all complexions and shades of color, and of all ages, were a strange, sad sight for Northern eyes to look upon; while many of their customs, in which the solemn and the grotesque were curiously blended, were alternately provocative of tears and laughter, and exceedingly touching in that they betrayed the extreme ignorance and simplicity of these child-like people.

One day funeral services, conducted in regular plantation style, were held over two little children. The coffins—old boxes which had formerly contained army rations—were borne to the graves by aged, almost tottering, negroes, and behind them trailed the mourners in their piebald finery. One of the rude coffins was lowered into the tiny grave, and then a hymn was “deaconed out” and sung by the mourners and friends. It was a good old “Methody” hymn, and the preacher pretended to read it from a book, but his additions to the original text would hardly have been appreciated by the author.

While the mourners were arranged in a circle around the grave, a young colored woman who was doing some washing near by was attracted by the singing, and taking her soap in her hand, she joined the ring and in the singing. In her growing interest in this she forgot her soap, and it slipped from her hand onto the ground. Another woman, singing lustily on the other side, saw it fall, slipped out of the circle, went slyly around, picked up the soap, hid it in her dress, and was soon back in her place, singing even more lustily than before.

All knelt during the emotional prayer which followed, and in this the soldiers and their wives and little ones were quaintly, yet pathetically, remembered. Another hymn was sung, and then came a characteristic “discourse,” in the midst of which the preacher, finding the sun was a little too strong on his unprotected head, improvised a covering by folding together the sides of a crownless, broad-brimmed hat and laying it flatwise on his head. The filling of the grave was next in order, the mourners, led off by the preacher, throwing in

handfuls of dirt, a plaintive chanting accompanying the ceremony. The other little form was laid to rest with equal respect, but in the rush back to camp which ensued, the mourners were lost to sight.

June 16 the regiment took transports up the Yazoo, landed at Haines's Bluff late in the afternoon, and the next morning marched two or three miles to Milldale. At Haines's Bluff were seen the immense fortifications which Grant tried in vain to cross from the front, but from which the enemy were quickly driven when he came into their rear from the south. Here, too, were scores of steamboats and transports, tied up under the bank of the Yazoo, showing that Grant was still careful about his rear and means of escape, though maintaining so bold a front at Vicksburg.

The regiment remained in the camp at Milldale about a week, and then made an advance of three or four miles towards the Big Black. July 1 they were ordered to the road running through Grant's right centre to Vicksburg, to assist in building fortifications. Three days later they were again on the march, in the direction of the Big Black. The river was crossed July 7, and the night was spent on the river-bank, in the midst of a blinding storm. The next afternoon they joined the supply trains, and having drawn rations again pushed on till night, when they bivouacked on a large plantation about four miles from Jackson.

Early on the morning of July 12, part of the regiment was ordered out on the skirmish line, and were set to work digging rifle-pits not far from the enemy's pickets. On the nights of July 15 and 16 the whole regiment was ordered out and held as reserves. On the 17th it was found that the city of Jackson had been evacuated by the

enemy, and by the 20th the return march to the Big Black was taken up.

Forty miles were covered in this and the following day's march, and the men were ready to drop when a halt was finally made, in the vicinity of the river, late in the night of the 21st. So weary were they, that without stopping for coffee or food of any sort they fell on the ground where they were and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. The river was crossed late in the afternoon of the following day, and after a march of ten miles the regiment bivouacked for the night. The old campground at Milldale was reached early in the forenoon of the 23d.

No man who participated in it will ever forget the agonies and sufferings endured on that terrible march, and will welcome the faithful and by no means overdrawn description of it which finds a place here through the kindness of Sergeant Gilmore of Company I :

RECENT OPERATIONS OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS.

[Correspondence of the *Philadelphia Press*.]

MILLDALE, MISS., July 24, 1863.

The Ninth Army corps has found a resting-place at its old camp, after twenty-six days of unusual hardship. Officers and men have been without a change of clothing during all that time ; that, with the dust and heat and want of water, made it almost intolerable. I have seen men and mules and horses rush frantically to the pond, all plunge in, and drink indiscriminately. We longed for the pure streams of Pennsylvania, and thought of waters we would there never think of drinking, which we would now consider a luxury. Saturday, the first



MINOT R. PHILLIPS, CO. I.



J. FRANK FOSTER, CO. I.



CORP. ALBERT R. WHEELER, CO. I.



JOSEPH W. PIERCE, CO. I.

day of the fight, there was quite a number of the troops that were going into position that suffered from sunstroke, especially of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts and Eleventh New Hampshire.

We received orders to move, on our return from Jackson, at four o'clock on Sunday, the 19th; but as the First division, under General Welch, had been up the railroad, towards Memphis, some eleven miles, destroying it, and had just returned about that time, at his request the march was deferred until morning, as General Parke desired the whole corps to move together.

The next morning the whole corps moved about five o'clock. The roads were deep with mud, the sun intensely hot, and water scarce, yet we were pushed on with terrible, relentless earnestness, until we had made about twelve miles by ten o'clock. We rested until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we took the road towards Brownsville, marching until eleven o'clock at night, and having made twenty-two miles during the day. The Second division coming into camp at that time, there was no one to show where water was to be got, and the tired men, after hunting around in the dark for some time, went to bed, wet with sweat, and without coffee. The evening was very pleasant, and this road, not having been travelled so much, was easy going, but we were so much crippled by the morning's work that it was little else than torture. The next morning we were roused between three and four o'clock. Some few had been able to find water, but, without having time to make coffee, were urged on with empty, turning stomachs, and dry, parched throats, the Second division taking the lead. Four miles brought us to Brownsville, a village of a dozen houses. Along the

road were fine orchards of unripe peaches, and fields of watermelons and citrons scarcely ripe, which were snatched and devoured as the men went along. Watermelons, anyways near ripe, were delicious to their thirsty throats. So they dragged themselves along until ten o'clock, making ten or twelve miles.

On the way up to Jackson, each company seized a mule or horse, and used it for a water-carrier. The canteens were strung together over its back, and would be trotted off to some well or pond to be filled. This was an admirable arrangement; but to support such marching took more than ordinary strength, and water was not sufficient to renovate bodies that wanted food and the usual stimulant of coffee. Along with us the butchers drove a large herd of cattle, of all ages, sexes, sizes, and conditions, which were butchered as occasion offered; but men would have given a whole beef for a side of bacon. There was scarcely salt enough to make it fit for the palate, and, driven along steadily all day without water, their meat was as dry and sapless as the men themselves. The order of march was, ordinarily, to march until ten o'clock, rest, and resume the march at four o'clock in the afternoon. This day the order was changed, and we started at three o'clock. The road lay through a long stretch of hilly country, bare and open. The sun poured down its fiercest rays, and we marched an hour without rest at the outstart. Men fell out by the scores; numbers fell down with sunstroke,—in some instances dying immediately, others giving the most curious exhibitions of madness, snapping and biting like dogs, kicking like horses, and taking three or four men to keep them in the wagons or ambulances. Regiments retained but a skeleton of

their organizations, and the roads were full of stragglers from them all.

Regiments that had campaigned in North Carolina and Virginia, South Carolina and Maryland, were demoralized. Men never known to have failed in the hardest trials had to give way here, many with a shame and mortification that was painful to witness, and which none but an old soldier with the soldier's pride can appreciate, and which, when once done, like the yielding to the first temptation in crime, leads to ruin. The night of the second day we came within two miles of the Big Black, near, I think, Messenger's Ford—at any rate it is now called Sherman's bridge, and the way to it lies through miles and miles of corn-fields on either side of the river. Here were springs of delicious water. Oh, what a luxury! Here we laid by until the next day at four o'clock, beneath the shades of these magnificent magnolias and wide-spreading beech.

When we came to the Big Black a most furious rain came down—so sudden it seemed like throwing a bucket of water on you. Then the dusty roads became tough as mortar-beds, and it was easiest to pull off the shoes and go it barefoot—as many men and officers did. Thus we plod on until eleven, coming within a mile or less of our camp which we left on the 4th of July, and laid down in the mud to snatch the few brief moments of rest the chills and the vermin and the red ants would give you; blest if you have not the toothache, aching bones, skinned and blistered feet, and galled legs, the latter the intensest torture of marching in a hot climate.

It was like reaching home to get to our camp, undisturbed as it had been since we left, to have a bath, and fling our dirty, rotten clothes away.

After a two weeks stay at this point marching orders were received, and the regiment again boarded a river boat and started down the Yazoo river. The next two weeks were full of never-to-be-forgotten horror. The boat was over-crowded, and with the hot sun and drenching rain alternately beating down on the unprotected men, disease and death made heavy inroads on their number before the journey up the Mississippi was finished.

The boat arrived at Cairo, Ill., August 16, and the next night, closely packed in freight cars, the regiment started for Cincinnati, which was reached about noon on the 20th. Those who were able—and they were few indeed—marched through the city, and crossing to the Kentucky side of the river, went into camp. Orders to move came on the 22d, and on the following day the able-bodied marched to the depot, and the sick, who outnumbered the well, were carried in ambulances. Once more they were packed into the hot, close cars, and having journeyed as far as Nicholasville, gladly disembarked and went into quarters.

The regiment rested at Nicholasville until September 9, when, head-quarters having been established at Paris, the sick were removed to the temporary hospital, and those who were able to do duty were stationed in block-houses along the line of the Kentucky Central railroad to serve as guards. It was fortunate for the men that only this light duty was required of them, for it is hard to conceive of the pitiable condition to which the regiment had been reduced by disease and death.

At the formal inspection of the regiment about the middle of October, the inspector-general made a return of only ninety-three enlisted men fit for active service.

Think what this statement means! Only fourteen months since the regiment left Concord with a thousand men in the ranks, and now less than a hundred are available for action. One can scarcely realize the terrible sufferings endured by these men from the time they left Kentucky in the early summer until their return in the autumn. The outlines of their journeyings have been briefly sketched, but the few diaries that were kept during that fatal campaign tell a story that is only too realistic in its detail.

VICKSBURG, JACKSON, AND BACK TO OLD KENTUCKY.

All the long hours of Sunday, June 14,—the first day in Louisiana—the men listened to the low, thunderous booming of the distant mortars, and when darkness settled down upon them could still trace the path of each messenger of destruction from the mortar's mouth to the place of bursting by the line of fire issuing from the burning fuse. Soon after daybreak on the 15th the regiment was ordered across, by the new corduroy road, to the south side of Young's Point, and there stacked arms and lay waiting to be taken over the river, a part of the division having been transported and landed below the city. About two in the afternoon word was received for the regiment to remain where it was during the night, but as the ground thereabouts was very marshy, and promised abundant occupation in the killing of the black snakes that everywhere abounded, the men were not sorry when a later order sent them back to the morning's camp.

For some reason the plan of operations was changed that night, and the next morning the regiment boarded

the steamer *Armenia*, and started up the Yazoo river. The channel of the river was deep and narrow, and the sluggish stream, black and filthy from decaying vegetable matter, richly deserved its name of "Poison Water." The weather was hot and sultry, and the only protection from the burning sun in the middle of the day was by lying on the deck under a bit of canvas. Late in the afternoon a heavy shower came on, and when the boat arrived at Snyder's Bluff it was thought best not to attempt the landing of the troops that night. When, soon after dawn, they did disembark, it was to find the mud six inches deep on shore. Breakfast was eaten near the landing, and then the regiment moved back about two miles, to the vicinity of Milldale.

The country about them, though destitute of high hills, was very uneven, being cut up in every direction by ravines worn out in the soft soil by the action of the water. The vegetation was rank and dense, the ground being covered for the most part either with forests or a thick jungle of cane-brakes and bushes. The camp was on a little knoll close by the bed of a small stream, but the water was both warm and tainted, while that from the near-by springs was strongly impregnated with sulphur. The camp-ground had previously been occupied by both Confederate and Union troops, and was not in the most cleanly condition imaginable, but the regiment's experience of Falmouth mud had taught them something of camp architecture, and as they set to work with a will the camp soon presented a comfortable appearance.

This position was about ten miles up the Yazoo river, and nearly the same distance in the rear of Vicksburg. It had been taken from the Confederates some time in

May, and was strongly fortified with rifle-pits and forts for mounting siege guns. Joe Johnston's army, which now had its head-quarters at Jackson, must pierce this line of works before it could attack Grant's army in the rear, with the hope of succoring Pemberton, shut up in the besieged city. For a month he had been hemmed in, and as Grant's army held the river both above and below the town, and every avenue of escape was guarded by fixed batteries and gunboats, the prospect was certain of a speedy and unconditional fall of the city without any active offensive operations.

Heavy cannonading from the batteries along the river could be heard at all hours. These guns were capable of throwing hundred-pound shells, and the explosion of such huge missiles over the doomed city was terrible in its effectiveness, while the women and children remained in the cellars of the houses, not daring to risk their lives in any more exposed position. Add to this constant danger the insufficient supply of food now remaining in the city, and it will be seen that it was only a question of time when the end must come.

For several days now the Ninth New Hampshire was kept busily at work strengthening the defences and doing picket duty, but at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d orders were received to be ready to march in an hour with three days rations. It was only a little past the hour when the start was made, and after marching about five miles the regiment bivouacked for the night in a sandy field. The march towards the Big Black was continued the next morning without stopping to make coffee, for the weather was exceedingly warm, and short marches and long halts were the rule in the heat of the day. It was not long before the troops came

across some trees which had been felled in such a manner as to make the road practically impassable, while a little farther on a bridge was found to be partially destroyed. The pioneer corps were left behind to clear the way for the batteries, and the remaining troops pushed on until noon, and then bivouacked for the night.

Reveille was sounded at dawn, and the men proceeded as fast as was possible over the uneven road. When eight miles had been covered all baggage was left behind under guard, and a close reconnoissance was begun, for they were now nearing the enemy's outposts. They had not gone very far before several Confederate scouts were seen, and the order to return was at once given. The place where the baggage had been left was soon reached, and the troops quickly made their way back to the camp where they had spent the night, only stopping now and then to impede in their turn any attempted advance of the Confederate forces. It was nearly midnight when they reached camp, and the men were greatly fatigued, but it consoled them somewhat when they learned later on that they had just missed running onto a large force of Confederate cavalry. This was one of the severest marches and day's work in the history of the regiment. The day had been extremely hot, the men were utterly exhausted, and as they turned into the old camp at that late hour, Colonel Titus's voice was most welcome as he said,—“Take care of yourselves as well as you can, boys. God bless you!”

Camp was changed two or three times during the next ten days, and the men were alternately employed on the defences and in doing picket duty. In building

the fortifications everything available was made use of, whether it belonged to friend or foe. Sometimes the planter would try to beg off when the wagons would come for the cotton, claiming that he was a Union man, but the bales would be tumbled in just the same. One old fellow who had lost his cotton as well as nearly everything eatable on the place, came to Colonel Titus, and with tears in his eyes told him that he had only a little corn left, and that the soldiers were taking that. The colonel told him to put his corn in the house, and he would guarantee that no one should molest it. So the man saved his corn if he did n't his bacon. Blackberries were plenty everywhere, and enough for all. They were the largest and most luscious ever seen, and were eaten in great quantities by the men, for they were a most welcome relief from hard-tack and bacon.

The weather was terribly hot, and it was tedious waiting, but the hope of a bloodless victory kept the men in good spirits. On the evening of July 3 it was rumored about the camp that Pemberton was to surrender Vicksburg on the National holiday, and a despatch to General Griffin, early in the morning of the 4th, notified him that the surrender would be made at nine o'clock, and that he was to hold his brigade in readiness to march at a moment's notice. The brigade did not enter the city, but a letter of Adjutant Chandler's shows how he and a few others managed to be "in at the death."

"Before daylight on the morning of the 4th, Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt, Captains Blaisdell and Alexander, and I started from camp for Vicksburg. When we reached our outer works we found a flag of truce flying, and learned that there was a suspension, and negotia-

tions which might result in the capitulation of the place. This was about 7 a. m. The fact grew more and more apparent that something was going to happen, and we spent an hour examining our extensive earthworks (now, however, of little interest to us), and also visited the Eighth Illinois, where we learned that the surrender was decided upon, and that Logan's division of McPherson's corps would enter the city at about ten o'clock.

“We attached ourselves to the staff of that regiment, and had the high honor and extreme happiness of entering Vicksburg with the first brigade which passed in. You may depend upon this, that it was indeed a glorious Fourth for us. We went in with the bands playing ‘Star Spangled Banner,’ and the drums and fifes playing ‘Yankee Doodle’ and ‘Dixie,’ with all the Secesh looking at us with a stupid stare. We spent five or six hours in the city, watered our horses in the Mississippi river in the centre of the town, and strolled around at our leisure. The Stars and Stripes have fluttered over the court-house since that time, and our victory is complete.

“Near 20,000 rebels I saw stack their arms outside their works and march off. We have near 30,000 prisoners, 40,000 stand of small arms, and over 100 pieces of artillery. Their river batteries comprise twenty-seven large siege guns. You may suppose our happiness was complete, and here comes the other side of our experience. We got back to our camp, more dead than alive from heat and fatigue, at eleven o'clock that night—only to find that our regiment had moved that day in the direction of Jackson. We started at daylight in pursuit. Came up about noon, and kept on with the regiment.”

July 4 orders were received to be ready to march at noon. Through clouds of suffocating dust, and under a scorching sun, the march to the Big Black river was made, and several of the men fell by the way from sun-stroke. On reaching the river it was found that a temporary bridge had been thrown across, and the infantry rested while the battery of twenty-pound guns was slowly and carefully drawn over the frail structure. The bridge was a weak affair at best, and just as the last caissons were crossing the whole thing toppled over into the deep, muddy stream.

The pioneer corps was at once set to work building a raft, and as it was now nearly sundown the men were ordered to get what sleep they could in the mean time. The halt had been made in a large corn-field, and after making coffee the men prepared for a comfortable nap. Some lay down between the corn rows upon the ground; some of the more fastidious improvised corn-stalk mattresses; and a few, who wanted a good, cool sleep, stripped off their clothes and used them for a bed.

Scarcely had the sun set when huge, black clouds began to mount up the western sky, soon overspreading the whole heavens, and a deluging thunder-shower began. The almost incessant flashes of lightning were of chalky whiteness, the thunder rolled and crashed, and the rain literally poured down in torrents. The sleepers awoke to find themselves floating in bath-tubs between the corn rows, and those who had removed their clothing had the pleasure of a shower-bath while making their toilet. Some tried to brave it out, but one after another they came to a vertical position—the most convenient for shedding water—and thus remained awaiting the order to march, varying the monotony by drawing

either foot out of the yielding paste into which it was rapidly sinking, only to set it in a new and not more stable footing and repeat the operation with the other.

About midnight the raft was reported to be ready, and the men made their way to the river through a perfect slough of mud, with every particle of clothing and luggage drenched and dripping and the storm still continuing in all its fury. The raft, intended for twenty, was found on trial to be capable of carrying only seven or eight. Large fires of rails were built on both sides of the river, and threw their weird glare over the turbid, swollen stream. A party of men stood on either shore, and with a rope attached to each end of the raft pulled it forward and backward once in about five minutes, while the thunder and lightning, rain and darkness, the pitchy blackness of the river, and the dead horses anchored to the fallen caissons and just visible as they rose and fell with the surging water, combined to form a ghostly scene which few of those who beheld it will ever forget. The opposite bank of the river was high and steep, the clay as yielding as lard, and by the time the men in their drenched garments had clawed and crawled their way to the top they seemed verily to have "come up from wallowing in the mire."

Once across the river blankets and clothing were quickly dried at the blazing fires, coffee was made, a pig was shot and roasted, and at six o'clock the march was renewed. The first part of the route was through muddy bottom lands, and with parboiled feet and soaked shoes it was both hard and heavy marching. Coming down the Mississippi the soldiers had watched the men heaving the deep-sea lead and calling out "Twain two—twain four—no bottom," and once that forenoon, as

they waded through a stream running across the road, some one sung out "Twain two—twain four—no bottom," and it went along the whole line of the regiment. Towards noon higher ground was reached, and the way was less difficult. The shower of the previous night proved to be a blessing in one respect, for no water could be obtained except that dipped from the pools by the roadside; it was very roily—perfectly yellow, in fact,—but in the absence of better could be swallowed.

During the forenoon the mansion of Joe Davis, brother of Jefferson Davis, was passed. It had been set on fire by the cavalry, and was in full blaze. Near where the regiment halted at noon some of the men found the library of Jeff Davis hidden in the attic of an old log house, and among other things one man secured a gold-headed cane presented to Davis by President Pierce when the former was secretary of war. Here they rested and dried their clothing till nearly four in the afternoon, and then moved on a few miles and encamped near a church. The seats were movable benches, and the men brought them out and slept on "bedsteads" that night. Only dry rations—hard-tack, sugar, and coffee—and fresh beef were available on the march, and the meat—as the cattle were killed after being driven all day, and were cooked as soon as bled, for the next morning's breakfast, was productive of sudden attacks of cholera and the like.

The march was continued on the 6th, again under the burning sun, until so many fell to the ground from exhaustion that a halt was ordered and coffee was made. When the brigade was ready to move the Ninth was sent in advance to prevent house-burning. It was late at

night when the regiment turned into some woods beside the road and bivouacked. So entirely worn out were the men that most of them lay down without pitching a tent or even spreading a blanket. It was only a brief interval before the reveille sounded, and after a hasty and scanty breakfast the regiment advanced three or four miles and halted near the supply train. Rations were drawn, coffee made, and then on again until night, when guns were loaded and the men slept on their arms.

The four days march had brought them to the vicinity of Jackson, where the enemy were strongly entrenched. The first day they lay still, but on the second were sent to the front at daylight as skirmishers. Slowly the hours wore away, and when night came on the pitchy darkness in the thick woods was beyond conception. The Ninth held the front, but it was so dark that not even the sky could be seen, and no man's heart was so strong that it did not throb a little faster at the thought of the invisible foe.

About midnight a scouting party attempted to break through the lines, and made a most desperately bold push. They fired several times, and then rushed upon the pickets with bayonets and clubbed muskets. One man was run through while on his post, and instantly killed; another was stabbed and taken prisoner, but managed to escape and crawl back to the Union lines. The reserves turned out, but in the darkness friend and foe were alike indistinguishable, and they could only wait anxiously for daylight. When at last the day dawned it was found that only two men had been wounded and one killed, and the line was unbroken. Captain Alexander of Company I, which guarded the left of the line, had been shot in the hip, and died ten days later. As soon

as the regiment was relieved it was ordered to the rear to rest. In regard to the sad affair of the accidental wounding of Captain Alexander, Sergt. N. T. Dutton writes as follows :

“Captain Alexander was officer of the picket line, the orders to which were to fire without challenging. In the extreme pitchy darkness, the captain, in making his rounds, went outside the line and approached it from the front. The pickets heard his steps and fired. He called out to them his name, but they continued to be wary of the enemy ; thought it was a rebel who had somehow caught his name and was using it to get near the line, so fired again, and fatally wounded the man they loved most and for whom any man of them would willingly have given his life. Captain Alexander was much beloved by all, was one of the best officers in the regiment, and his untimely death saddened every heart.”

The night was a terrible one for all. The intense blackness of the darkness no words can describe ; the dread of the unseen foe in front was greatly increased by it ; the man who was bayoneted on his post probably knew not that his foe was near him until he felt the bayonet thrust through his body, and uttered a shriek that resounded through the dark and silent woods with an awful sound and filled every mind with terror. All were glad when the morning light came.

That morning Johnston evacuated the city. His artillery opened furiously in the early morning, and the pickets were sharper than usual in their fire, but it was all a cover for the fleeing host. The Union forces were not long in taking possession of the city, and what the Confederates had spared soon littered the streets, though it

was too soon after the capture of Vicksburg for the men to have much zest in the spoiling. One fellow, however, got more than he wanted. Corporal J. S. Stewart ("Tappy") of Company E, with others, was roaming about the city to see or find something of interest, when a magazine exploded under or near him and tossed him into the air. His hair, eyebrows, and beard were singed off, and he was burned quite badly. "Tappy" was always a cheerful soul, wont to look on the bright side of things, and in an ambulance on the way back, with bandaged eyes and blistered face and hands, was chuckling over his comrades in the fact that he could ride while they had to "peg" it.

No effort was made to hold the city after the railroads running north and south had been effectually destroyed, and the troops were soon ordered back to the first camp they had occupied on the Yazoo river. The Mississippi was fairly open, and with Vicksburg as a depot for supplies the Union forces could afford to keep quiet while the hot weather lasted. On the way back the regiment passed another night in the corn-field by the Big Black, and were again routed out at midnight, but this time the affair had a comical side. The men were greatly fatigued, and after a hearty supper of roast corn everybody was ready for a good night's rest. The camp had been quiet for some time, when suddenly from the rear of the brigade there came an unearthly yell, just like the one the man who was bayoneted had given a few nights before, which was quickly followed by a series of shouts and outcries all along the line. The men were on their feet in an instant, and the officers gave the command to fall in, for the first thought was that the enemy had come upon them unawares; but here is where the fun came in.



CORP. MINOT ELLIS, CO. I.



JOHN E. ELLIS, CO. I.



WILLIAM W. ROSS, CO. I.



JAMES C. WHITTLE, CO. I.

The man who gave the first alarm had been awakened by something stepping on him, but the horse which he thought he saw turned out to be nothing more formidable than a big black pig, who, more frightened by the uproar than the man was, scampered down the lines, upsetting gun-stacks and rousing the weary sleepers in every direction. So much for the general scene, but Captain Copp is responsible for the following side-light:

“For the first time in a month I thought it safe to take my clothes off for the night, and rolling myself nicely up in a blanket on a pile of corn-stalks, I was soon sound asleep. The alarm found me minus everything but a shirt, but without waiting to clothe myself I grabbed my sword and revolver and sprang to the colors and gave the order to fall in. The boys have n’t forgotten my predicament to this day; and that night, long after everybody was supposed to be asleep, every once in a while there would burst upon the air an uproarious ‘Ha, ha!’”

A week slipped away in the camp on the Yazoo, and then the Ninth corps was ordered back to Cincinnati, but was obliged to wait for means of transportation. The order had come none too soon, for what with the intense heat, the scanty supply of proper food, and the impurity of the water, the men began to feel that they were living in solemn times, for death made daily inroads upon their number. August 1, Colonel Titus, who had stuck to his post despite his intense sufferings from chronic diarrhea during the last two months, was granted a twenty days furlough, and set out for Cincinnati. Those who were left behind could only hope for a speedy deliverance from such unwholesome surroundings.

The following morning the regiment was sent on

picket duty to the road leading to Yazoo City, and for the first time in its history, when on such duty, the colors were taken along. This road was near the northern limit of Haines's Bluff, and commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country. On the left lay the frowning fortifications that capped the bluff; stretching away to the right were the broad fields of a princely cotton plantation; at the foot of the bluff, creeping sluggishly along, as if reluctant to yield itself to the swift flow of the mighty river, was the dark-hued "Poison Water;" and beyond this, and far away to the north, south, and west, a vast and apparently unbroken expanse of primeval forest. Like a mighty sea of green it seemed, spread out over the level bottom lands of the Mississippi valley, the only sign of life the curling smoke from the steamers that were constantly winding their way along the tortuous course of the "Father of Waters."

At the dress parade held in front of General Griffin's head-quarters August 4, the troops had the pleasure of listening to a complimentary order from General Grant, in which it was requested that the words "Vicksburg" and "Jackson" be inscribed upon the banners of the Ninth Army corps. It was a fitting recognition of the heroic endurance of sufferings beside which death on the field of battle could have no terrors. An order from General Parke, in regard to embarking, was also read, but to thousands of sick and dying men the relief would come too late.

The details of that voyage up the Mississippi, the transfer to the freight cars, in which the sick and well must take their chances, like cattle, of coming out alive at the end of the journey, the long, wearisome ride

before the final disembarkation at Nicholasville, Ky., are almost too horrible for belief, though the story must be told for a proper appreciation of the freedom that cost so dearly.

How slowly those August days dragged out their tedious length! When, about noon of the 8th, the order was given to the Ninth New Hampshire to "pack up," the camp was like a swarm of bees suddenly disturbed. The men were not burdened with an extraordinary amount of clothing, and the filling of their haversacks or "grub bags" was the chief item of preparation for the journey. Would you like to know how a soldier fares on a trip like this? One of Captain Robinson's letters furnishes the details: "First, we pack it about two thirds full of hard-tack, then goes in the meat bag. I have in mine now a little fried pork and two or three pounds of raw pork or bacon. Then come the coffee and sugar bags, salt bag, pepper bag, bottle of Jamaica ginger, knife, fork, and spoon, and a variety of articles, according to the æsthetic taste of the owner. As I had a little flour on hand, I made it into doughnuts."

The first of the month all the sick had been sent up the river on hospital boats, though so many had fallen ill since that time that they now equalled if they did not outnumber the well, and it was a merciful Providence that hid the future from them all. With grim satire the band struck up a lively tune for the march to the landing, those who were able to walk did so, and the ambulances with the sick brought up the rear. So suddenly did the attacks of swamp fever come on that by the time the landing was reached Sergeant Pulsifer of Company E had been taken so violently ill that he fell to the ground and was carried on board by his comrades.

To their dismay the men found that the entire brigade was to be transported in one small boat, the *David Tatum*. All the officers were quartered on the middle or cabin deck, occupying every berth and filling the cabin with mattresses at night. Outside the cabin, and fore and aft, the sick were crowded as thick as they could lie. The Sixth New Hampshire occupied the lower deck, together with all the horses and baggage belonging to the brigade. On the hurricane deck were the Seventh Rhode Island and the Ninth New Hampshire, with no protection against the blistering sun or the rain, save where some were so located that they could stretch a tent cloth across the iron rods reaching from the deck to the smoke-stacks.

The placard "Standing-room only" might have been truthfully displayed, for so crowded was the boat that the men were obliged to take turns in lying down to rest, for sleep under such conditions was well nigh impossible. It was nearly dark when the steamer was loosed from her moorings and the journey down the Yazoo begun. It was an ominous beginning, for she had proceeded only a few miles when the rudder broke, and the captain was obliged to "tie up" for the remainder of the night.

There was a silver lining to this cloud, however, for the men were allowed to go on shore and make coffee, and not a few improved the opportunity to spread their blankets for a nap. Close by the shore to which the packet was tied was an old camping-ground, which had been used in turn by the Confederates, the Federals, and the contrabands. The last inhabitants had evidently been visited by a pestilence and had fled, for the dilapidated tents were still standing, and unburied corpses of

both sexes lay upon the ground. It was late in the afternoon of the following day before the repairs were finished, and the arrival of the steamer *Yankee* from Vicksburg was hailed with delight by the weary, restless soldiers. Quartermaster Moses had gone overland to Vicksburg and reported the situation, in consequence of which the steamer had been sent up. She was lashed alongside the *Tatum*, the crowded decks were relieved of a portion of their human freight, and again they were steaming down the "river of death."

Before the Mississippi was reached greedy death had claimed a victim. At the mouth of the Yazoo the steamer stopped to coal up, and while this was going on some soldiers went ashore, and by the light of a dimly burning lantern hollowed out a grave for their dead comrade; then the corpse, wrapped in the only shroud a soldier knows,—a blanket—was taken on shore in a skiff and placed in its lonely grave, where the footfall of friend or foe would never break the solitude. Nothing more gloomy or depressing could be imagined;—the large proportion of sick on board the boat, the thick murkiness of the night, the deep, black waters of the slowly rolling river, the dense forests whose heavy foliage and drooping festoons of moss turn even daylight into darkness,—the whole scene revealed by the dim light of the lanterns was weird and ghastly.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 10th the steamer entered the Mississippi, and it was a grand sight to watch the prow forcing its way northward against the turbulent waters. Just before sunrise another corpse was carried below—and the journey but just begun! Another sad incident of the morning was the falling overboard of James Kingsley of Company K, from the upper deck:

so swift was the current that before a boat could be lowered he was lost to sight. The steamer touched shore at a negro encampment about noon, and the body of the soldier who had died in the early morning was carried ashore for burial. Chaplain Gushee read the service for the dead.

The following day there were two deaths before noon, and the men began to look at each other with solemnly questioning faces, for who could tell whose turn would come next. The boat reached Napoleon, Ark., at dark, and came to anchor just in season to get the full force of a terrific thunder-shower. Those on the upper deck were at the mercy of the elements, and even the sick on the middle deck were completely drenched. At midnight the dead were taken ashore and laid to rest in the depths of the forest, amid the low rumbling of the now distant thunder and the fitful gleaming of the lightning.

The steamer was speeding steadily on its way the next forenoon, when at some distance ahead signals were displayed on the shore. As the boat drew nearer, it was seen that they were made by a contraband, who, with his wife and a dozen little darkies, was begging pitifully to be taken aboard. It was impossible to do so in the present crowded condition, and as the steamer passed them unheeding, and they turned and went back into the forest, one could imagine their bitter disappointment, their sinking of heart, their lost hope of freedom. Let freeborn men boast of the advantages of slavery, but no ranting Abolitionist, with all his exaggerations, could ever depict half of its evils and sorrows.

So the days and nights wore away. The number of sick increased daily, and what with the filth,—for in such close quarters neatness was impossible—the swarms of

vermin, and the lack of proper food—coffee soaked in hot water from the engine and raw pork and hard-tack being the diet for sick and well alike—it is no wonder the men lost heart, and longed for the shore and any camp, however poor.

Late in the afternoon of the 13th the bluffs of Memphis hove in sight, and as the steamer neared the landing women could be seen flocking to the levee, ready to barter the contents of their well filled baskets for the soldier-boys' scanty pennies. Before a plank could be put out the boys had leaped ashore like squirrels, and trade was decidedly lively for a time. There was no haggling over prices, if only one had money enough to buy what fancy or appetite first lighted upon. Presently, without any warning, the boat pushed off, and dropped down stream some two miles to coal up; and as she did not return till morning, those ashore spent the night where they could best find accommodation, which in most cases was the bare planks of the wharf.

Many of the weary sleepers awakened the next morning to find that their over-night purchases had mysteriously disappeared. No one considered it worth while, however, to waste breath in complaining or strength in searching for the lost treasures; they simply awaited a chance to "get even." The steamer returned at day-break, and many of the very sick, about a dozen of the Ninth men among the number, were taken ashore and carried to the hospital, with small prospect that any of them would ever return to their comrades. By seven o'clock Memphis had been left behind, and by sunset the next day the steamer was rounding Point Pleasant, a few miles below Island No. 10.

Only a week had elapsed since they had bidden fare-

well to the camp on the Yazoo river, yet to men shut up in a charnel-boat, with death staring them constantly in the face, it seemed like ages. Sick men were stretched out all over the boat, from pilot house to coal bunks, and not enough well men were left to care for them, though it was little enough that could be done to relieve their sufferings.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, August 16, the boat reached Cairo, Ill. Company E could muster just seven able-bodied men, and these were all detailed to assist in unloading the baggage. Before night not a man that could crawl but managed to get ashore: the bare ground seemed so clean in comparison with the filthy, lousy craft where they had been nested like pigs.

Several of the officers came up the river on the hospital boat *Atlantic*. The accommodations for the sick were vastly superior to those on the *David Tatum*, yet every day at sunset the boat would be drawn up to the bank of the river, and from twenty to thirty bodies would be taken ashore for burial. This was in accordance with the orders from the medical department, which would not allow burials at any other time of day. Lieut. C. D. Copp and Commissary Sergeant Hanson were transferred to the *Atlantic* just before Cairo was reached.

On the arrival of the boat at Cincinnati, Major Everett, who was very ill with congestive chills, was taken to the Gibson House by Lieutenant Mason. The lieutenant arranged with the proprietor of the hotel for the care of the major, but became ill himself immediately afterwards and was confined to his bed at the time of the major's death, which occurred a few days later. Major Everett's body was embalmed and sent to his home in New

London by the proprietor of the hotel, who was a New Hampshire man.

Lieutenant Sprague of Company F was carried to the Burnett House, and from there to the hospital, dying that same night. Lieut. C. W. Wilcox was given a twenty days leave of absence, and accompanied the remains of Lieutenant Sprague to his home in Winchester, where he was buried with Masonic honors. Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt was taken to the Spencer House, where he was cared for by Colonel Titus.

On the 17th another delegation of the sick had been transferred to the hospital boat and sent up the Ohio. Pulsifer, Bean, Curtis, and Knight from Company E were among these, for they were all dangerously ill; but many of the sick so dreaded a separation from the regiment that they begged to be left with their comrades, even if it were to die. Late in the evening the regiment was ordered to the station. As usual, freight cars were the accommodations provided, and into these the men were packed, thirty-five in a car. The sick were placed on the rough board seats, and the others lay on the floor beneath and between them.

In this manner, parched with thirst and burning with fever, they started on the two days journey. The cars were stifling in the intense heat, and the scanty supply of water rendered the sufferings of the men almost intolerable. It was four in the afternoon of the 18th of August when the train stopped at Centralia for coffee and meat, and "the shoulder-straps took supper at the railroad hotel." At Sandoval, a little farther along the route, the men disembarked to change cars, but as the train had not yet arrived the troops were ordered to bivouac for the night.

At daylight the cars were again boarded, and all the long, hot day the men lay stretched out upon the floor, while the train sped swiftly on. Towards night Vincennes was reached; and with a brief stop here for coffee there was no other break in the monotony of the journey until the arrival at Cincinnati, about noon on the following day. The well men were marched through the city, given a good dinner, and were then sent across the river to the camp on the Kentucky side. The sick were left at the station to await the arrival of the ambulances, and reached the camp about dark. As illustrative of the condition of the men as they lay on the platform, Corporal Mayo says that even when he saw the baggage trucks coming right for him he felt so sick that he did n't have vitality enough to draw his feet up out of the way.

The two following incidents are contributed by Sergeant Dutton :

“Corporals Elmer Bragg and Charles Day of Company E, sick and weary, took their own way through the city, and stopped to rest on the steps before the gate of a large mansion a little retired from the street. A lady approached, asked their names, regiment, where they had been, and where they were going; said the house was her home, and asked them to come in and rest a while. ‘No,’ they said, ‘we must be going on to our regiment.’ Then she pressed her invitation with the offer of something to eat, and in other ways tried to get them to go in. But ‘they were not hungry and must go on,’ they said. At last she asked, ‘Would n't you like a bath?’ It was just what they did want, and gladly accepting, they were soon in her bath-room, from which they came out a half hour later feeling like new

men. The lady had a nice lunch spread, and now the boys were ready for that. Having done full justice to this, they left their 'good Samaritan' with thanks on their lips and abiding gratitude in their hearts. Even the rough ways of life are in spots strewed with flowers."

"On the trip from Cincinnati to Cairo the train passed at full speed through Washington, Ind. I was sitting in the open door of a freight car when a large and beautiful bouquet of flowers came into my lap. A piece of paper was tied to it, on which were the words 'Compliments of Stella and Mattie Lane, Washington, Ind. God bless you, boys! We'll welcome you home, when rebels are in the dust.' The flowers faded, but I have that slip of paper now. At Milldale I wrote to the ladies, thanking them for their kind token. On the return from Vicksburg the train stopped at Washington, and the ladies of the place were at the train with refreshments. I asked one if the Misses Lane were there. 'Why, yes; they are right here,' she replied, and called to them; but just then the train started, and so that incident went no farther."

It was only a brief respite, though a most welcome one, for on the 23d the regiment was ordered to report at the station for transportation. The sick were placed in separate cars this time, and made up more than half of the train. On arriving at Nicholasville the regiment went into camp about two miles outside the town, where the sick seemed at last to have a chance to recover; but so permeated were they with disease, that any speedy improvement was out of the question. Chills and fever alternately racked their feeble frames, but they were tenderly cared for by their comrades-in-arms.

September 9 the sick were transferred to temporary hospitals at Paris, Ky., where regimental head-quarters were to be established. Twice before the regiment had been ordered to move, but surgeons and officers alike protested, for if the order had been enforced two thirds of the men in camp must have been carried in wagons. Colonel Titus and Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt were on the sick-list, Adjutant Chandler was absent on detail, Major Everett had died in Cincinnati, and not a single commissioned officer was present for duty. But, thank God, they were back in old Kentucky once more !

CHAPTER X.

THE MOVEMENT FROM KENTUCKY TO ANNAPOLIS, AND AS FAR AS BRISTOW STATION.

The only incident that broke the quiet of the stay in Kentucky was the expedition to Mount Sterling, early in December. During the evening of December 3, Colonel Titus received a telegram from General Boyle, commanding the district of Kentucky, announcing a probable attack by John Morgan's guerrillas at Mount Sterling, and ordering him to re-enforce the Fortieth Kentucky cavalry with his command. It was eleven o'clock when Colonel Titus, in command of a part of the regiment, was ready to start. Horses from all the livery stables in Paris, and some private horses were taken, as well as saddles, and by confiscating everything in the shape of horse-flesh that was encountered on the way, each man finally bestrode a steed.

Captain Copp, who was attending a "pahty" that evening, had been directed to gather what additional men he could and follow as soon as possible, and was on the road about an hour later. On the way over Captain Copp got considerably alarmed, for the refugees they were continually meeting had doleful tales to tell of the doings of Morgan and his men. One of the horses gave out, and at the next farm-house the captain determined to make a swap. As he rode up to the door a woman appeared at one of the upper windows, and in answer to his inquiries declared there was not a horse on the place. In the mean time one of the men made his way to the

barn, and there found a good horse. An old man then came out, and pleaded that the horse might be left him, as it was all that he had to do the farm work. War recognizes no necessities but its own, however, and the captain took the horse, but promised to return it on his way back.

Arrived within about a mile of Mount Sterling, and just as they were rising a hill, the captain discovered a picket post ahead. The story told by the refugees was that Colonel Titus's command had entered the town, but that it had afterwards been surrounded by the raiders, so the gallant captain was in just a bit of a quandary. Gathering his little band closely together, and giving them orders to be ready for a charge, he rode boldly on. "Who goes there?" came the challenge from the picket. "Friends, with the countersign!" returned the captain, and the boys got their guns ready. Then came the question, "Whose command?" That was the uncertain time, but they were in for it now. "Colonel Titus's command, from Paris!" was the response, and in return a cheerful "All right—come on!" On entering the town, the colonel and the rest of the command were found quartered at the hotel, except those who were stationed on the outposts. The return to Paris was made on the 6th.

December 10th the following men were detailed on the provost guard: Sergts. George W. McClure, Stacy W. Hall; Corps. C. H. Knight, A. R. Wheeler, J. F. Evans; Privates G. J. Allen, D. C. Barnard, A. E. Bissell, H. A. Clement, E. P. Chapman, F. Dennis, J. Dufney, M. Ellis, J. F. Foster, L. B. Fellows, P. Hunt, P. R. Huntoon, B. D. Leighton, S. D. Pearsons, J. Shay, J. Slyfield, L. Smith.



SERG. HENRY F. PARTRIDGE, CO. I.



GEORGE J. ALLEN, CO. I.



CORP. MARSHALL P. WOOD, CO. I.



CORP. GEORGE C. WILLSON, CO. I.

Saturday, the 19th, a lot of recruits for the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire arrived on the evening train from Cincinnati, in charge of Captain Crafts of the Fifth New Hampshire and Captain Durgin of the Twelfth. Captain Copp was in waiting at the station, with a detail of men, and took the newcomers, who were a tough-looking lot, to the court-house, where they were fed and quartered for the night.

January 1, 1864, the Fortieth Kentucky mounted infantry arrived at Paris, in response to an order for the Ninth New Hampshire to proceed at once to East Tennessee. During the time the regiment did duty on the railroad, the men won the confidence of all the people in the vicinity by their manly conduct and their respect for the persons and property of the citizens, who became much attached to them. But the attachment of the soldiers (and of some of the officers) was even stronger than that of the citizens toward them,—that is, in certain instances—for several had taken unto themselves wives of the Blue Grass region, and when the regiment finally went away many of the men marched to that gay old tune “The Girl I Left Behind Me!”

The new year had opened with a blinding snow-storm, and in consequence of the severity of the weather General Frye telegraphed for the regiment to remain at Paris until further orders, which came on the 11th. In the mean time the citizens of Paris had drawn up a petition, which was sent to the general commanding the department, requesting that the regiment be allowed to remain as long as troops were needed on the railroad. The officers of the Ninth gave a grand ball in honor of the Fortieth Kentucky, the compliment was returned, and there was a gay and festive time all around.

FROM SEPTEMBER, 1863, TO JANUARY, 1864.

By Sergt. N. T. Dutton.

The four months the regiment was stationed along the Kentucky Central railroad were perhaps as comfortable as any it experienced. Although at first there was much sickness, and some of our comrades died, yet with improved living, health and strength came, and these renewed our cheerfulness and courage. We were in the midst of the Blue Grass region, perhaps as fertile and productive a spot as there is in the country. Company E was quartered at Kiser's Station, where, divided into two squads, we guarded two bridges. Near each bridge was a block-house, which made comfortable quarters. Duty was light, with only an hour or two of drill daily. Hard-tack and salt junk were discarded, or exchanged for the fat of the land in the shape of milk, butter, eggs, poultry, and other good "fixins." The people around were hospitable, and often invited the boys out to dinner or to spend an evening. Our mail came on the hour, boxes were received frequently from home, meetings for worship were held regularly, the regimental strength was increased by recruits,—in fact, it was a recruiting time in every way, and gave us the vigor for the long marches and the hard campaigning of the next year.

The year before (1862) on Thanksgiving morning I drew a pint of flour, and thought I would make a "minute pudding" of it. I had just got it mixed up with water, and well to cooking, when the company was ordered on picket; so tucking the whole thing in my haversack, the cooking was finished down on the Rappahannock, at my picket post. The rest of the boys had fared about the same. So we determined to make

up for lost time. We chipped in, bought three pounds of turkey to a man, all the materials for a huge plum-pudding, and plenty of mince pies. Corporal Mayo and myself went over and engaged the services of a colored woman for the baking. She had never made mince pies, but we told her how, and she did all the cooking. The baking was done in a large "Dutch" oven. All came out "turned to a nice brown," and everyone did ample justice to the feast. We had *enough* that day. There was a fulness that was *painful* with some of the boys.

At Kiser Station one man was always kept on guard. He carried a loaded gun, and to save cleaning the relief guard would take the loaded gun instead of his own. The other guns were rarely loaded, as the boys had been practising bayonet drill for some time. Every afternoon when the train passed the whole company was required to fall into line near the station. One night, while waiting for the train, one of the men in sport began to practise with his bayonet on the guard as he paced his beat. He bothered him so much that at last the guard said, "I'll shoot you if you do n't stop!" and suiting the action to the word, he, in sport also, drew up and aimed his gun. By some chance it went off, the ball, which otherwise would have pierced his comrade's heart, striking the head of his ramrod and shattering it into a hundred pieces. It was a narrow escape, and there was no more fooling with the guard.

Friday, January 15, the regiment set out for Nicholasville, and from there proceeded to march to Camp Nelson, fourteen miles distant, arriving late in the even-

ing. The next day they drew five days rations and went into camp. Just before reaching Camp Nelson they had met the Sixth New Hampshire, who were on their way home for their re-enlistment furlough, and had given them three hearty cheers and a "tiger."

During the ten days stay at this camp the regiment was paid off, and on the 25th of January turned in their old Windsors and drew new Springfield rifles and equipments, preparatory to the march to East Tennessee. Another incident was an order of General Frye, by which eighteen men were detailed to report to Lieutenant Terry, A. A. Q. M., "for temporary duty in breaking mules." Pursuant to this order, five men were detailed from each of the companies I, G, and F, and three men from Company C; but the boys have never been able to get a satisfactory answer to their queries as to what kind of a "high old time" the special detail enjoyed in the performance of this "temporary duty."

On Saturday, the 30th of January, after a severe march of nearly seventy miles, the regiment reached Camp Burnside, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Cumberland river, for a force was needed at this time to protect the large quantities of supplies which had been landed here for the use of the army. The itinerary of the journey afforded by the record in the diary of Quartermaster Moses, who travelled with the supply train in the rear of the regiment, is both succinct and suggestive:

"Jan. 25. Camped to-night at Camp Dick Robinson.

"Jan. 26. Left Camp Dick Robinson, and arrived at Lancaster at 11:30 a. m. The troops moved again

at 2 p. m., and marched within two miles of Stamford and camped for the night.

“Jan. 27. Troops moved at 7 a. m., passing through Stamford, and arrived at Hall’s Gap about noon.

“Jan. 28. Started at 5 a. m., going through Hall’s Gap, and arrived at Waynesboro at noon. Had a slight foretaste of the roads we are to find, I expect, before we reach Lancaster. Left Waynesboro at 2 p. m., and arrived at Cuba at half-past five, having gone six miles in the afternoon over a very bad road.

“Jan. 29. Broke camp at 7 a. m. A citizens’ supply train ahead of me caused much delay. Overtook the regiment at noon. Went into camp a mile from Somerset.

“Jan. 30. Broke camp at 7 a. m. Passed through Somerset, and reached Burnside Point at 4 p. m., on the worst road yet. The Seventh Rhode Island is encamped a mile from us. Furious storm of rain and wind during the night.”

While the regiment was wrestling with all these difficulties, General Schofield, in command of the department of the Cumberland, was communicating with General Frye, in command of the middle district of Kentucky. “Why don’t you send along those re-enforcements?” telegraphed Schofield, and General Frye ordered Quartermaster Moses to send back the answer—“All the re-enforcements are stuck in the mud;” and they were.

On Monday, February 8, three steamers loaded with supplies reached Camp Burnside, the first that had ascended to this point since the breaking out of the war. In a few days more than a million of rations

were stored here, with a large amount of clothing, forage, and ammunition, and every day long trains of pack mules were sent off laden with these supplies, for Knoxville, *via* Cumberland Gap.

The Ninth had a fine camping-ground at Point Burnside, and remained here until the latter part of February, during which time they attended faithfully to drills and guard duty, principally for the benefit of recruits. Guerrillas were now causing some trouble in the mountain districts, and in order that they might not become too bold, and thus endanger the line of communication with Knoxville, it was deemed expedient to send a small Union force through the country. Accordingly, the First Ohio heavy artillery and the Ninth New Hampshire were ordered to Knoxville by different routes,—the former to do duty about the town, and the latter to join the Ninth corps, now stationed there.

One who has never travelled through the region at that season of the year can form no idea of the inconveniences, not to say hardships, of that march. After leaving Somerset there was little to remind one of civilization till the vicinity of Knoxville was reached. The regiment went by a route which had been very seldom travelled, and through a country but which was thinly inhabited,—in fact, there were very few places that had even a name.

Some days three or four windowless log huts would be the only habitations met with. There were no roads deserving the name, and not a bridge on which to cross one of the numerous creeks and rivers between Somerset and Cumberland Gap. The streams which could not be forded were crossed by ferries. When neither of these methods was available, the men made the peril-

ous passage over the swollen streams, sometimes in single file on a high log foot-bridge, or in the same way on the upper rail of a Virginia fence. On one occasion the top rail of a fence was the only chance for crossing, and the swift current almost reached that. One young officer, who sported a bran-new uniform, dared not venture it, and asked the adjutant to let him ride behind on his horse. The adjutant consented, the officer mounted, but in the middle of the current he somehow lost his hold, slid off backwards into the water, and lost all the starch in his clothes. The boys cheered, but quickly pulled him out, and set his feet on dry ground again.

Then, too, the coldness of the weather in the mountain district rendered it necessary for the men to carry a larger amount of luggage than usual. Rations were short, and pleasant days were rare exceptions. Perhaps the more minute description of a single day's experience, as chronicled in one of the diaries, may convey a better idea of the march to Knoxville than the same amount of generalizing :

“ During the night of the 29th [February] it was so cold that the rain froze as it fell, and on the morning of March 1 everything was covered with a thick coat of ice. We were ordered to proceed on our march. The men packed their blankets, which if not wet were many of them very damp, and with difficulty struck and rolled their tents, which were stiff with ice. The rain continued. Overhead the trees were loaded with ice, beneath the weight of which the bending limbs were frequently broken, falling with a great crash. The sight above us was magnificent, but as we were wading through mud and water, it excited very little poetical feeling.

“About 10 a. m. the rain changed to a heavy snow-storm, which continued the rest of the day. The almost numberless streams were swollen to overflowing, and many of the men waded to their bodies in crossing them. We at length ascended a long, steep hill or mountain, and descending the opposite side, reached the Rock-castle river, a branch of the Cumberland, about 2 p. m. There was an old mud-scow for a ferry, but no ferryman within two or three miles, and that on the opposite side of the river.

“We determined to ferry ourselves over. There was no hawser, the craft being propelled by setting poles. One load of about twenty men was finally got across, and the second load started, when, in the middle of the swollen stream, the strong current and deep water rendered the scow unmanageable, and carried it a long distance down the river before they could land. She was at length towed back, but the next load shared a similar fate. It now became evident that we could not all cross that night, and besides, we learned that the teams were back several miles and unable to proceed. Three companies were crossed over, with the colonel and part of the staff, and the rest were ordered back to meet the teams.

“The men had been standing in the storm till they were benumbed or aching with the cold, and the snow was piled high on their hats and knapsacks, sifting down their necks occasionally, and rendering them as uncomfortable as could be imagined. Slowly, under their heavy burdens, they retraced their steps through the snow and mud over the mountain, and about dark turned into a field to pass the night. We stacked our guns, scraped the snow from the ground, pitched our

tents, gathered wood and made huge fires in front of them, broke boughs from the cedar trees, from which we melted the ice by holding them over our fires, spread them in our tents, drank our coffee, rolled ourselves together in our blankets, and slept sweetly and soundly, as though between 'bleached linen' on 'geese-feather beds.' "

Another version of the march to Rockcastle river is found in a letter written by Lieut. C. W. Wilcox, under date of March 2, and is fully as graphic in its details :

“. . . Whilst I have an opportunity I will write a few lines with a pencil, the only means I have at hand, and I do n't know when I may have another opportunity, neither do I know when I shall be able to send this, as there are no post-offices here, and it is several miles to any communication. . . . We had orders one day to start immediately for Knoxville. On the next it was countermanded, and we received another to start immediately for Cumberland Gap, which we did on the morning of February 27, and since that date the Ninth New Hampshire has seen the roughest time that it ever has since it has been in the service, which is saying a good deal. I have three recruits in my company who have been in the rebel service two years, and they say this beats anything they have ever experienced yet.

“After receiving the order, we were directed by the colonel to make out our pay-rolls that night, as many of them as we could, as we should have to stop somewhere and be mustered on the 29th.

“This was a poser for me, as my orderly sergeant was sick, but I pitched in, and by writing until sun-up the next morning (without a wink of sleep) I had them

all done and right,—two other companies besides being all that did get them done,—some because they could not, and others because they thought they would have a better time and not be broken of their rest; but experience had taught me that the only time to do anything was when there was an opportunity, be it either night or day. True, I did not feel much like marching next day. . . .

“The assembly beat the next morning at seven, and we started at eight o’clock that morning (the 27th). It was very pleasant, and good going, so that we reached Somerset early in the afternoon, where we stopped over night, starting early the next morning (the 28th). We marched all day, making about eighteen miles over hills and mountains, on what they call here a *road*, but you would hardly call it a *cow-path*,—halting at night at a place called Dallas. There were but two log houses, and a log church where we officers stayed through the night, as the train did not get up with us and we had neither tents nor blankets; but the church was just the thing for the occasion, and we ‘dedicated’ it in good earnest. It was built wholly of logs and without finish. At one end there was a fire-place occupying two thirds of its width, so you may bet we did not sleep cold or wet. It commenced raining just before we halted, which was in the woods, about sixty rods from the church.

“I was officer of the day, and about ten o’clock, just as I had dropped asleep, the colonel woke me up, telling me to post a picket guard a third of a mile out, and around camp. It was raining in perfect torrents, and as dark as it ever was since the world began, with heavy timber and underbrush to pass through, without the slightest knowledge of the country. I assure you it was not a very pleasant undertaking, but I could not com-

plain, as I could return to my quarters after posting the men, who were from my company. They had been on rear-guard all day, and had gone to bed without supper (their three days rations being out and the trains not within three miles). It was hard to order them out to stand on their posts all night, without fire or shelter, but they knew their duty, and they were on hand without a murmur (except from some of the new men), though not without some jocose remarks on the subject of 'Uncle Abe' and hard-tack.

"The next morning (the 29th) it rained as hard as ever, and the wind had changed to the north-east, growing colder all day, so that by night the rain froze as fast as it fell. We remained there all day, waiting for the trains to come up so that we could get more rations and our papers to muster by. The companies were all mustered before dark, and those that had not got their rolls finished went to work and did them before morning. It rained all night, as it did in the morning, but we started at seven o'clock the first of March, as it was twenty-two miles to the nearest post, and we had but five days rations on board the trains, and the road, what there was of it, had got to be swimming with mud. Truly we were seeing 'the winter of our discontent made glorious'—by a summer's eve.

"Our course lay through a dense forest, and in five miles I saw but one log cabin, with a small open space cleared around it. The trees were heavily loaded with ice, and it was really dangerous to pass, as limbs and trees were continually breaking and falling, keeping the pioneer corps busy with their axes clearing up ahead.

"Every little stream was swollen to high-water mark, and we had not proceeded more than a half mile before we

waded a stream waist deep. This was perfectly awful, for the weather, as well as the water, was almost freezing. I was provided with a good pair of boots and a rubber coat, but these were of no avail, except the latter to keep the shoulders dry. Shoes were just as good as boots, and even better in this case, as you had to carry less water. To get them off and on was next to an impossibility. Thus we marched on, crossing a half dozen streams which were almost deep enough to carry us down stream. It commenced snowing about ten in the forenoon, and snowed as hard as ever I saw it, so that by night it was four inches deep.

“We arrived at this place (Rockcastle river) at one o'clock in the afternoon. There is but one house very near here. It is a log one, and occupied by the ferryman, his wife, wife's mother and sister, and a half dozen little ones, with but one room in the house. This is six miles from where we started in the morning. We remained here until four o'clock, waiting for the ferryman to come, he being away, during which time we were standing in the wet and cold; and when he did come, he was unable to ferry but three companies across before dark, on account of the swollen and rapid current of the river. So the colonel took the three companies that had crossed, and went on to Flat Lick, which is sixteen miles farther, with but two houses between here and there; and Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt was left in charge of us (the remainder of the regiment), with orders to wait here until the trains came up. So we went into camp, and what fence-rails there were near were soon converted into firewood, and a stack of flax was turned into beds to sleep on in less time than I can write it.

“But we officers were the worst off this time, for our blankets were all on the trains, but with my woollen and rubber overcoat, with a pile of rails, I managed to get warm and partly dry, with some cold sleep before morning. This morning the sun was clear, and at this time (four o’clock in the afternoon) it is quite warm and pleasant, and finds me sitting on a log before a huge fire writing to you—and do n’t I think of you and your comfortable home! The trains have come, and I have sent the boys after my tent and blankets, so I shall sleep warm to-night. They say the woods here are full of deer and wild turkeys, although I have not seen any as yet.”

It was two days before the teams and the rest of the men succeeded in crossing the river, and then the command moved on to the log-hut town of London. The road had been very muddy, and the fifteen miles was through a nearly unbroken expanse of forest, making the progress of the troops both slow and toilsome. Indeed, all the southern part of Kentucky seemed to be as wild and rough as the central portion of the state had been rich and beautiful, and the contrast between the inhabitants of the two sections was equally marked.

London was now a small, dilapidated town, but its general appearance would lead one to think it had been quite a thriving place before the war broke out. There was no church, but quite a large brick school-house, and this plainly showed the marks of soldiers and their bullets. There were two hotels and four or five stores, which were only kept open by the patronage of the soldiers stationed there, and those passing through. There had been a great deal of bushwhacking in this section of the country, and earthworks were to be seen on nearly every hill-top in sight of the town.

The settlers were mostly from the "poor white trash" of the South, indolent, totally devoid of ambition, living chiefly on "hog and hominy," and dressing in a coarse homespun cloth. Every man kept a "dorg" and a gun, and gave all his attention to these, leaving the corn-patch and pigs to the care of the women. While the troops were waiting at the river several of the men called on the "nabob" of the vicinity, who had, in addition to his "mansion," a wretched little saw-mill and a one-run grist-mill.

The house was a one-room log affair, about fourteen by eighteen, and not half as neat and comfortable as a good stable. A big fire-place filled up one end, two beds stood in the other, and the housewife's loom, stretching across the middle of the room, left but little space for the crazy table and stools. On a rude shelf over the fire-place were a couple of cracked pitchers, half a dozen plates, a Dutch oven, a few buckets and gourd cups, two rifles and powder flasks,—and this completed the inventory of the family possessions. And yet they were positively wealthy as compared with their poorer neighbors!

The supply of beef cattle had accompanied the trains in the journey across the mountain, and as they fared worse for rations than the men did, it was a common report before the Gap was reached that when the butchers killed one of these "lean kine" they were obliged to cover it with a blanket in order to have it cast shadow enough so that they could see where to strike.

A pathetic incident occurred as the command was marching through the town of Barbourville, when an old, white-haired man came alongside the regiment and asked the privilege of marching a short distance under

the "old flag." Several times he exclaimed "Thank God, I see the old colors again!" and finally turned to go back with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Cumberland Gap was reached March 11, and as the rations were completely exhausted, and the teams were far in the rear waiting for bridges to be built so that the streams could be crossed, the men had a somewhat novel experience in obtaining temporary supplies. The monument marking the corner of the states of Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee stood just beside the road where it passes over the highest ground in the Gap. The garrison and government storehouses were within the Tennessee boundaries, and the camp was in Kentucky, so the men lodged in Kentucky, went through Virginia into Tennessee and drew rations, and returned to Kentucky to breakfast.

Two days were spent in the camp on the mountain-side. Most of the men put in the time drying and cleaning their clothing, which was in a sorry condition, for they had all long since ceased to think of trying to keep any portion of their lower extremities dry, but waded through mud, slush, water, or anything that came in the way and was less than three feet deep. Paymaster Scoville overtook the command during the stay here, and the men drew pay for January and February.

It took some lively scrambling to get to the summit of the mountain, but the few who made the venture felt well repaid for the climb. To the south lay East Tennessee, with the Alleghany mountains on the North Carolina border for a background; to the east was the pass, in which the camps of two thousand men, a few buildings of ante-bellum date, and several government storehouses and barracks were clustered, and beyond,

stretching away in ragged outline till it was lost in the distance, rose the steep and rugged mountain; a narrow but pretty valley skirted the northern side, and was sheltered from the chilling winds by a range of forest-clad hills; on the west the mountains continued in wavering but unbroken line 'as far as the eye could reach.

Late in the afternoon of the second day the trains came up, and the command moved on through the Gap and went into camp about a mile beyond. The roads were in better condition beyond the Gap, and on the 14th no less than eighteen miles was covered before dark. Guerrillas had been seen two or three times during the day on the neighboring hills, and as a precautionary measure Company K, under Lieutenant Allen, was sent forward to guard the ferry across Clinch river, some three miles in advance. Near the river they discovered what appeared to be a camp of guerrillas, and came back with this report. Captain Smith of Company B, with ten men, was sent out to reconnoitre. Colonel Titus called for a volunteer to go ahead and challenge the pickets, and Ford of Company F stepped out and said, "I am the man!" They set out for the supposed camp, and Ford, going on ahead, discovered nothing more formidable than some smouldering log-piles which a farmer had fired the day before. It was hard on to midnight when the thoroughly disgusted men got back to camp.

Considerable time was consumed in getting the command across the river the next morning, but the twelve miles covered by four o'clock had taken them out of the woods and hills into a more open country, and as the teams were nearly used up it was decided to go no farther that night. It was not long, however, before a

Union man came into camp and reported that a company of guerrillas was at a point a few miles distant. It was said that they had been stealing sutlers' goods, and had encamped near a distillery owned by an influential Confederate, and that the officers were now at his house. Lieutenant Sampson commanded one party of twenty men, and Captain Buswell another.

The still was found and destroyed, and the owner captured. His wife and daughter tried to follow him to camp, and Lieutenant Burnham was detailed to "see them home." They proved to be somewhat intractable to his gentle persuasions, but after a little he succeeded in getting them to "about face" and "forward march," towards home. No guerrillas were found, but there was plenty of apple-jack and sugar, and the parties got back by daylight the next morning, well "loaded" with the spoils.

By seven o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, the command was on the move, and by five in the afternoon had made seventeen miles and bivouacked. The route had been through a splendid farming country,—rolling, well watered and timbered—but most of the inhabitants had disappeared, and many of the buildings had been burned. The night before, the guerrilla party had noticed a mule with the U. S. brand at one of the places they had visited, and as Quartermaster Moses was anxious to secure the animal to replace one lost from his teams, he asked Captain Buswell to let him have a man to go back with him to get it.

The captain suggested Lemar, one of the French recruits, as a good one for this duty, but the quartermaster demurred,—on the ground that he was green, did n't understand the language, and if there should be

any trouble, would be of little assistance. "Well," said the captain, "talk with him a few minutes, and see what you think of it then." Lemar was called up, and after a while was made to understand what was wanted of him. "Ah, me see,—get mule back there where Burnham charge bay'net on dog—ha, ha!" "Well," said the quartermaster, "what will we do if the old reb out there won't let the mule go—says we sha'n't have him?" After a moment's reflection Lemar seemed to comprehend the situation. "Me go there, me find mule, old r-reb say mule no go!!! ah!!! me muskit say mule go!" and the excitable little Frenchman gave his rifle a flourish as if he were bayoneting a particularly formidable foe. "You'll do!" said the quartermaster, and away they went. Before noon they rejoined the regiment, the Frenchman riding the mule, and looking every inch a conqueror.

Knoxville was reached at noon on the 17th, and the regiment went into camp in a pine forest about a mile and a half to the north-west of the city. The camp was in plain sight of the town, and of Fort Saunders, where the Ninth corps had resisted the fierce attack of Longstreet's forces, in November, 1863, and had paid off the "Johnnies" for Fredericksburg. Rations and ammunition were drawn, in anticipation of the advance to meet the corps.

Late in the afternoon of the 19th a battalion drill was ordered, but the men had been out only a short time when they were sent back, with fifteen minutes in which to pack up. At the end of the allotted time a move of about a mile was made, and the regiment went into camp with its old brigade in the Ninth corps, which had just arrived from the front. It was good to be at



CORP. LEWIS W. ALDRICH, CO. I.



N. BYRON CHAMBERLAIN, CO. I.



CORP. JAMES H. MATTHEWS, CO. I.



CORP. CHARLES H. KNIGHT, CO. I.

home again, for all the time of its long separation from the corps the regiment had been under the orders of General Frye of the Twenty-third corps.

The next movement of the Ninth New Hampshire was to be to Annapolis. When General Burnside had assumed the command of the Ninth corps, it was with orders to "recruit and fill up the old regiments," and to increase its strength to the number of "50,000 men, for such service as the war department might see fit to delegate to them." The task of recruiting had been carried on with great activity during the early part of 1864, and on the 8th of March Annapolis was selected as the rendezvous for the corps by the secretary of war. The new regiments were sent to this point as fast as their organization was completed, and the regiments which had passed the winter in East Tennessee and Kentucky were also ordered thither.

Preparations for the journey were at once begun. The sick, wounded, and baggage were to go by rail, and the rest were to "hoof it" as far as Nicholasville. Quartermaster Moses was detailed as acting brigade quartermaster, and Lieut. Edward Greene was appointed acting regimental quartermaster. Colonel Caruth was in command of the brigade, Colonel Titus of the division, and General Ferrero of the column.

By eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the column was on the road north, taking the route *via* Point Burnside for Camp Nelson. The roads were good and through a fine country, and as the men were unincumbered with any baggage the march was made with very little discomfort, compared with previous experiences. The Clinch river was crossed on the 22d, and by three in the afternoon fourteen miles of the dis-

tance to Jacksboro had been covered. It had been snowing since morning, and the men had faced the storm nearly all the way, so they were not in the least sorry when they saw the head of the column come to a halt, and the order was given to turn into the woods and camp for the night.

The next day the troops passed through Jacksboro, and to the foot of the mountains a few miles beyond, where a halt was made to draw rations. A five days supply of hard-tack and bacon was soon stowed away in the haversacks, the teams which had brought the supplies were sent back to Knoxville, and with them such of the men as were sick, and unable to make the hard, rapid march. Then, with the inner man well fortified by a substantial meal, about noon the men began the ascent of the mountain. The road was both steep and rough, and it was sunset before the troops bivouacked near the summit.

For three days it alternately snowed and rained, but still the men pressed wearily on, wading through mud and slush and soaked to the skin. The country was a perfect wilderness, and often for miles the only sign of civilization would be an acre or two of clearing with its wretched log shanty, and even that was generally deserted. When, on the 25th, at half-past ten in the forenoon, the head of the column crossed the state line from Tennessee into Kentucky, the band struck up, "Oh, a'n't you glad you are getting out of the wilderness!" and the whole command took up the strain and made the woods ring again and again.

The night of the 28th there was a heavy rain, which continued at intervals through the following day, and wound up with a blustering snow-storm just at night.

Hall's Gap was reached by two o'clock, and the troops were glad to go into camp. The rations that were drawn here included for meat some genuine "mess" pork, and as they had been dining on bacon—or "slab-side"—for quite a while, the men looked upon this as a stroke of good fortune. They were now nearing the end of the journey, and stringent orders against straggling were issued that evening.

Two days more, and they were in camp near Nicholasville—the long tramp was finished, and not a little to the joy of the tramps. In ten and a half consecutive days they had marched no less than one hundred and eighty-five miles. Considering the season of the year and the condition of the roads, this was a record to boast of in days to come. For the Ninth regiment, however, it was only half the story, for during the month of March, just closed, it had marched over three hundred miles, and since the 25th of January, more than four hundred.

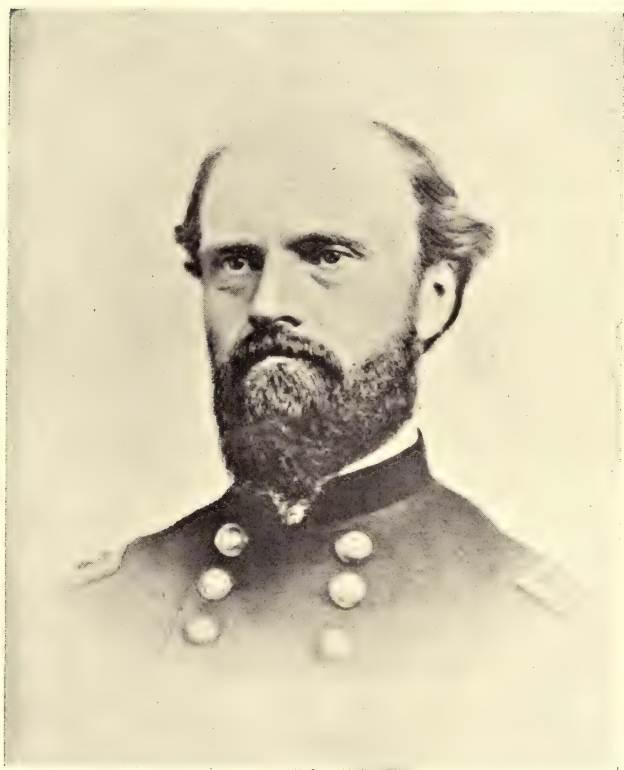
The regiment had reached Nicholasville, in its return march from the Cumberland Gap, on March 31, and on April 2 it was being rapidly whirled northward over the familiar route of the Kentucky Central road. Columbus was reached late in the evening of the following day, and the men grumbled considerably at the quality of the bread and coffee served to them here. About noon of the 4th cars were changed at Belair, and the Ohio was crossed on a ferry-boat. Some hot coffee and a fresh supply of rations made life seem a little more endurable when the cars were once more boarded for the long ride through Virginia. The journey was made in freight cars, where close packing would obviate the necessity for a fire, and the men were more than glad to disembark when Annapolis was finally reached on the 7th.

The regiment was at once ordered to Camp Parole, about two miles from the city, and quickly forgetting the discomforts of the journey, proceeded to enjoy their new situation in true soldier fashion. Sutlers and peddlers soon swarmed about them, and the men were children again in their keen enjoyment of the fruits and vegetables to which they had so long been strangers.

During the stay at this point the camp was twice visited by General Burnside, and the Ninth had a chance to pay its respects to the gallant commander. On the first visit the boys turned out and gave him three rousing cheers,—such as he alone could call forth. The general was plainly dressed, but looked as dignified and noble as ever. As the boys swung their hats and cheered, he in a good-natured way bared his huge, bald cranium and smilingly bowed his acknowledgments, as if the hearty good-will thus expressed was by no means distasteful to him.

The second time he was accompanied by Generals Grant and Meade, and the party rode through the camp, all the regiments having been ordered out for inspection. As the cavalcade approached the line of the Ninth, the customary salutes were given, and then the colonel called for “Three cheers for General Grant!” which were given in good style. Then he called for “Three cheers for our old General Burnside!” and this time such a volume of sound came from the throats of the men that the dignified generals smiled in spite of themselves.

Early in the month General Burnside had received orders to have his command in readiness to move at any time after April 20, and at that date the work of organization and equipment was completed. The Ninth corps



GEN. S. G. GRIFFIN.

now comprised four divisions, with General Parke as chief of staff. The first division was commanded by General Stevenson, the Second by General Potter, the Third by General Willcox, and the Fourth, which was made up entirely of colored troops, by General Ferrero, the entire command numbering 25,000 men. The Ninth New Hampshire reported to Gen. S. G. Griffin, commanding the Second brigade of the Second division.

All these preparations foreboded an important movement, but speculation was rife as to the destination of the corps. From its present position two movements were possible,—one, as a re-enforcement to the Army of the Potomac; the other, an independent campaign against Richmond from the seacoast south of Norfolk. Orders to be ready to move at daylight on the following morning were issued on the evening of the 22d, and at the appointed hour the corps took up its line of march, the route following the line of the Elk Ridge and Annapolis railroad, towards Washington. Only twelve miles was covered before sundown, for the roads were dusty and hard for the feet, and the bivouac for the night in the grassy fields was a welcome relief. The next day the Ninth regiment had the lead, which made it easier marching, but the eighteen miles that were travelled between seven in the forenoon and five in the afternoon were like the Irishman's when he lost his way—"Just a trifle long!" The corps encamped for the night near Bladensburg, about eight miles from Washington.

The start was made about eight o'clock the following morning, but as a heavy shower had just fallen, the progress during the forenoon was somewhat slow, though the ice-cold waters of the creek that was forded late in the forenoon did wash off a portion of the accumulated

mud. The outskirts of Washington were reached about noon, and the word was passed along the line that the corps was to pass through the city, and that President Lincoln and General Burnside were to review them from a balcony of Willard's hotel.

The regiment had made the march from Annapolis under the command of Major Chandler, who had but recently returned from Concord, N. H., where he had been on detail duty since early in January, as Colonel Titus was ill in the hospital at Washington and Colonel Babbitt was enjoying a twenty days leave of absence. The men made a creditable appearance in the long line of troops that trod the streets of the city that afternoon, yet as a part of the great pageant many of the details of the imposing scene were unknown to them. From the many accounts of that memorable review it is not easy to make a selection, but no one is more graphic in its descriptions than the following selection from an address delivered at Beverly, Mass., by Hon. R. S. Rantoul, in 1871:

“On the 25th of April, 1864, I stood, at high noon, on a thronged sidewalk of the city of Washington. Across the street, and raised on a balcony above the surging crowd, a lank, sad man stood gazing wistfully down—his head uncovered—upon the passing scene beneath. An unutterable sadness seemed to have fixed itself upon his face. For the most part he was unnoticed by the long procession, which hour after hour, with frequent pauses, but with elastic tread, pushed on, through dust and sweat, for Long bridge, a few rods off—then over the Potomac and into Virginia. In dull succession, company on company, battalion by battalion, brigade

after brigade, wearily yet cheerfully, they tramped on under that southern sun, sometimes singing, oftener thoughtful, never seemingly regretful.

“It was one of those soft, vernal days, whose very air, as if breathed from groves of oranges and myrtle, seemed able to melt all hearts. Music there was: but strangely, as it seemed, not of that martial strain, associated, in piping times of peace, with the rush of battle. Exquisite music there was from martial bands, but for the hour they seemed to have attuned themselves to melodies of home and love.

“Shoulder to shoulder, looking not back, asking not whither, marched the bronzed veteran of East Tennessee and Carolina with regiments of raw recruits,—tradesmen and mechanics from the towns, the farmer and frontiersman from the West, the lumberman from his Eastern forest, Indian sharpshooters attached to Western infantry, favored sons of culture and wealth, the first black division, five or six thousand strong, following the white state flag of Massachusetts, batteries of artillery, squadrons of cavalry; mingling with these, or pressing hard upon them, commissary wagons, ambulances, and quartermasters’ trains, stuffed with the equipage of hospital and camp; and, last of all, as far as the eye could reach, fat beeves choked up the dusty way.

“Solemnly the mighty mass moved forward to confront its fate. Many a brave man felt that day that he was crossing Long bridge never to return. Little heed paid they that the eye of Lincoln was upon them; little ardor they caught from sad, sweet music or the cheers and greetings of the thronging streets! Little was there for them of pomp or circumstance of glorious war! Grim resolve and cheerful devotion were the lessons of the hour!

“Ask where you would, you got no clue to their destination, for no one knew it! They had waited long at Annapolis, expecting to be ordered off by sea. Not a man, that day, of all those marching legions, knew whither he was going!

“ ‘Theirs not to reason why!
Theirs but to do and die!’

“Only the lank, sad man who gazed from his high place upon them, hat in hand; as though with a friend’s last look, and the few high officials about him, knew more than that the Ninth Army corps, twenty-five thousand strong, had been ordered from Annapolis to Alexandria! The veil of the future was not yet lifted!”

The Long bridge was crossed, and about two miles farther on the troops went into camp. “Where are we going?” was the question that was heard on all sides that night, and while many still clung to the hope that transports would be waiting for them at Alexandria, the opinion that the corps was to join in the grand movement of the Army of the Potomac constantly gained ground. The last glimmer died away when it became known the next day that the corps had been assigned to the duty of guarding the Orange & Alexandria railroad from the Potomac to the Rapidan, relieving the Fifth, which had been ordered to the front.

On the 27th the march was resumed, the brigade starting in the middle of the forenoon and marching until dusk, when it went into camp about three miles beyond Fairfax Court-house. The weather had been warm, and the roads dusty, but the men were fifteen miles from their starting-point when the halt was made. The next

day the Ninth New Hampshire was detailed to act as guard for the baggage train, and hard, hot work they found it, for they had to take the side of the road and leave the smooth track for the mules. The route lay through Centreville, which was found to be practically deserted, past the old earthworks at Manassas, and dinner was eaten on the historic battle-field of Bull Run. The Run was forded, and at sunset the brigade reached Bristow Station and went into camp on Broad Run. The country had been reduced almost to a desert: even "tent timber" and firewood were at a premium.

The 29th was cold and windy. The troops were early astir, expectant of a farther advance, but in the stationing of the different regiments of the division along the line of the railroad, the only change which fell to the lot of the Ninth was a move across the railroad into what the boys designated as a horse and mule cemetery, for a carcass confronted them at every turn. A mail had arrived that morning, and the boys were not sorry for a brief respite, though they were kept in constant readiness for a move at short notice. From their camp they watched the constant passing of heavy trains loaded with soldiers and supplies, for the army beyond the Potomac was being largely re-enforced, and the head-quarters of General Grant were only thirty miles away, at Culpeper Court-house.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

While the regiment was stationed in Kentucky, Captains Alexander and Cooper attended an auction sale of slaves that was held in the open market. Among the lot was a pretty girl named Eliza, and her grandmother,

old Aunt Betsy. There was so little negro blood in the girl that anywhere else she would have passed as a white woman, and the bidding on her was very smart. Two young fellows had run the figures up to above eight hundred dollars, and our captains were discussing between themselves if they could possibly raise money enough to save her from such a life as she was doomed to lead, when a benevolent looking old gentleman, who had overheard their conversation, stepped forward and said,—“You are right, young gentlemen; it is a shame, and rather than see the poor thing sacrificed I’ll buy her myself!” And he was as good as his word, for he not only bid off the girl, but when the old grandmother was put up on the block and the auctioneer was trying to get some one to make an offer for her, he said, “Here, I’ll take her too!” though he knew the poor old creature could never be anything but a burden on his hands.

Quartermaster Moses had some relatives by the name of Baker at Lancaster, who were very hospitable to him during the stay in Kentucky. When the regiment was ordered to East Tennessee one of the slave-owners in the vicinity where Moses’s cousin lived, missed one of his black boys and suspected that he was trying to get off with the regiment. So he got Baker to go with him and a sheriff to the camp, hoping to interest Moses in the search.

When they got to the camp and had made known their errand, the quartermaster was puzzled as to which horn of the dilemma to choose, for he did n’t want to help capture the boy and at the same time he had received many kindnesses at Baker’s hands; so he went walking along

with them, hoping that something would turn up—*à la* Micawber—to help him out of his difficult position. They went near where the boy was, but he had got wind that the sheriff was after him, and when he saw them coming started on a run out of the camp.

The sheriff caught sight of him, and drawing his pistol he shouted, “Come on, Quartermaster!” The quartermaster’s blood boiled at the thought. “No, by G—d, I won’t come!” he said; “I won’t chase humanity for any blood tie on earth!” The sheriff chased the boy and caught him, but after a little skirmish the boy got away and made for the woods, where Captain Copp had a company of men doing picket duty. “They’re after me! My master is after me!” he cried, and besought Copp to save him.

Copp told him to hide in the woods and keep quiet. Then he turned to the men and said, “They’re after this boy, but they’re not going to have him. You know what I mean, probably.” Evidently they understood, for they all looked at their guns and saw that they were loaded and capped. Soon the searching party appeared, looking carefully into the woods and bushes as they went along the road. For some reason they paid no attention to the pickets, and after the coast was clear the boy was taken back to camp.

But when the regiment marched through Lancaster the sheriff was on the lookout, and this time the colonel was appealed to, and the owner of the boy, Dr. Pettis, demanded that his “property” be returned to him. “I have nothing to do with him,” said the colonel, “and know nothing about him.” At the time of the previous visit of the sheriff the men had appealed to the colonel as to what should be done with the boy, and he had told

them that they must n't ask him, but if they could n't manage to take care of him among themselves, why his owner must have him.

The regiment was marching company front, and the darkey was in between Companies C and E. The sheriff started to go through the lines, but the little fellow was too quick for him, and slipped back through the ranks to Company K. He got behind Captain Cooper, and when the sheriff tried to follow him, Allen, who was the orderly sergeant on the right, punched him with his musket so that he drew blood. He tried again to break into the line, and this time Captain Cooper took him by the collar and said, "You get out of here!" and hoisted him off his feet and laid him alongside the curbstone. Quite a number in the crowd that had gathered drew their revolvers, and it looked for a moment like trouble; but the regiment went on its way, and the boy was put on board the train at Knoxville by Lieutenant Case, who was a thorough-going Abolitionist and was bound to save him from slavery.

Lieutenant Wilcox.—I presume you remember when we left Camp Burnside it was my fortune to be lieutenant of the guard, and that there were strict orders against foraging through that part of Kentucky. Along towards night the colonel's cook was seen down in the field, coming towards us. We had just passed a farm-house, where there was a flock of geese right around the yard and the barn. We kept marching along, and pretty soon we saw the cook coming back, close by the wall, with a big, fat goose under his arm. One of the men stepped over the wall and collared him, and we marched him along with the rest, and made him carry the goose.

The colonel wanted to go as far as possible—this was when we were going to Knoxville, and it was the first day out—and it was nearly dark when we turned into a piece of woods beside the road. We pitched our tents and got ready for supper, and the man and the goose stayed with us, “under guard.” By and by the colonel’s orderly came along, and he asked me if I had seen anything of the colonel’s cook. “Yes,” said I, “I’ve got the colonel’s cook right here, and a goose besides, and you can go back and tell the colonel so with my compliments!” It was n’t long before we heard from the colonel—he wanted some supper, and if we’d send him the cook we might keep the goose. We had n’t many fixings, but the colonel’s cook was a man of discrimination, and that bird was mighty fine eating.

Quartermaster Moses.—On the march to Point Burnside, Sergeant Wadleigh, of Company A, who had been ailing for some time, though still on duty, tried to get permission from the surgeons to be placed in the ambulance, saying that he was exhausted and felt he could go no farther. This was refused, and he stumbled along a little way, and finally gave out entirely. When I came along with the train I picked him up and put him on some oat sacks and brought him to camp. The next morning I turned him over to the surgeons, and told them to see that he was taken care of; but it was too late to do the poor fellow any good, and he died that night.

Lieutenant Wilcox.—That time we built a bridge over Rockcastle river, in order to get the teams across, was a

pretty tough job. The bridge had been carried away, but the timbers were lodged in a heap of driftwood in a little bend, and we had to get them out the best way we could. Just before we started on the job General Garrard rode down to the bank of the river and asked Colonel Titus if he had any engineers. "No," replied the colonel, "I have n't got any engineers, but I've got some live Yankees, and I guess they'll do about as well." So we went to work, and while the water was—as the boys say when they go in swimming a trifle early in the season—"n-ni-nice and w-warm!" still we kept pegging away, and in less than twenty-four hours that bridge was ready for use, and the teams got across all right. General Garrard told the colonel afterwards that he had heard of Yankee tricks before, but he believed that bridge-building was the d—dest Yankee trick that ever was played.

Quartermaster Moses.—Just after we joined the corps, and I was appointed acting brigade quartermaster, Quartermaster Cilley and I had been scurrying around getting the teams loaded up ready for the trip back over the mountains, and we got rather thirsty. So we hunted up some "apple-jack," and I invited the quartermaster to have a drink with me. We each had one, and then I asked the man how much it was. "Fifty cents apiece, gentlemen," said he, "or three drinks for a dollar." Now I did n't really care for that other drink, but I was n't going to let such a chance go a-begging, seeing that I'd got to pay a dollar anyway. "All right," says I, "we'll have three drinks." The man thought I meant three drinks apiece, but I emptied one

glass, laid down my dollar, and got out without waiting for the change, for we were in Kentucky, where they did n't always stop to give you warning of their intention to shoot.

Lieutenant Wilcox.—When we were at Camp Burnside, the sutlers started in with charging the men exorbitant prices, and it was n't long before there was a revolt. I had n't paid much attention to what the boys said, and the first thing I knew there was a perfect mob over on the east side of the camp where the sutlers' tents were. The boys cleaned out a whole row of them, and when some officers came riding up, and tried to stop them, they turned on the officers, and pelted them with eggs till they were covered from head to foot, and had to beat a retreat.

Colonel Babbitt.—I was in command of the regiment on the journey to Annapolis, and when we got as far as Cumberland, Md., the engineer swore he would n't run the train any farther. I put a guard on the engine, and told the engineer that he could run that train, or I'd take possession and run it myself. He sputtered for a while, but I told him I'd give him thirty minutes to make up his mind; and, having stationed a guard so that he could not get away from us, I went back to my car. When I went back in half an hour, he said he had concluded to run the engine himself. He got up steam, and we went ahead, but I kept a guard over him till we got to Annapolis, all the same.

When Dr. Webster went back to New Hampshire early in January, the officers of the regiment very much

surprised Colonel Titus by making him a present of the bay horse which the doctor had owned, and which he had disposed of to them at a bargain—no one ever could be persuaded to expose the conditions of the trade, however. The colonel thought it very kind of them, indeed, and expressed his acknowledgments in the approved fashion; but when he came to examine his new possession more closely, he recalled to mind, with peculiar appropriateness, the old adage, “Never look a gift horse in the mouth,” for the beast was not only old, but lame, and had been for some time, as the colonel learned later on.

When the order for the Ninth to proceed from Camp Burnside to Knoxville *via* the Cumberland mountains arrived, everybody who knew anything about the route declared it to be an utter impossibility to get the teams through, yet General Frye was blamed not a little at head-quarters for not immediately enforcing the order. Finally he received a summons to report in person at Knoxville to explain the cause of the delay, and to leave the senior colonel of the brigade to take it through at once. Colonel Titus was the senior colonel thus commissioned, and his reply to the command was that he'd see the brigade in a hotter place by several degrees than Camp Burnside was, and himself in private life, before he'd sacrifice his men in any such foolhardy undertaking. With what recruits had been received the regiment now numbered in the aggregate nine hundred and thirty enlisted men, and the colonel had labored hard to bring them to their present efficiency, so it is not strange that he should object to such summary proceedings. When Quartermaster Moses finally turned over his



QUARTERMASTER WILLIAM PITT MOSES.

teams at Knoxville, late in March, it was conceded by every one that he had accomplished what had been regarded as an impossibility; but an officer who rode over the route a little later in the season, declared that from Cumberland Gap to Knoxville he never was out of sight of a dead mule.

It will be remembered that the band which went out with the regiment from Concord had been made a brigade band, and that Major Everett had organized another. The new band, by dint of diligent practising, had arrived at quite a degree of proficiency, and Bandmaster Graves was very proud of his pupils. Writing home to Major Chandler, who was on detail duty at Concord, he says,—“We now have sixteen men, and have three different parts represented very well, so I hardly think we need any more at present. Jimmie says, ‘Tell the major I should like to come to Concord, and beat the calls for him.’” The rough roads that the regiment travelled over that winter, however, made the duties of the band rather light.

One special detail in which the men made an unusually strong impression on the Kentuckians, was when Colonel Titus sent a detachment of sixty-nine men, under Captain Whitfield, to act as a funeral escort for the body of Major Evans, of the Nineteenth Kentucky, at the request of General Boyle. The regiment had just received its new equipments and rifles, and with its new colors, which had been sent to Cincinnati for inscription with the memorable words “Jackson” and “Vicksburg,” made a splendid appearance.

Lieutenant Wilcox.—When we were passing through Washington on our way to Annapolis, the orders were very strict in regard to any one's leaving the ranks. There were four ex-rebels in my company, and as we halted for a few minutes in the street, one of them named Douglass came up to me and said, "Lieutenant, I have a sister here in the city whom I have n't seen for three years. I want to stop and see her, and I give you my word of honor as a man that I will return and be in camp for roll-call to-morrow morning." "How do you know where we are going to be?" I said. "I'll find you," he replied. "There are strict orders against any man leaving." "I know it, but I want to see my sister before I leave."

Well, I had quite an interest in Douglass, and had talked with him a good deal. He had been in the Confederate service, and used to curse our fellows because they would find fault with the grub. "D—n you!" he used to say, "you ought to go into the Southern Confederacy for a while, and see how you'd like the food there!" He was a good soldier, and very faithful, so I said to him, "Well, Douglass, I don't want to see any man leave the ranks," and he took good care that I should n't see him; but he was back in his place the next morning, just as he had promised.

F. J. Burnham.—While we were stationed near Paris, several of the boys got permission one night to go into town, and two of them—Cram and O'Brien—came home gloriously drunk. The former was an old soldier, having served in the British army in India and under Havelock, and he took the punishment ordered by

the captain—carrying a log—like a philosopher, but O'Brien dodged his by taking leg bail during the night.

Soon after the new rifles were drawn the colonel inaugurated a five hours drill daily, and having heard that there was considerable growling over the order, gave the grumblers a practical lesson on the subject. One morning when the boys were relieved, instead of having them draw the charges in their rifles, as usual, he put up a turkey, which he had managed to procure somewhere, at a distance of about three hundred yards, and told the boys to try their skill at that for a target, promising the bird as a prize to the man who should succeed in hitting it. The boys did their prettiest, but no one secured the prize. With our old Windsors his turkeyship would not have escaped so easily, but it made the boys see the necessity for drill, and that was what the colonel was after.

Sergeant Lathe.—I saw one sight at Camp Burnside that I shall not soon forget. About forty families from East Tennessee passed through there one day, and it was a sight to bring tears from eyes unused to weeping. They were all women and children, whose husbands and fathers were either in the army or had been killed by the rebels. They had been five weeks coming over the mountains, and most of the time it had been very cold. Some of them had hardly rags enough to cover their nakedness, and wore men's boots to keep their tender feet from the frozen ground. One woman had five little children, the oldest but six years of age. One can scarcely conceive of the sufferings endured by the loyal people of the South during those dreadful years. These people had lost everything they possessed, and had been driven from their homes by the rebels.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WILDERNESS AND SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

For three long years the conflict between the North and the South had raged with unabated fury, yet the Southern Confederacy still existed, and its leaders were strong in their belief that it could hold out until the nations of Europe should recognize it as an independent and sovereign power. After his defeat at Gettysburg, Lee had withdrawn his army across the Rapidan, and during the winter had recruited its ranks; so that he now had a powerful army,

“ Ready to fight, or ready to die ! ”

With so determined a leader as Lee had proved himself to be, and a host of veterans tried and seasoned by the privations and hardships of war, the Southern army appeared to be almost invincible; and now the North was awake to this fact, and also that the war was being prolonged to a point beyond the safety of the nation.

There was no question that, so far as numerical strength and material resources were concerned, the North had the advantage; but with the armies in the East and West acting independently of each other, and never pulling together, the Southern commander had only to employ his interior lines of communication, and by transporting his troops from East to West re-enforce the army more vigorously pressed, to hold the balance of power even with inferior forces. It was evident that

the various and complicated operations of the Northern armies would be greatly promoted by placing them under the direction of a single competent leader. Such was the popular judgment, and it was in accordance with this demand that President Lincoln, on March 1, 1864, had nominated Gen. Ulysses S. Grant as lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States.

The rank of lieutenant-general—an office carrying with it an authority subordinate only to that of the president, and an honor hitherto accorded to George Washington alone—had been revived by congress, and the nomination of the president was promptly confirmed by the senate. That the qualifications of General Grant for this responsible position should be universally conceded, was not to be expected, but while there may have been other commanders who were his superior in strategy, there was one point in which he stood pre-eminent, and that was his utter disbelief in the efficacy of sentimental procedures in dealing with the Rebellion. There would be no return to loyalty so long as the military power of the South remained unbroken, and in his opinion that power would never be broken save by the force of strong armies in bloody battles.

It was with such views as these that General Grant, summoned from the West by telegraph, repaired to Washington to receive his commission and instructions. He was formally introduced to the president and cabinet on the 9th of March, and the following day, after a flying visit paid to the Army of the Potomac, started on his return to the West, to arrange the preparatory movements inaugurating the general campaign. His assumption of command was made in a brief and modest order, announcing that his head-quarters would

be in the field, and, until further orders, with the Army of the Potomac. The remainder of March, and nearly the whole of April, were devoted to careful preparation for the campaign.

While General Grant was in St. Louis he had assigned to Gen. W. T. Sherman the command of the division of the Mississippi, including the departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Arkansas; had promoted Gen. J. B. McPherson to the position that Sherman had held, and advanced Logan to the command of McPherson's corps. The Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, was completely re-organized, the five corps being reduced to three, commanded respectively by Generals Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick. General Burnside, who had been re-organizing and receiving large accessions to the Ninth corps in Maryland, crossed the Potomac on the 23d of April, and joined Meade's army, thus increasing the fighting strength of the force to considerably more than 100,000 men.

To the Army of the Potomac had been assigned the most important work of the campaign, and that was to turn Lee's right flank, which would prevent a counter-movement on Washington; and having forced him back on Richmond, to destroy his army as soon as possible. At length everything was in readiness, and the army, masking its intentions by a feint on Lee's left, was put in motion to cross the Rapidan on his right, at midnight, on the 3d of May. Warren, crossing at the Germania ford, led the way, followed by Sedgwick, and pushed straight on into the Wilderness; while Hancock, crossing at Ely's ford, moved on to Chancellorsville, accompanied by the trains of the whole army. As soon as this much had been accomplished, General Grant, on

the 4th, sent orders to Burnside to unite with the army south of the Rapidan. By making a forced march, he arrived there the next day, though some of his troops marched forty miles to accomplish it. By this time General Grant had left his head-quarters at Culpeper Court-house, and advanced to the front.

A glance at this famous battle-ground known as the Wilderness, shows a large tract of broken table-land, stretching southward from the Rapidan nearly to Spottsylvania Court-house. Seamed with ravines, covered with a dense growth of scrubby timber and bushes, with only an occasional clearing, crossed by three or four good roads and a multitude of narrow cart-tracks, the whole region formed a tangled labyrinth in which numbers, artillery, and cavalry, were of small account against local knowledge, advantage of position, and command of roads.

Obviously it was for Grant's interest to get through this maze as quickly and with as little fighting as possible: and this he confidently expected to do, but Lee, alert and vigilant as ever, no sooner discovered the movement than he prepared to meet the advance. His army, which had been looking north towards the Rapidan, was brought around to the right and moved down, and the line of battle was formed about six miles to the east of the defences on Mine run. Ewell's corps held the left of the line, next the river; A. P. Hill's corps occupied the right, and Longstreet, who had but recently returned from his campaign in East Tennessee, and was now resting at Charlottesville, was ordered up in season to participate in the second day's action.

The first day of the advance only a few Confederate pickets were seen and scarcely a shot was fired. That

night Warren rested at the Old Wilderness tavern, which was about five miles from the ford, with Sedgwick's corps two miles in the rear. Hancock's corps was also in the rear, near Chancellorsville, and the cavalry, under Sheridan, guarded the front and flanks of the infantry. An early start was planned for the next morning: Warren and Sedgwick were to bear to the south-west, following the road to Orange Court-house; Hancock, pressing more to the south, was to make for Shady Grove church, and the cavalry, sweeping still farther to the south-west, was to make a reconnoissance in force.

Scarcely were the troops well under way on their several routes, on the morning of May 5, when the Confederate forces made an unlooked-for advance. The ground was as unfavorable for the successful resistance of an attack as it well could be; there was no time, even, to form in line of battle; yet there was no choice for the Union commander but to fight. Hill, by an early start, had secured a strong and sheltered position on a ridge crossing the road which Warren had taken, and had struck him full in front long before Hancock could arrest his march to the south and swing in on Warren's left. In the stubborn and bloody conflict which followed, both sides lost heavily, and neither gained any particular advantage.

In the mean time Sedgwick had been engaged by Ewell, and though the latter made a most determined effort he was obliged to give way, the rapidly gathering darkness alone preventing the pursuit of the advantage thus gained. The result of the first day's contest was a nearly equal loss in killed and wounded, but the Confederates claimed a thousand prisoners to about three hundred on the Union side.

When Burnside's corps came up that night it was distributed along the weakest points of the line, for General Grant had ordered an advance from the whole front for the following morning (the 6th); but, early bird though he was, the enemy stole a march on him, and attempted to turn his right flank, which was held by Wright's division of Sedgwick's corps. The attack was vigorously repulsed, and as a result the line was enabled to advance to a slightly more favorable position. The whole front felt the force of the next blow, which came about eight o'clock, and three several attempts were made at various points before the Confederates succeeded in pushing in between the corps and assailing first one wing and then the other. Aided by their thorough knowledge of the field, they were able to move their forces from left to right, and back again, without being observed from the Union side, and thus create the impression of a much larger attacking force than really existed.

The battle on the left had been opened by Hancock's corps in the early morning. Pushing boldly forward, he succeeded in driving back Hill's corps nearly two miles in the direction of Parker's store. Longstreet coming up at this juncture, the tables are turned; but now the sturdy force of the Ninth corps is brought into requisition, and the game of battledore and shuttlecock begins. Back and forth, first one side and then the other holds the advantage, until at length, by a skilful maneuver, the advancing foe is struck full in the flank, is driven back with heavy loss, and the contest ends with the Union troops holding substantially the same ground as in the morning.

It was nearly dark, and after practically a cessation of hostilities, when the Confederates, massing all their

strength, made a sudden onset at the right flank of the Union line, surprising and routing three brigades and taking about 4,000 prisoners. Sedgwick finally restored his lines, but it was now so dark that nothing further, offensive or defensive, could be accomplished, and the second day of the bloody struggle was ended.

That night several guns were brought up and placed in position on the right, and at an early hour Saturday morning opened fire, but elicited no response. Skirmishers were then advanced, and it soon became evident that Lee had had enough of advance attacks. With his whole front strongly intrenched, he was ready to receive but not to give. General Grant had no desire to prolong so unequal a contest as the present field of operations promised, and the columns were quickly put in motion southward, to the higher and more open ground around Spottsylvania Court-house. General Warren with the Fifth corps had the advance, and Burnside's corps brought up the rear, all the divisions except the First following the Sixth corps through Chancellorsville and going into bivouac on the road beyond. There was some skirmishing with the enemy during the march, but little harm was done.

May 9 was rather more exciting in its events. General Willcox's division of the Ninth corps had been ordered to the point where the river Ny crosses the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania road, and having made an early start, was within a mile of the river when the advance encountered the enemy's pickets. Having driven them back to and across the river, he seized the bridge and posted a brigade and two batteries of artillery on a little eminence a quarter of a mile beyond. The enemy made several attacks on this position, but meeting

with a decided repulse at all points, finally retired. Although the Second division had prepared the way, the brunt of the fighting was borne by the First and Third, the Second not being ordered up from the bridge until late in the afternoon.

The remainder of the army had had a share in the day's adventures as well. Lee had quickly divined the plan of the Union commander, and having the shorter lines of the two, transferred his army from the Wilderness to the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court-house, and having strongly fortified his position, awaited the arrival of the Union forces. Again was General Grant forestalled, but nothing daunted he at once prepared for another contest of endurance. The 10th of May was a day of hard and bloody fighting, and every inch of ground was contended for with skill and valor. The enemy's lines were between the Po and Ny rivers, and well protected by forests and marshy land. The Ninth corps held the extreme Union left, General Willcox's division holding the position near the river that had been so gallantly won the day before. During the afternoon the corps made an advance on the enemy in the face of a heavy fire, and the First division succeeded in reaching a point only a short distance from the court-house, which was held until the order came from head-quarters for its withdrawal. Slowly the night settled down upon the wearied and exhausted soldiers, and yet the morrow could only bring a renewal of the struggle, for in spite of the heavy losses on both sides no decisive result had as yet been attained by either.

A heavy rain fell on the 11th, and only skirmishing was indulged in, General Grant availing himself of the opportunity to change his base of operations from the

Rapidan to Fredericksburg. The week of toil and blood had borne fruitful results in misery and suffering if in nothing else, and the rear of the army was a vast field hospital, while the recesses of the Wilderness held hundreds of the unburied dead in their silent depths.

The brief respite ended with the day, and it seemed, on the morning of the 12th, as if every man realized that the final test of strength had come, for with the dawn the bloody battle opened. General Hancock's corps began the attack, striking and completely surprising the enemy's right centre and capturing and sending to the rear a host of prisoners, together with twenty pieces of artillery. Burnside's corps shared in the daring adventure, and with this auspicious opening it promised well for the success of the Union troops. But before noon the enemy had risen to the necessity, and for three hours the fearful carnage went on, the Confederates trying in vain to force back the Union lines, but preventing any further advance by the withering fire they were able to bring to bear upon the unprotected soldiers.

General Grant, however, was not content with this, and determined to turn the enemy's right flank if possible, though the enterprise was rendered the more difficult and dangerous from the marshy nature of the ground at that point, the showers of the morning and the previous day having made it even worse than usual. Early in the afternoon the troops were massed upon the left, and once more the struggle for supremacy begins. Again and again the troops press forward, and each time they meet with the most stubborn resistance from the equally determined foe. Step by step is the ground disputed, and the deadly fight continues till the field is covered with the wounded and slain. Only as the darkness of

night separates them from each other's sight do friend and foe cease to strive.

On the morning of May 11, General Grant had sent the following bulletin to the war department at Washington :

“ We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result, to this time, is much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5,000 prisoners by battle, whilst he has taken from us but few, except stragglers. *I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.*”

But the frightful carnage of the ensuing day put a different view on the matter. The only special advantage had been that gained by Hancock, and even that was dearly bought by thousands of lives; and as Lee had immediately fortified a line directly in front of Hancock's position, his stand was practically as invulnerable as ever. Yet Spottsylvania was not the objective point of the campaign, and if the position was too strong to be forced, some device must be employed to draw the enemy from his fastnesses. Several days of maneuvering, marching, and counter-marching ensued, and on the 16th a strong demonstration was made by the First and Second divisions of the Ninth corps, for the purpose of reconnoitering the enemy's position, developing the fact that he was still in full force and not to be lured from his stronghold.

On the 18th an action involving about one half of the army was begun, and a position rendering a portion of the enemy's works untenable was obtained, but even with this material advantage it was hopeless to attempt to carry the works in the face of the murderous fire that

belched from the brazen throats of the bellowing guns upon the heroes who vainly tried to surmount the barriers, and late in the forenoon the assault was abandoned.

The battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania called for the sacrifice of no less than 40,000 men, and the North was filled with the weeping and mourning of the widowed, the fatherless, and the childless. The Confederates, who had fought for the most part from behind defences, had lost heavily as well, but neither ardent patriotism or invincible hatred had gained the day.

AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

The true history of the soldier's life is not without its pathetic side, and the records of the Ninth New Hampshire chronicle no more touching incident than that connected with the following letter, received by the wife of Captain Smith on the very day that he was killed, May 12, 1864:

CAMP 9TH N. H. VOL. INFT.

BRISTOE STATION, Va., May 3, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE:

I have sent you several lines since I left home, and under the circumstances they were short, as no information is allowed to pass to the rear. My health is as good as usual. We are expecting to move any hour. I suppose that if you hear from me, and have only a few lines, you will excuse me under the circumstances. I should like to write many things, but in justice to all I shall forbear. Give my love to all, and accept these few lines from your loving and affectionate husband.

In haste,

ORVILLE SMITH, *Captain,*

Co. B, 9th N. H. Vols., 2d Brig., 2d Div., 9th A. C.



CAPT. ORVILLE SMITH, CO. B.

In the afternoon of May 3, at the close of battalion drill and target practice, the division was ordered to be ready to move at six o'clock on the following morning, with six days rations. This meant that hot work was not far away, and there was considerable disappointment expressed when, as the men were preparing for an early start with the rest of the division, it was announced that the Ninth New Hampshire and Thirty-second Maine were detailed to guard the surplus baggage and rations left on the camp-ground, and were to remain at the station until relieved. The delay was not for long, however, for relief came that very afternoon, and it was only a short time before their hasty preparations were completed and they were pushing on to rejoin the command. Nightfall came on before two miles had been covered, and the two lone regiments bivouacked on an old camp-ground which had served as winter quarters for a portion of the Army of the Potomac.

As early as half-past two on the morning of the 5th the men were routed out, and twenty miles, through a desolate, uninhabited region, were told off by the mile-posts before the halt for the night was made, at Rappahannock Station. The halt for dinner had been made at Warrenton Junction, which was readily recognized by the men of the Ninth as the place where they had bidden farewell to their old commander, Colonel Fellows, some eighteen months before. The officers of the Thirty-second Maine, which was a new regiment, had hard work to make their men keep up with the old-timers on the march, but even they were tired enough to welcome the order to "Stack arms, and make comfortable for the night!"

The next day the march was resumed at daylight, the

Rappahannock was crossed, and Germania ford on the Rapidan was reached about noon. The day had been warm for the season, and a halt for dinner and rest was ordered before crossing the river. In the afternoon the Ninth moved on to the Wilderness, and soon found and joined the rest of their brigade, taking up their position in the second or supporting line. Heavy cannonading had been heard since the early morning, but the men scarcely realized how fierce a contest was going on until they found themselves in the thick of the fight. Some of the regiments of the brigade had been hotly engaged before the Ninth came upon the field, but it was then so near sunset that hostilities soon ceased for the night.

All was quiet the next morning when, at early dawn, the Ninth New Hampshire was ordered to a position in a piece of woods at the front, the Thirty-second Maine being stationed at the left, and the Fourteenth New York at the right, of the regiment. The men at once set to work to protect themselves with a line of defences, and by noon had completed them in good shape. There was heavy fighting just to the right of the line all the forenoon, and the men were momentarily expecting the order to drop the shovel for the musket, but by afternoon the battle was raging farther away to the right, and the line was left undisturbed. Towards night they were relieved by other troops, and the boys began to think that luck was against them this time, for shortly after they left the field the Confederates charged the line and were repulsed with heavy loss. The night was passed with the division, in an open field, the men sleeping all night with their arms in their hands.

The next day was Sunday, but the soldiers had long ceased to look upon Sunday as a day of rest. At day-

break they were on the road to Chancellorsville, which was reached, after a hot and dusty march, about nine in the forenoon. After a brief halt to draw rations the regiment moved on a short distance, and took up position behind the breastworks thrown up by Hooker for his artillery in the great battle of the preceding year. At this stage of the game Chancellorsville was the extreme right position, and was occupied by the Second brigade. There was no engagement at this end of the line, and the remainder of the day passed quietly.

Many of the men were interested in examining their surroundings. A little in front of the ground occupied by the Ninth a slight eminence marked the spot where Stonewall Jackson received his death-wound. In the woods to the right, which had been held by the infantry of Hooker's right wing, the ground was still strewn with the débris of battle, and on every hand were the mounds where the slain had been partially—and only partially—covered with earth, and from which heads, hands, and feet of skeletons protruded. It was not a pleasant scene to contemplate, to say the least, in view of a possible occupancy themselves.

The regiment rested at Chancellorsville till near evening of the 9th, when they were relieved by a brigade of the Fourth division, and moved up the plank road toward Fredericksburg, the bivouac for the night again being on historic ground,—this time in an orchard behind the fortifications thrown up by Lee in the winter of 1862-3, to protect his rear at the time when Burnside had attempted an attack and got stuck in the mud.

It was a little after noon of the 10th when the regiment was ordered in. A rapid march of five miles, through bushes and scrubby undergrowth, brought them to the

front, where the brigade at once got into position. The Ninth had been assigned to the rifle-pits, and very shortly after getting comfortably placed discovered that a change in tactics had exposed them to a hot artillery fire. However, there was nothing to do but lie still and take it, with never a chance to give a shot in return. The first shell to do any damage struck near Company H, wounding two men—the first loss of the campaign. The firing ceased at dusk, but the men lay on their arms all night, suffering some from the chilly air, as they were without blankets.

Here they remained until the middle of the following afternoon, when they were ordered to move back about two miles for the purpose of drawing rations. Supper was hastily eaten, and then back on the double-quick to nearly their former position. There was a heavy shower just at nightfall, the rain continuing through the night, and as the men had neither tents nor blankets with them they were thoroughly wet and chilled before morning.

The quiet of the night, following the hurried movements of the afternoon, was something of a surprise to the men, but subsequent events soon cleared up the attendant mystery. That afternoon General Grant had called a council of war, at which the question of a retreat, or withdrawal to the other side of the Rappahannock, was freely discussed; Hancock and several others advocating the wisdom of such a course. Grant heard his corps commanders' suggestions, and then gave them all sealed orders, to be opened simultaneously on reaching their respective commands. To the surprise of most of them, these orders were found to direct an advance, which resulted in the hot battles of the next few days, followed by the flank movement toward the North Anna.

It is probable that the withdrawal and subsequent massing of the troops which occurred that afternoon was to get in shape for whatever course of action the council might result in, and the return was in pursuance with Grant's order to advance. Had Grant at this critical juncture of affairs weakened and retreated, the outcome of the war might have easily been different; in fact, it was a current remark among the troops at the time, that if any one but Grant were in command there would be a retreat, and a re-enactment of the previous Virginia campaigns. In Grant's vocabulary, however, the word "Retreat" appeared to have been left out, and, beaten or victorious, he pushed ahead all the same.

At daybreak on the 12th the battle opened with an assault from the Union lines. At about four o'clock a signal of four field-pieces discharged in rapid succession was given, and "Forward!" was the word. The Second brigade had the extreme right of the Ninth corps, and the Ninth New Hampshire had the right of the brigade. The Second corps was at the right, though somewhat in advance, and, owing to a thick fog which enveloped both friend and foe, succeeded in surprising the enemy, and captured an entire division, together with several guns and numerous stands of colors.

The Ninth corps now had the right of way, and pushing rapidly forward—over rough ground, across a steep, miry creek, then through a stretch of forest with its tangle of undergrowth—soon came upon the extreme left of the Second corps, who, behind the breastworks they had just captured, were busily preparing to meet the counter-charge which a body of Confederate troops was about beginning. The Ninth New Hampshire had got a little in advance of the rest of the brigade, and as

they came into view a staff officer of the Second corps rode up on the gallop. Hastily inquiring of Major Chandler, who was in command of the regiment, what troops they were, he exclaimed, "For God's sake, Major, change front and come in our left—they are flanking us!"

The major only partially comprehended the situation; but clear and sharp came the order—"Change front, forward on Tenth company!" The order was promptly obeyed, and the advance continued for thirty or forty rods, along what had been the front of the Confederate line, and over a tangle of scrub pine and brush which they had cut down. Just then the fog lifted, and there face to face, not ten rods away, was a whole division of the enemy, advancing in column of regiments and five or six lines of battle deep!

The regiment at once halted and commenced firing, but many of the rifles were wet and could not be fired until freshly primed, and this weakened the fire somewhat. In spite of this drawback, and the fact that a large proportion of the regiment was composed of raw recruits, the volley of musket balls brought the advancing column to a standstill, but only for a moment. By that time the Confederate commander had taken in the isolated position of the regiment, and throwing out four full regiments onto their unprotected left flank, subjected them to a raking cross-fire which it was simply impossible to endure. Major Chandler gave the order to fall back slowly, keeping up their fire; but the enemy at once pressed forward on the run, and the choice lay between capture or an immediate retreat to the crest of the little ridge just in the edge of the timber where the regiment had changed front for the advance.

The ridge was reached. The remnant of the regiment—for the galling fire to which they had succumbed had sadly lessened their number—rallied, another line of battle was formed, and bravely facing the host of their pursuers the men began firing. All had gone well until the major was wounded in the thigh and was carried from the field; but the enemy was now close upon them, and the regiment, under the command of Captain Stone, fell back still farther into the woods.

In the mean time the rest of the brigade had come up just in season to strike the Confederate column in flank the moment after it had routed the Ninth, and after an obstinate fight compelled them to fall back and take position; so that the ground where the Ninth first encountered them finally became the middle position between the lines, and both sides soon intrenched, keeping up a hot fire on each other for the rest of the day. At nightfall a portion of the regiment was sent to the right, to occupy with a cordon of picket posts a little space between the lines of the Second and Ninth corps. The night was showery, and the picket detail had a dreary task before they were relieved in the early morning of the 13th. All that day the regiment, with its brigade, lay behind the intrenchments in double line of battle, with a skirmish line outside the breastworks keeping up a desultory fire.

A portion of the ground charged over the day before was now inside the lines, but the place where the Ninth had first encountered the Confederate column lay outside, and after nightfall a party of volunteers went out to bring off the wounded belonging to the regiment, finding several and getting them safely off the field. All the long, cold night the men lay on their arms in the trenches,

getting what sleep was possible under such wretched conditions. The rain ceased with the dawn, and the regiment as a whole was allowed to rest through the day, though heavy details were continually made on the men for one purpose and another. That evening another searching party went out, and succeeded in finding and bringing off thirty of their dead comrades. The task of these volunteers was a hard and even dangerous one, as the skirmishers, except at the point where the party had gone through the lines, were firing more or less all the time.

The 15th of May marked the second Sabbath spent in the field, and the first detail of the morning was for the burial of the dead. The bodies were all placed in one long trench, the cold, damp earth was hastily shovelled in, and with a tear on their cheek for the dead, and a silent prayer for the living on their lips, the men hurried back to the trenches. The regiment had been roused about three o'clock, and put in readiness for an attack, should one be made. For three nights now the men had got only a couple hours of sleep in a night, and none in the daytime, and the long strain was beginning to tell. The only change in the position of the regiment during the day was a slight move to the right, which gave them the extreme right of the corps. During the afternoon the Confederate batteries threw a few scattering shells over their heads, as they lay in the rifle-pits, but fortunately no one was injured.

Under cover of the thick fog seven more bodies were recovered on the morning of the 16th. The list of casualties on the 12th accounts for sixty-two as killed, according to Fox's "Regimental Losses." Among the officers, Captain Smith had been killed, and Major Chandler and



MAJOR GEORGE H. CHANDLER.

five lieutenants severely wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt, who had been detailed to command the Thirty-second Maine on the 7th, was also badly wounded, and the command of the regiment thus devolved upon Captain Stone. Captain Edgerly of Company C had been killed on the 6th, and altogether the regiment suffered severely. As one man remarked, "If we have to go in again, there won't be anybody left to keep tally!"

All that day the regiment lay quietly behind the breastworks, and there was but little firing along the line. A body of skirmishers was thrown out from the Eleventh New Hampshire to feel the enemy, and lost fifteen men in a very few minutes, which was pretty strong evidence that the enemy were still in force. For the first time in a fortnight the men were given an opportunity to write home, and the mail which went out that night was heavily freighted.

On the 17th the men were ordered to the rear to draw rations, which gave them a chance to get the "kinks" out of their legs. For eight days and nights they had been under fire, with only a few hours' sleep, wet to the skin most of the time by the heavy rains, with no warm food or drink, and the sergeant who pulled off his boots and found the legs of his trousers covered with green mould, was not to be blamed for thinking he was "booked for the graveyard sure!"

The Ninth did picket duty in front of the rifle-pits through the night of the 17th, which passed quietly. Returning behind the breastworks just before daylight of the 18th, they were ordered out again almost immediately, with the brigade, as supports for a division of the Second corps, which was to charge the enemy at sunrise. The charge was soon made, the supporting

brigade receiving a sharp fire from the enemy's batteries. The attacking force carried the first line of works, but were themselves driven from the second, and falling back in confusion upon the brigade, disordered their ranks and swept them back as well. The brigade quickly rallied, however, and pushing forward, took position near the works which the advance had uncovered, keeping up a skirmish fire till nearly nightfall, when they were ordered back behind the breastworks. The day's losses in the Ninth New Hampshire were,— Captain Stone, commanding the regiment, mortally wounded, besides six privates killed. The adjutant-general's official report gives a total of sixty-two killed, between the dates of May 12 and 18; but according to Fox's "Regimental Losses," the Ninth New Hampshire between May 12 and 18 sustained a total loss of sixty-eight killed and over two hundred wounded.

A redoubtable major who was in command of one of the newer regiments, had created considerable amusement by rallying his men immediately in the rear of the Ninth. "Here, boys," he shouted, "get right in here behind the Ninth New Hampshire fellers! It's the best place we can get." Just then he discovered that his sword had fallen from its scabbard during his retreat to safe quarters, and he began to shout again. "O boys, I've lost my sword! Five dollars reward to any man that'll go back and find my sword!" But his liberal offer found no takers, and some wag suggested to him the propriety of hunting up his sword himself, and thus save the reward.

That night the regiment lay on the "off duty" line, and anticipated getting a night's sleep; but there was no "rest for the weary" they found, for at half-past one in

the morning they were called up, and moved to the vicinity of Burnside's head-quarters. After the hasty and scanty breakfast, there was another move, this time about two miles, to the left and front, where the brigade formed a line of battle and lay in the edge of an oak forest during the rest of the day. This outing was a pleasant relief from the monotony of the gloomy pine forest where so many wearisome days and nights had been passed, and the sight of a field of corn,—the tender blades fluttering softly in the morning air,—together with the arrival of a mail,—the first for three weeks—colored the sleep of the wearied, exhausted soldiers with dreams of their far-away homes among the New Hampshire hills.

That night the men slept through, undisturbed by friend or foe, and remained quiet through the day following, with the exception of a scouting party, which went out about three miles, and finding everything quiet, returned to camp. Rations were drawn in the afternoon, and preparations were made in anticipation of a move on the morrow. The forenoon of the 21st a reconnoissance in force was made, but no enemy appearing, the brigade fell back to its old position about noon. At three o'clock the whole corps was put in motion, and moved southward. Towards five o'clock the advance was shelled from a battery across the Ny, and this caused a halt till about midnight. Then the road towards Fredericksburg was followed till daylight.

A halt for breakfast was ordered at daybreak, and after making coffee the men were allowed a short time to rest. The column once more in motion, the march was continued through Bowling Green, across Mattaponi creek, and then on and on, until at sunset the nearly exhausted troops turned into the woods and

encamped for the night. Starting about seven o'clock on the morning of the 23d, the column moved slowly on through the forenoon, the only incident to break the monotony being the passing of General Grant and his staff, the boys getting a near-by view of the "Stars." Steadily pressing onward, through field and forest, and seemingly in every direction, the troops at last emerged near Ox ford, on the North Anna, where they bivouacked for the night.

TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

Captain Copp.—At Spottsylvania Court-house, on the 12th, we had driven the rebels out of one line of works, and had lain down on the outside, not being supported by the other troops. The rebels rallied, and four regiments came down and attacked us. We held the line until they reached us, and actually took hold of some of the men and drew them over the other side of the works. Then Major Chandler, who was standing near me, said, "Copp, this is tough, is n't it? We shall have to get out!" at the same time giving the command to withdraw—"Every man for himself!" or something of that kind.

The major and myself started along together, and had gone perhaps three or four rods when the major pitched forward on his face, exclaiming, "I am wounded! Help me off!" I took hold of his arm and assisted him along two or three rods, and then he fell again. I got him along a rod or two farther, and he fell the third time. This time he was nearly exhausted, and looking up to me, he said, "For God's sake, Copp, do n't let those d—d cusses get hold of me!" "All right, Major," said I,

“I’ll either get you off, or stay with you;” and calling to some of the men who were retreating, I said, “The major is wounded; help me to take him off!”

A man quickly uncoiled his blanket, and we rolled the major onto it. Three men, with myself, started with him on the run, dragging him over the ground, and through the bushes, till I began to think if he was n’t dead we should certainly kill him before we could get him out of the line of fire. A little to the rear of the works which we had carried was a line of old works, and I thought I could rally the men enough to check the advance of the rebels, in order to save the major. I looked for the colors, but they were not in sight. We went on a rod or two farther, and then I saw the color-bearer, James Prendable, lying on the ground with the colors drawn under him. Supposing he had lain down to surrender, I gave him a kick and said, “Jim, what are you down there for? Get up!” He looked up at me—his face white as a sheet—and said, “Captain, I can’t; I’m hit!” I saw by his appearance that he certainly was.

Drawing the colors from under him, I ran back and forth along the line of the retreating men with the colors, shouting “Rally on the colors, boys! Rally on the colors!” That stopped them, and I placed the flagstaff in that line of old breastworks, sixty or seventy of the men gathered around the colors, and facing upon their pursuers began to load and fire. The men’s guns were wet, and not more than half of them would go. Some of the men, after two or three trials, would throw away their guns, and taking one from a dead or wounded comrade, see if that would go. I never heard so much swearing in my life as there was that morning about

those guns. In the mean time the men had got the major a little farther to the rear, and as it was no use for a handful of us to stay there with all that rebel horde bearing down on us, we all took to our heels, Corporal Parsons snatching the colors from the works and carrying them safely to the rear. And that's the story of how we saved the major and the colors.

Captain Copp's heroic conduct on the field at Spottsylvania, as well as his gallant rescue of the colors at Fredericksburg, December 12, 1862, won for him the Medal of Honor given by congress for deeds of special bravery, a merited recognition of a patriotic and true-hearted man.

TWO LETTERS.

IN HOSPITAL, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,

FRIDAY NOON, May 13, 1864.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

I was severely wounded in the engagement of the 9th and 6th corps near Spottsylvania C. H. early yesterday morning. The ball entered my right thigh and passed directly through, but fortunately did not enter the bone. I am doing well. Arrived here about an hour ago, and hope to get to Washington, and thence home, before long. Do not be at all alarmed about me.

Yours in haste,

GEORGE H. CHANDLER.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 17, 1864.

Since my letter of Friday last I have continued about the same, suffering very much, but cheerful and full of

hope. My wound, though very deep and severe, is not called by surgeons a dangerous one, and my recovery of a very fair use of my leg is only a question of time. I am having good medical attendance, and as good care and good nursing as can be afforded under present circumstances. Rollins and Ordway sent a man from Washington specially to look after me. He is here now, and will probably remain as long as I do.

I expect to leave for Washington in a few days, and am only waiting for some day when I can take the ambulance journey from here to Belle Plain with the least inconvenience. From there we take a steamer, and the route is easy. Colonel Babbitt was seriously wounded on Thursday, and now shares the same mattress with me. He is as comfortable as could be expected. We now occupy the house of Major Slaughter, whose name has been rendered infamous for decoying our wounded into the hands of the rebels.

Give my love to Kate and William, and to Aunt Betsey, and say to her that if she has not disposed of uncle's crutches, air-beds, easy-chairs, etc., I shall probably need most of the stuff, such as is adapted to a cripple. Do not grieve about me, I am among kind friends, have money enough, and shall not lack anything. I hope to see you soon.

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE H. CHANDLER.

Capt. C. D. Copp.—Soon after the terrible loss of our regiment at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864, and while we were on the front line, waiting for, we knew not what, I noticed that Joseph Dufney of my company

was very sober and quiet. My attention was called to this from the fact that he was usually very lively and social, consequently a general favorite with all the boys. One day while he was standing by the camp-fire, waiting for his coffee to boil, and looking as though he had lost his last friend, I said to him, "Joe, what is the matter with you lately? You do n't act like yourself." Without looking up, or changing his position, he replied, with a shake of his head, "Something going to happen to me, Capt!" "Nonsense, Joe," said I; "cheer up! Something's just as likely to happen to me as to you. Do n't be so down-hearted. You're just as likely to come out of this and go home all right as I am;" and walking along to the earthworks in front the circumstance passed from my mind for the time.

The 18th of May, the next day after this I think, just at daybreak a rumor came to us that we were to be relieved and go to the rear for a rest, and very soon we were ordered into line ready to move. Almost at the same moment a body of troops appeared in our rear, advancing in line of battle. We were ordered to lie down, and they, passing over us, and up over our breastworks, moved rapidly into the woods to attack the enemy in our front. We were immediately ordered into line of battle, and moved by the flank a short distance to the left, and then to the front again, advancing as a support to the troops who had just passed over us, and who were already having hot work just beyond the woods, where they found the enemy in full force.

It was close work. The bullets, shot, and shell were already getting in their deadly work in our own regiment. Men were falling: some killed, others wounded; but the order, "Forward, men! Forward!" was still

heard along the line. In going through the woods already spoken of our line became broken, and as we came to an opening I was ordered to halt with the colors, and my company, and wait for the remainder of my regiment to reform on my right and left. Dufney was in his place in the front rank on the right of the company, steady, erect, face to the front.

We can now see that it was a mistake to halt just there, for it was in an exposed position, directly in line of fire from the enemy's artillery as well as infantry. Shells were exploding all about us, bullets were thinning our ranks; seconds seemed minutes, minutes hours, while we waited. Suddenly there came a terrific explosion, almost in my face. Smoke and dirt filled the air. The right of my company seemed to melt into the ground. After the dirt had settled and the smoke cleared, I saw that the right of my company had indeed melted away. Some lay upon the ground killed, others with horrible wounds were crawling, or trying to crawl, to the rear. Surely something did happen to poor Joe. The shell had exploded right in front of him, and his body was scattered to the four winds. At this moment the order came "Forward!" and we advanced upon the enemy for still closer work. I have told the story: Reader, what do you think of premonitions?

Capt. C. D. Copp.—After the incident related above, we advanced a few rods down into a ravine, where we were ordered to lie or sit down, to await the result of the fighting in our front. This position was somewhat under cover, but even here men were frequently being killed or wounded. While sitting on the ground, at the right

of my company, I felt an impression that I had better move out of that place at once. At first I gave it but little thought, my attention being attracted to others. The impression came with such force, however, that finally I yielded to it, and without rising moved a little to the left, apparently in no safer place, but simply in answer to the impression, which I had so strongly, to get out of that particular spot. This of course all happened in less time than it takes to read it, but the instant I moved a bullet came full force and struck in the ground where I had been sitting, and which would doubtless have hit me in the breast. Can you tell me who or what it was that told me to move?

Licutenant Mason.—Young Parsons, when he came to be mustered in, was objected to by the mustering officer as being both too small and too young. You know what a pale-faced youth he always was, and he looked as though he was n't more than fourteen years old when he joined our regiment. He told me, while I was in command of the company, that he put inside of his shoes pieces of paper with the figures "18" on them, and when they put him under oath as to his age he swore that he was "over eighteen." In my letter to his mother, when he was killed at Petersburg a little later in the season, I mentioned this fact. His mother was very poor, and later on applied for a pension. Imagine my surprise, when one day an examiner in the pension office came into the room where I was at work with that identical letter in his hand. He brought it to me, and said, "Is that yours?" I looked at it, recognized the writing, and answered "Yes, sir." "Well," said he, "that

will pass the mother's case then." This same Parsons was the man who helped save the colors at Spottsylvania, who was promoted to be color sergeant for his bravery, and who was killed while carrying the colors at Petersburg, July 20, 1864.

Captain Babb.—When we were recruiting, there was a young man who had n't any parents who desired to join the regiment. Eastman would n't pass him, as he was n't tall enough, and the poor fellow was very much disappointed. I told Eastman something of his circumstances, and he said, "Well, bring him in again, by and by, and perhaps he will pass, for sometimes these boys grow very fast." Perhaps somebody gave the boy a "tip;" at any rate, unknown to me, he put something under his heels, in his boots, and when he was examined the next time he passed all right. His name was Roscoe B. Kidder, and at the Battle of Spottsylvania he had grown to be a stout, heavy man. When the rebels swarmed on us that morning, Kidder got surrounded, and he turned his rifle and swung it round like a wild devil. He laid out eight or ten men, and got off himself all right.

Sergeant Dutton.—When we went in at Spottsylvania, Sergt. James Prendable carried the National colors and Corp. Albert R. Wheeler had the State colors. There was also a full complement of eight guards. Both flags were new and had never been in service, but after the battle the National colors had sixteen shots through them by actual count, and only one color bearer and two of the guard came out untouched, the rest being

wounded, killed, or taken prisoners. It was a close place. There was a dense fog. We advanced in line with the regiment until we found ourselves in the outer works of the enemy; had just halted there, when up out of the fog, not more than a rod or two distant, loomed the enemy. They came up in splendid alignment, their guns right shoulder shift; an officer directly in front of me holding a pistol out toward us with one hand, and keeping his men in line with the other. They came so near we could see the white of their eyes, and we had only time to fire and get out of it if we could. It was a wonder that any got away. When Sergeant Prendable fell, wounded, Captain Copp took the colors, and afterwards handed them to Private Edward S. Parsons, of Company D, who brought them off. Corporal Wheeler brought off the State colors unharmed after the battle. Corporal Wheeler resigned his position as bearer of State colors. Parsons was promoted to be sergeant and given the National colors, and I was given the State colors, and we carried them until the explosion of the mine at Petersburg.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Corporal Blood, of Company E, was on the sick-list at the time the regiment commenced its march to the North Anna. To get away from the noise of the regiment, the last evening it was at Spottsylvania, Blood went back from the intrenched line which the men held a few rods, rolled himself up in his blanket on the ground, and went to sleep. The regiment moved at two o'clock the next morning, but no one thought of Blood, because he was off duty and taking care of himself, and



CAPT. EDWARD C. BABB, CO. G.

was with the regiment as he pleased. He slept soundly until after sunrise, and awoke with the sun shining in his face and the thought that everything was remarkably still. Raising his head, he saw that our troops had left the pits in front, and then, to his consternation, that a large scattering of Confederate soldiers was wandering around in the woods where our men had been, and were looking over the field. Andersonville appeared to Blood as a sure thing for a future residence, but thinking he would make the best of it, he coolly arose, rolled up his blanket, slung it with his other traps over his shoulder, picked up his gun, and walked with a careless gait to the rear, quickening his steps as he got farther away. Fortunately he was not seen, and soon came up with the regiment, about five miles to the left, where it had stopped. Corporal Blood was a brave and efficient soldier. He received wounds September 30, 1864, at Poplar Grove church, from which he died in the hospital at Beverly, N. J., November 8th, following.

THE CAPTURE OF LIEUTENANT WILCOX.

“As we went into the fight, after passing the picket line, we went over the hill and into the hollow. There we stopped, and were ordered to continue firing as fast as possible. While we lay there one of the men was shot through the neck, and I remember the blood spurted out like a rainbow. Just then another man near me was wounded in the arm, and the blood spurted out in the same way. I did n't have a tourniquet, but by chance I had a piece of tent rope in my pocket, and I tied that around his arm and then told him to go to the rear. I had n't paid much attention to what was going on around

me, but all at once some one shouted, 'Look out, the regiment is retreating!' Then I looked up, and sure enough the left of the regiment was making for the rear, and I concluded it was time for me to be moving. I had not got two rods away before I was surrounded by a half dozen rebels, who demanded my surrender. A few nights before this some of the officers had been talking about being captured, and the suffering that would have to be endured in prison, and we had decided that we would n't be captured. That all went through my mind in a moment, but I did n't see how I could help myself, and so surrendered."

DEATH OF CAPTAIN STONE.

Captain Babb.—As soon as I learned that Captain Stone had been wounded, I went back to General Griffin and asked permission to hunt him up and see how badly he was hurt. It had been reported that he was mortally wounded, but the general said he did n't think he was, though he finally gave me permission to go. When at last I found him, he had been taken quite a distance to the rear. I sat with him about two hours, and talked with him for some time in regard to his wound, which was in the upper part of the thigh, near the abdomen, and had been made by a flying shell. He was very bright until, knowing myself that he was mortally wounded, I said, "Captain, you will probably go home now, and I wish you would go and see my family and tell them I am all right." He weakened then for the first time. "Lieutenant," said he, "I never shall see home. This thing will wind me up, and pretty soon too." He lived only one day after that.



CAPT. ANDREW J. STONE, CO. F.

Hermon A. Clement.—It was on the 18th of May that Capt. A. J. Stone, of Company F, while leading the regiment, was struck in the groin with a piece of shell, a wound from which he died, on the 20th, in Fredericksburg. Right here I wish to say that soon after he was wounded he was taken from the field and carried to the field hospital, where I found him after about an hour's search. His wound had been dressed, and he was lying in a tent. The moment he saw me he said, "Clem, how is the fight going? Were there many of my men killed?" He seemed at all times to have his reason, but oh, how he did suffer with pain all that night! Every few minutes he would want me to try and turn him one way or another; but as soon as I stirred him the least mite he would say, "Oh, I can't stand it!" The next day he was taken to Fredericksburg. The hospital was so full that I was obliged to lay him on a mattress on the floor, but I knew he would not be there long, for his hip and legs began to turn black as soon as we arrived there, and he suffered the most intense pain until he died, about eight o'clock in the evening. I dug his grave alone, and oh, how hard the ground was, and how hard it seemed to have to lay him in the ground wrapped in a blanket! And to think I should have it to do, for I loved him so much—he was always so kind to my poor brother Simeon and myself; in fact, to every one, bless his memory! I, for one, shall never forget him.

Captain Copp.—One of the wounded that were left on the field was Edward P. Chapman, of Company F. He told me that after we were repulsed the rebels rushed right over him as he lay on the ground. Afterwards,

one of them—a straggler, apparently—came along where he was, and pulled off his boots and some of his clothing, and rifled his pockets, and he let him do it without any resistance whatever; but the fellow, after he found out that Chapman was alive, stood up, took aim, and deliberately shot him through the jaw. Supposing that he was surely dead this time, the fellow went on and left him. Chapman was brought from the field as one of the wounded, and is still living, though part of his jaw is gone.

PLAYING 'POSSUM.

By Sergeant Burnham.

It happened that about the time the regiment broke, one of our company, a young Englishman by the name of Triggs, had his trousers cut, and his thigh grazed, by a Minié ball. It stung at first nearly as much as though it had gone through his leg. As is not uncommon in such cases, he thought himself much worse hurt than he really was, and dropping down where he would be partially sheltered by stumps and brush, with which the field was thickly strewn, he lay there, supposing for a time that he was seriously wounded. In a few minutes the Johnnies rushed past him in pursuit of us, and some of them, noticing Triggs and thinking from his looks that he was still able to travel, got him to his feet and tried to start him to the rear as their prisoner. He protested that he was wounded and could not go, but they thought differently and made him start. Said he afterwards, in telling the story, "About that time I thought my chance of getting into Richmond was exceedingly good."

Certainly it did look that way, but a lucky accident came to his relief. At almost the first step he tripped on a root or stick of some sort, and tumbled head-first into a heap of brush. His captors, who were beginning to find the place rather a warm one for themselves, thought surely he was used up, and “skedaddled” without waiting for him. At first Triggs was inclined to laugh at the ‘possum game he had almost unwittingly played, but he soon found he was not yet out of the scrape. There he was between two—yes, a half dozen—fires, and the bullets, shells, and canister were flying in a perfect storm over him, often striking uncomfortably close. He had no idea in which direction to go in order to find friends; in fact, the only thing he could do was to crawl into the most sheltered spot at hand and hug the ground. This he did, and remained in his hiding-place till the next morning, when he caught sight of our skirmishers, attracted their attention, managed to get to them unharmed, and soon afterwards found and rejoined us. He thought this, his first lesson in the fighting art, a pretty tough one, but was by no means discouraged, and in time became one of the best soldiers in the company.

Sergeant Burnham.—Robinson, Case, and I were of the searching party that went out after the dead and wounded. We had got most of the bodies, and had wandered some distance to the right of where we had passed through the skirmish line, when suddenly we heard the click of rifle-locks just in front of us, and an ominous voice ordered “Halt!” We lost no time in obeying, and I, who was unarmed, advanced open-handed to the skirmish or picket post, which was behind

some logs, and over the muzzle of a rifle explained who we were, and then we were allowed to retire. These men had not been notified of our mission, and it is a wonder that they did not fire on us without a word of warning, while in the opposite direction we must have got pretty near the rebel pickets. They tried to draw us on by imitating the groans of the wounded, and when we failed to respond gave us the compliment of a fusillade from their muskets.

SERGEANT BURNHAM'S SPECIAL DETAIL.

“When Grant made his flank movement from Spottsylvania to the North Anna, our division got under way near the middle of the afternoon. We led the corps that day, and took, or started to take, a different and shorter route than that of the Second and Fifth corps, who had started the night before. We moved out four or five miles, struck the telegraph pike from Fredericksburg to Richmond, and had turned southward on this, when from the opposite bank of a creek—one of the branches of the Mattaponi—a battery suddenly opened on our advance. This brought us to a sudden halt, and a part of the division was deployed in the fields and a reconnoissance made.

“The result was the decision to turn north on the pike, cross another creek about a mile distant, and take the route the other corps had pursued. We had large trains in convoy, were in a hurry, and this appeared the shortest and surest way I suppose; but presently another difficulty presented itself. The bridge across the creek I have mentioned was guarded by a body of Pennsylvania cavalry, who, it seems, had not the slightest idea that

any Federal troops were on the south side of the stream, and persisted in firing on everything approaching them from that direction. General Potter sent out two or three of his staff to communicate with them, but they came back unsuccessful, and I suppose did not like to try again. At any rate his adjutant-general came to General Griffin, saying he must have a sergeant who could be trusted with a despatch to the commander of the cavalry, and that he must get it to him in some way.

“Our regiment chanced to be the first at hand, and General Griffin called at once on Adjutant Brown for a detail. He, for reasons best known to himself, came immediately to me, and said General Griffin wanted me a few minutes, and ordered a man from another company to go with me. I reported, as directed, to General Griffin, and to my surprise the adjutant-general I have mentioned handed me a pencilled note, told me where he wished it carried, and explained the situation, but so bunglingly that he made me understand that the cavalry I was to find was on the same side of the stream as ourselves.

“I felt a good deal like telling him that if he had not orderlies and bummers enough to do his running for him, without taking a poor fellow that carried a knapsack, it was my private humble opinion he had better have a dozen or two more detailed. Concluding from his looks, however, that the less I said the better it would be for me, and that it would not look very well to back out, I started off. It took but a few minutes to walk a mile on a straight road and find the bridge. Not a human being, as far as I could discover, was within hearing of it. I examined the bridge, and found the planks had been torn up, but crossing over on one of the sleepers I

looked carefully around, and in the dim light of the evening—it was about nine o'clock—could see no one, although within twenty feet of the men I was searching for. They kept perfectly quiet, and I could not hear a sound; nor did they challenge me, which was what I was expecting in case there was any one near the bridge and on guard.

“Puzzled completely, I recrossed the bridge, counselled with the man who had kept me company, and we concluded to go back to General Griffin. Accordingly we started; when without a word the Dutch blunderheads, who were in the shadow of some trees just on the other bank and had seen me cross and recross the bridge, opened fire with their seven-shooters, and the way they sprinkled the bullets around us was a caution. It was one of the liveliest serenades of that sort that I have ever experienced, and there was no doubt about who it was intended for, either. We sprang into the ditch beside the road, where we were partially sheltered, and got out of range as soon as possible.

“From their being on the opposite side of the stream from what I had expected, and their not challenging me, I more than suspected that they were rebels, and lost no time in reporting to General Griffin. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘those are the very chaps you want; you must get that despatch to them; the whole column is waiting for you. Hurry up!’ I expressed my willingness to try it again, and hastening back to the company left my knapsack, got another man to go with me,—the first being too thoroughly scared to want to try it again—and started once more.

“On arriving at the bridge, I found they by some means had learned who we were, and had set to work to

replace the planks on the bridge. Of course I had no difficulty now in delivering my despatch. A consultation between the cavalry commander and General Griffin followed, and by the time the bridge was repaired the head of the column was ready to cross it, and a rapid and all-night march was begun. This was my first job of the kind, and not only had it been a 'ticklish' piece of work, but the extra travel involved, coupled with the hard march that followed, made twelve hours of work that was near proving too much for me. I think I never was so tired in my life as when we halted for breakfast the next morning."

Sergeant Burnham.—That morning at Spottsylvania, when the regiment broke and started for the ridge, I went along with the rest, for I had no mind to be captured if my legs would save me. I had gone only a little way when I came against a fallen tree-top, seemingly too high to leap. Glancing back, I saw that just behind me, and to the right also, the rebels were coming on. One of them, who was a little in advance of the rest, levelled his rifle and yelled, "Halt, you d—d Yank!" There was no time to run around that tree-top, or even to deliberate upon the situation.

I was loaded down with knapsack, haversack, canteen, rifle, and accoutrements, all on over my overcoat, which was wet and heavy from the rain, but I made the "greatest effort of my life,"—in the jumping line at least—and put myself the other side of that tree-top; not, however, without catching my foot in the topmost branch, causing me to light on all fours and to plant my rifle muzzle down in the soft ground. The Johnny who had ordered me to halt sent his compliments—apparently a

ball and buckshot—through my coat-tail; at least I credited him with the hole I afterwards discovered in the garment.

Some comrades who were just at my left when we started had passed around the tree, and as I sprawled on the ground I heard one of them exclaim, “Burnham is hit!” “Not yet!” I snarled, as I righted myself and snatched my rifle from where it had stuck in the mud. Then I made the best possible time towards the crest of the little ridge just in the edge of the timber, where we had changed our front in our impetuous advance, and towards which our broken line was rushing back as the first possible place at which to reform and make a stand. I was tempted at first to leave my rifle sticking where it was, but only for an instant. “That gun is going as far as I go!” was the determination that I came to, though it was only serviceable after being cleared of about a pint of moist earth. Another thought that flashed through my mind was to throw off my knapsack, but this was immediately followed by the reflection that it covered and partially protected quite a portion of my exposed rear, and I concluded to hang onto the knapsack.

Although I was the youngest sergeant in the company, I was that morning assisting Lieutenant Robinson, who was in command of the company, by doing the work of a lieutenant, and during the fight when we first met the rebel column, I had all I could do to keep some of our recruits, who were having their first baptism of fire, in their places and to their proper work of discharging their muskets—somewhere near, at least—in the right direction. One man—one of our original number, I am sorry to say—I made it my especial duty to keep in his place that morning. He tried all sorts of excuses

for getting out of the ranks, but I kept right behind him, and made him go as far as anybody went; at the expense, however, of a good many threats and sundry prickings of the bayonet. It was the first and only time he was ever got fairly under fire.

Sergeant Burnham.—Among the wounded that our searching party brought off the first night we went out, was my friend Tracy, who had lain on the field some forty hours with one leg broken and shattered below the knee by a Minié ball. The next morning I cooked and carried to him as good a breakfast as I could command, and had quite a chat with him about his experience between the time he was wounded and our finding him. He told me that the rebels, when they passed over the ground, took off as prisoners such wounded as could walk, but seeing that he could not, they left him undisturbed. One of them, more humane than the rest, threw him a canteen of water that had been dropped near by, and without which he must have suffered greatly from thirst. He was on rather low ground, and though a perfect storm of bullets passed just above him all day Thursday, and he was momentarily expecting to be struck, he had escaped further injury. He was quite bright and cheerful that morning, and seemed to have considerable strength, considering how much of a strain he had undergone in his long and dangerous exposure. About noon he was taken to the rear to a hospital, where his leg was amputated. The surgeon was hopeful that he could save him at first, but erysipelas set in after the amputation, and in a few days he died, one of the best men and Christians I ever knew.

Sergt. N. T. Dutton.—Sergeant Tracy died in Washington, June 6, 1864, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day he reached there. By some means, at the landing in the morning, he was separated from the wounded of his own division and carried with other wounded to another hospital. His wife, who had been notified of his wounds, reached Washington the same morning, but not finding him in his proper place, went from hospital to hospital all day long, and only found his body about an hour after he had died. The stroke was too hard. She took the body with her to New Hampshire for burial, soon began to fade away, and in the next fall died, and was laid beside her husband, her life as much a sacrifice for country as his. Inseparable in love and devotion for each other, they were likewise for their country, and "in death were not divided."

Sergt. N. T. Dutton.—Corporal Elmer Bragg, of Company E, was wounded in the head, the ball lodging just under the skin near the temple. He was taken prisoner at Spottsylvania, and was carried to Belle Isle near Richmond, where he remained, with his wound undressed and the ball unremoved, until August, 1864, when he was exchanged and taken to Annapolis, Md. From lack of attention to his wound, and starvation rations, he became very much emaciated, and reached the hospital there more dead than alive. His father came on to see him and take him home. At sight of him Bragg rallied, and seemed much better. The father's business demanded his immediate attention, and leaving his son to gain strength for the journey he returned home. Corporal Bragg did not live to reach

the home and friends he so dearly loved, for that very night a reaction set in and he died. His case is illustrative of thousands of others. Corporal Bragg was pursuing his studies at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, N. H., when he enlisted. He was a most sturdy and faithful young man and Christian. He was always cheerful and ready in his duty, and patient under the great burdens of service and suffering. In his diary, which he kept while at Belle Isle, he daily described his rations—a small piece of corn-bread, an inch or two square, a morsel of meat or a trifle of samp, which only served to prolong his suffering and starvation; yet he often closed the day's record with these words,—“How thankful I ought to be to God for all his goodness to me.”

A FEW STRAY SHOTS.

Soon after the regiment entered the slashed timber General Griffin sent one of his aids, Lieutenant Burbank, to Major Chandler, with an order for the regiment to come back; but they were under full headway on the charge, and what with the confusion, the yelling, the bursting of shells, and all, the order failed to reach them, and they kept on their way. When this fact was reported by the orderly to General Griffin, the general remarked, “If they have gone in there, you can say good-bye to the Ninth New Hampshire.”

As the regiment was making ready for the advance, a man came along, without any gun or equipments, and took his place in the company to which he belonged. The commanding officer said to him, “What are you

here for without any arms?" "Oh, never mind," said the soldier, "some of these fellows will be dead pretty soon, and then I can have all I want!" He soon equipped himself.

Another man, who was in the rear rank, was troubled a good deal by a front rank man not keeping up. After pushing against the fellow several times, he finally seized him by the shoulder and said, "You get into the rear rank and let me step into the front!" He had hardly got into place when he was shot.

For close shaves, Provencher, of Company E, and Plummer, of Company B, can divide the honors. Provencher had the visor of his cap and the back of his blouse shot clean off, without getting a scratch himself, while Plummer had his cartridge box blown to flinders and every cartridge destroyed. Both men were pretty thoroughly shaken up by their adventures, and they were really remarkably narrow chances.

CORPORAL MAYO'S EXPLOIT.

To begin with, when the regiment was getting ready to go in, on that foggy, drizzly morning of the 12th, at Spottsylvania, Lieutenant Robinson, who was commanding the company then, told me I had better remain where I was and not go in. I had, at that time, been prostrated with fever and ague for several days, but I told him I guessed I would keep along with them the best I could. As the regiment went over the ridge it



CORP. LYSANDER R. MAYO, CO. E.



NATHAN CUSHING, CO. E.



BENJAMIN GRAY, CO. E.



JAMES C. AYER, CO. E.

went to the left, in order to make connections, leaving quite a gap between our corps and the Second. I went over the ridge to the ravine where the brook was, and all at once I heard some one sing out, "Drop that gun!" and looking up I saw two Johnnies, with a wounded prisoner between them; but they both had their guns drawn on me, so I dropped mine according to orders, for it was n't the time or place to argue on the question.

They started off with us, to go back to their regiment, as they supposed, sending me on ahead, with the wounded man, who was a Dutchman, following on behind. I kept bearing to the right until we got to the road that came out behind the Second corps, but when I got in sight of that, and saw the straggling blue-coats coming in from all directions, I wheeled around and said, "Do you know where you are?" Considerably startled by the question, after a hasty glance around they confessed that they did not "exactly." "Well," said I, "I do, and I'll tell you. You're inside our lines now, my boys, and the quicker you hand over those guns the better, for if our boys get sight of you here you'll get a bullet before you have time to throw them down!"

They got down in a little hollow, and kept their guns drawn on me for a few minutes, but finally one of them said, "Where'll they carry us if we surrender?" "I do n't know," said I, "but I suppose to Point Lucock." Then one of them threw his gun down, and the other reversed his and handed it to me. I took the gun, and then knocked the cap off and put on a new one. "What are you doing that for?" said he, "the gun is all right!" "Well," said I, "I just wanted to be sure there was a fresh cap on." I started the Johnnies

ahead, and told them which way to go, but they kept begging, "Oh, for God's sake do n't take us up to the front!" "You keep still," said I; "I rather guess I know my way out of this."

The first thing that fetched me up was when I got to where General Burnside and his staff were. One of the aids came up to me, and I asked him where to take my prisoners, and he told me. We had to go back on the hill, and when I got them there and turned them over to the officer of the day, I said to him, "I captured these two men alone, after they had travelled me around in the woods for a while, and I want something to show for it." He asked me what my name was, and I told him; and then he stepped into the marshal's office, and wrote me a receipt for two prisoners of war, which I still have in my possession.

The following is a copy of the receipt given to the plucky Yankee corporal :

PROV. MARSHAL 9TH A. CORPS.

Received of Corporal Mayo, of the 9th N. Hamps., 2 (two) prisoners of war.

NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, May 12th, 1864.

G. H. AIKEN,

Lt. 8th Infantry,

Officer of the day.



SERGT. CHARLES S. STEVENS.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE NORTH ANNA TO PETERSBURG.

When the Army of the Potomac struck the North Anna, on the afternoon of May 23, it found its wary opponent securely intrenched on the opposite side of the river, ready to dispute its passage. The enemy's widely diverging lines, reaching back from two to three miles, formed a salient just across from the point where the commander of the Ninth corps had brought his forces to a halt. It was apparent that an attempt to cross at Ox ford must be attended with serious and useless loss of life. Accordingly the corps was divided, the First division being dispatched to the aid of Warren, who, holding the right of the line, had succeeded in making a crossing at Jericho ford, where the enemy, at first in slender force, but soon re-enforced by six brigades of Hill's corps, attacked and was driven back with heavy loss, enabling Warren to establish and intrench his lines; the Second division to the assistance of Hancock, who, striking the river at Chesterfield bridge, a mile above the Fredericksburg railroad, was confronted by McLaws's division of Longstreet's corps, but attacking, had carried the bridge by six in the afternoon, the enemy, after repeated efforts to burn the bridge during the night, retreating and leaving the way clear for Hancock to cross in the morning of the 24th; while the Third division was retained in the rear of the ford, and

succeeded in seizing and holding a small island in the river on the following day.

The army had crossed the river with but small loss, but the game was by no means won, and the longer General Grant studied the ground the stronger became his conviction that Lee's position was practically invulnerable, and only to be wrested from him at a frightful sacrifice. Deliberate and careful reconnoissances were made during the 25th and 26th, but there was no encounter of the forces except a brush which occurred in the afternoon of the latter date, when the Second division of the Ninth corps drove back the enemy's entire front and advanced its own line to a highly favorable position. That night the army cautiously withdrew from the enemy's front, crossed the river, and, bearing first to the east and then to the south, took the road to Richmond, the Sixth corps having the advance, and being followed by the Fifth, Ninth, and Second. The morning of the 29th found the whole army south of the Pamunkey, and in close communication with its new base at White House.

This move had been made in accordance with General Grant's determination to again attempt to turn Lee's right flank, and by crossing the Pamunkey the approach to Richmond was considerably shortened by a movement across Tolopotomoy creek, by way of Cold Harbor and Bethesda church. Lee, on the watch and having the usual advantage of a shorter road, was already in position on the new front, his army, across Tolopotomoy creek, with its right on Mechanicsville pike, near Bethesda church, covering both railroads as well as the road to Richmond. The Ninth corps crossed the creek on the 30th, establishing itself after some particularly.

sharp skirmishing, more especially in front of the Second division; the whole line, on the following day, being moved forward quite a distance.

The advance was made late in the afternoon, the troops crossing an open field with great spirit in face of a heavy fire, carrying the larger part of the enemy's front line of rifle-pits, and taking about six hundred prisoners. The Confederate forces, now thoroughly aroused, defended the second line with such stubborn resistance that further advance was impossible, and though the Army of the Potomac bivouacked that night on advanced ground, it was at the cost of more than 2,000 killed and wounded soldiers. Two days were devoted to establishing and strengthening the lines, the sharpshooters on both sides keeping up a lively fire while these movements were going on in the rear.

The Ninth corps had been removed from its position in the centre, and on the night of June 2 occupied the extreme right, its own right partially exposed and its left resting near Bethesda church, while the main line stretched back to a point not far from the Tolopotomoy. The movement had not been made without loss however, for, being done in broad daylight, it had been quickly detected by the enemy, who, following up the skirmishers that were covering the operation, succeeded in taking quite a number of them as prisoners; and still farther pursuing their advantage by an assault on Warren's left,—he being next in line to the Ninth—captured nearly four hundred more, before their further advance was checked.

That night General Grant resolved to attempt to force the Confederate lines on the morrow, with the purpose of opening the passage of the Chickahominy and driv-

ing Lee into the intrenchments around Richmond. The assault was begun by a discharge of artillery along the Union lines, about sunrise on the 3d of June, which was quickly followed by a magnificent charge on the left—a charge which swept everything before it and for a brief space of time gave to the bold invaders the possession of the highest point of the enemy's position. But the supporting columns were not at hand to secure the advantage thus gained, and the enemy rallied, poured an enfilading fire upon the isolated detachment, and finally compelled them to choose between an abandonment of the captured position and utter annihilation. Three thousand in killed and wounded was a high price to pay for an advanced position and three hundred prisoners, surely!

From the centre the assaults were less determined, and also less sanguinary, while on the right the Ninth corps sustained the brunt of the battle. The Second and Third divisions, swinging around to flank the enemy's left, were hotly engaged, but made a decided advance; establishing themselves face to face with the foe, they awaited the order to move upon the second and stronger line of the coveted position. But General Meade felt there had been sacrifice enough, for already thousands of men were writhing on the blood-stained sod, and General Burnside was ordered to cease offensive operations. The skirmish line was drawn in, the position strengthened, and when the enemy, presuming on the non-pursuance of the advantage already gained, ventured an assault during the afternoon, they were quickly and vigorously repulsed. The army had suffered terribly, the killed and wounded in the Ninth corps alone numbering more than a thousand: and it had all been in

vain, for the road to Richmond was still in the possession of the enemy, and the impossibility of crossing the Chickahominy at this point proved.

On the 5th and 6th the enemy essayed attacks at different points along the Union lines, but was successfully repulsed each time. Then, under cover of an armistice, the wounded were removed from between the lines and the dead were buried. Meanwhile General Meade was carefully maneuvering for a change of base, purposing to throw his army across to the south bank of the James. The next few days were devoted to preparations for the movement, a monotony unbroken by any event save an occasional shot from a watchful picket or the dull boom of the mortars. On the night of the 12th the Army of the Potomac was southward bound, and the campaign north of the James river was a thing of the past.

It was manifest that Grant was about to hazard another flank movement. Richmond was not so much the objective point as was Lee's army, and this Grant had hoped to defeat in open action; but from the time of Lee's attack and repulse in the Wilderness the enemy had fought only defensive battles, and those from behind strongly intrenched works. Grant's persistent "hammering" had been successful in this respect if in no other, and the first breach had been made in the walls of the citadel. It was time now for a change in tactics, and Sheridan's cavalry having destroyed the railroads running north from Richmond, thus rendering Washington safe from any serious danger, the Union commander was ready to move his army southward and attack Richmond through Petersburg, the citadel of the Confederate capital.

So skilfully and so secretly was the army withdrawn

from its position, that while General Lee was not without knowledge of the movement, until he heard of General Smith's preliminary assault on the north-eastern line of the defences of Petersburg, on the 15th, he did not know for what point the Army of the Potomac was making. The Ninth corps, marching by way of Tunstall's Station, reached a point not far from Sloane's crossing of the Chickahominy just before night came on of the 13th, and bivouacked, crossing the river at early dawn. The night and the following day were spent with the Sixth corps on the James river. Crossing by pontoons on the evening of the 15th, the corps now pushed rapidly on towards Petersburg, in order to share in the operations of the forces under Smith and Warren, and was closely followed by the Fifth. By ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th the advance division was in front of Petersburg, and a little after noon the entire corps was in position on the extreme left of the line.

THE ITINERARY OF THE RANK AND FILE.

From their hasty bivouac near the North Anna, on the night of the 23d of May, the wearied sleepers were roused at an early hour on the following morning by the sharp firing of skirmishers, who seemed to be at no very great distance. The troops were not moved until about noon, however, when, after following a somewhat circuitous route, the river was crossed about a half mile to the north of the bridge of the Virginia Central railroad, and a line of battle was formed. The bridge and its approaches were commanded by a Confederate battery, which pitilessly showered the unprotected foot-

soldiers with shells, as in long and serried ranks they hurried across the dangerous pathway. The Ninth New Hampshire men were getting the knack of dodging these missiles perhaps, for not a man in the regiment was injured. The troops lay on their arms that night, but the only disturber of their peaceful slumbers was a terrific thunder-shower, succeeded by a heavy rain which lasted until morning. Everything was quiet during the day, but in anticipation of a possible night attack the men were set to work building breastworks, a task that was not completed until near night. Then it began to rain again, and with no protection but their blankets the men passed rather an uncomfortable night.

During the afternoon of the 26th there was heavy skirmish firing from both sides, and quite a number of men were wounded. In the evening a skirmishing party was sent out, who succeeded in burning the bridge by which the river had been crossed two days previous. Tramping around in the mud until two o'clock in the morning was not a very pleasant experience, to say the least, and the hardness of the couch did not disturb the heavy slumbers of the tired soldiers when they were finally ordered to turn in. It was late in the forenoon before the hurried preparations for an onward move of the corps aroused them, and by eleven o'clock the long and tedious march had begun. The route lay to the south, between the Mattaponi and the Pamunkey, and the roads, deep with mud, were soon worn into ruts by the steady tread of marching feet.

On and on, through all the long, hot afternoon, with slow but constant progress they marked the hours. At sunset there was a brief halt for coffee, but it was long past midnight when the men threw themselves on the

ground to snatch a few hours' rest. Routed out at daybreak, they were again on the road by six o'clock, and with only occasional halts for rest the march was kept up until two the next morning—twenty hours on a stretch. No wonder they were footsore, and that thousands fell out by the way; no wonder the men grumbled, for rations were short, and empty stomachs are not conducive to good temper.

The Pamunkey had been crossed shortly after midnight, some ten miles to the north of White House landing, and the army had bivouacked about a mile beyond the crossing. It was Sunday morning, but it brought no baked beans and brown bread to the hungry soldiers: instead, they were ordered to the front, and set to work digging rifle-pits, without any breakfast whatever. In the afternoon they fell back to the woods to rest, and having received a ration of fresh beef, cooked and ate their suppers with the zest that only hungry men can know. This, with the added luxury of a good night's rest, proved to be a most effectual tonic for both mind and body, and the morning of the 30th found them as cheery and ready for work as ever.

That day's fortune for the regiment opened with a mail from home. The detail to serve as rear-guard for the trains was equally welcome, and the task was easier by far than the slow drudgery of the pick and shovel that had been their lot on the day before. There was brisk firing all day at the front, and all night long the guns of the batteries kept up their thunderous booming—an accompaniment that seems to act as a lullaby to the veteran soldier. It was very warm on the 31st, and during the early hours of the morning the men had a chance to cook and eat breakfast at their leisure, and to

clean up a little—a novel enough experience in those days. Their “soft job” soon came to an end, however, for noon found the regiment with the rest of the brigade, right at the front.

The line of battle was at first formed in the edge of a piece of pine woods, and the men at once set about providing themselves with breastworks, but before much had been accomplished in this direction a further advance was ordered, the Ninth being detailed to lead in the support for the skirmishers. The line is quickly formed, the regiment pushes on through a quarter of a mile of thick forest, then down into a ravine and up its opposite bank. Driving the Confederate pickets before them as they advance, they hurriedly clamber up the steep side of the ridge on whose crest the enemy lies intrenched. The struggle is short and sharp, a dozen or so of men are wounded, and a few fall, never to rise again—but the works are ours, and the Ninth is fully deserving of the many compliments showered upon it for its gallant conduct.

The rest of the line now arrived, and closing in on the right and left of the Ninth, soon placed themselves behind quite formidable intrenchments, a skirmish line also being established in front. The Ninth occupied this a part of the afternoon, and had the pleasure of sending the Johnnies a few leaden compliments in return for their own unwelcome favors. A brisk skirmishing was kept up until dark, the heavy fighting being carried on more to the left, and the night was spent in the trenches, one half of the men doing duty while the others slept; but no advances were attempted on either side.

June came in fair and bright, but to the men

cooped up in the hot trenches all day a spell of cool weather would not have seemed amiss. There was more or less skirmishing through the day, but towards night the firing increased, and by sunset the fighting had spread along the line for miles. The thunder of the artillery, the screaming and bursting of the shells, the crash and rattle of the musketry, were almost deafening for a time; but the occupants of the rifle-pits were not disturbed, and the night soon wore away its length.

At daybreak on the 2d the regiment was withdrawn, and retiring to the woods rested till noon, when a move of a few miles was made to the left, which brought them to the vicinity of Bethesda church, around which a large body of troops were then massed. In the afternoon a heavy shower came up, and just at sunset, as the men were making their coffee for supper, and enjoying to the full the cool evening breeze that swept down from the hills, the sound of tremendous musketry firing to the rear of the lines broke in upon the quiet. Coffee and everything else was forgotten in the lively work that followed. The enemy had made a dash on the rear lines, and had been beaten off, though he still clung to as close a position as it was possible to hold. The Ninth, with its brigade, was thrown out on the right flank, and had a lively race for some breastworks, which it succeeded in occupying before the enemy could reach them. The regiment held the reserve, or front side of the works, and spent a good share of the night in rebuilding them.

The morning dawned, thick with clouds and heavy with rain, but with the first gleam of light a perfect tornado of lead and iron swept through field and forest,

and sheets of flame and clouds of smoke mingled in frightful masses, as wave after wave, surge after surge, tide after tide of murderous fire ebbed and flowed along the far extended lines, each of them sweeping hundreds of souls into eternity. The division was engaged more or less hotly all day, but the Ninth, having been detailed for support of a battery, were considerably sheltered by the earthworks, and lost only a few men. At nightfall they were moved to a position at the front, and began to throw up breastworks, an occupation in which they were beginning to rank as experts, for in an incredibly short time they were able to get up a pretty good shelter from the bullets of the enemy. That the regiment's actual participation in the conflict of the day was confined to the support of those who were actively engaged is true, but very apropos as to the effectiveness with which they performed the task assigned them, comes the following :

One of the chaplains, ever on the alert for the welfare of his wayward charges, happened to get into the vicinity of the battery right in the thick of the fight. The Confederate shells were plowing furrows about the guns, and the cannoneers were grimly and diligently addressing themselves to the work of giving back shot for shot. The chaplain watched them very attentively for a while, but finally edging his way up to one of the gunners, who was very proficient, but at the same time rather profane, the good man, in simple justice to his calling, could not refrain from a gentle remonstrance. "My dear friend," said he, "if you go on this way, can you expect the support of Divine Providence?" "A'n't expectin' it," said the gunner; "the Ninth New Hampshire has been ordered to support this battery."

The next day dawned clear and beautiful, but the enemy had taken advantage of the darkness to withdraw from the front, leaving his dead upon the field. The ground they had occupied showed the terrible destruction that had been wrought in their ranks, and one battery in particular, which lay just within range of the position held by the Ninth, had evidently lost about all their horses and a good many men. They had managed to get the guns off, but had left one caisson filled with ammunition and blown up another. Towards night the division was moved about two miles to the left, relieving a division of the Fifth corps and spending the night in the trenches. Showery nights were the rule rather than the exception, and this night was no exception to the rule, for the men, snugly wrapped in their blankets though they were, got a pretty thorough wetting before morning.

A week slipped away behind the breastworks, first in one position and then in another, the division holding the extreme right of the line and doing more or less skirmishing. Sunday, the 12th, orders came for the line to be ready to move at dark, and by eight in the evening they were on the road, making the start as quietly as possible and leaving out a picket line that remained on guard till three in the morning. The troops marched all night, and the five-o'clock halt for breakfast found them within three miles of White House landing. Here they rested till noon, when they were again put in motion and kept on the road until midnight, covering only about ten miles however, owing to the crowded condition of the roads. The route followed was across country, towards the James, for the most part through a region so sandy and poor that the only

thing that could make any growth in it was pine trees, and not very big ones at that.

The Chickahominy was reached and crossed in the forenoon of the 14th, and after halting for dinner there was no more rest till night, when bivouac was made about two miles from Harrison's landing on the James. The Sixth corps was established at this point, and the 15th was spent quietly in camp, giving the men a chance to rest and clean up a little. At dark orders came to move, and hardly time enough for the necessary issuing of rations was allowed before the troops were started for the river, which was crossed on a pontoon bridge nearly a half mile in length. Once across, the column pushed on as rapidly as possible towards Petersburg, now some thirty miles away.

A DRUMMER BOY'S SERVICE IN THE RANKS.

By Frank S. Ritter.

On the 29th of May the regiment relieved the Twenty-first Massachusetts as guards of the division wagon train. On the morning of the 30th we were again ordered to the front, to strengthen the picket line. In making this advance we had to pass through a large tract of heavy timber, in which were several ravines with an undergrowth of sweetbrier, and in the farther edge of the woods was a very deep ravine, with abrupt sides which were very difficult to climb. A few yards in advance of this ravine was an irregular breastwork, in front of which, at one place, in plain view, were two Johnnies, loading and firing as if the fate of rebeldom hung on their efforts. One shot hit three members of the company,—one in the hip, one in the knee, and the third

in the ankle. The first one came back to us after several months, but the other two never recovered, and never will. I endeavored to reply to this shot, but my musket being without a cap,—which had come off somehow in passing through the brush—failed to speak, and before I could recap the piece the Johnnies were out of reach.

We halted at the breastworks and began to strengthen them, and learned later that had we but advanced a little, to the edge of the ravine, we might have captured several prisoners. Here we lay for two days, most of the time under a heavy fire from our artillery. In the afternoon of the first or second day of June, the Second, Fifth, and Ninth corps were massed in a field but a short distance from Bethesda church, and while there we experienced the inconvenience of one of those sudden Virginia showers. How it did rain! And how we enjoyed it, without any kind of a shelter but the sky above us, and that sending down a perfect deluge of water! Having lost my rubber blanket back at Spottsylvania,—some one having borrowed it to carry off a wounded comrade and failed to return it—I was but a sorry looking object when at last the clouds broke away.

Hardly had the drops ceased to fall when we were startled by the crash of a heavy volley of musketry. The rear-guard was the Second New York mounted rifles,—but they were never mounted I think—who were equipped with breech-loading or repeating rifles. How those volleys did crash! How the staff officers did gallop about, and what a swarm of men there was to get into their proper positions, and with a mighty short time to do it in too! A. P. Hill was after us, and he



JOHN P. WEBSTER, Co. G.



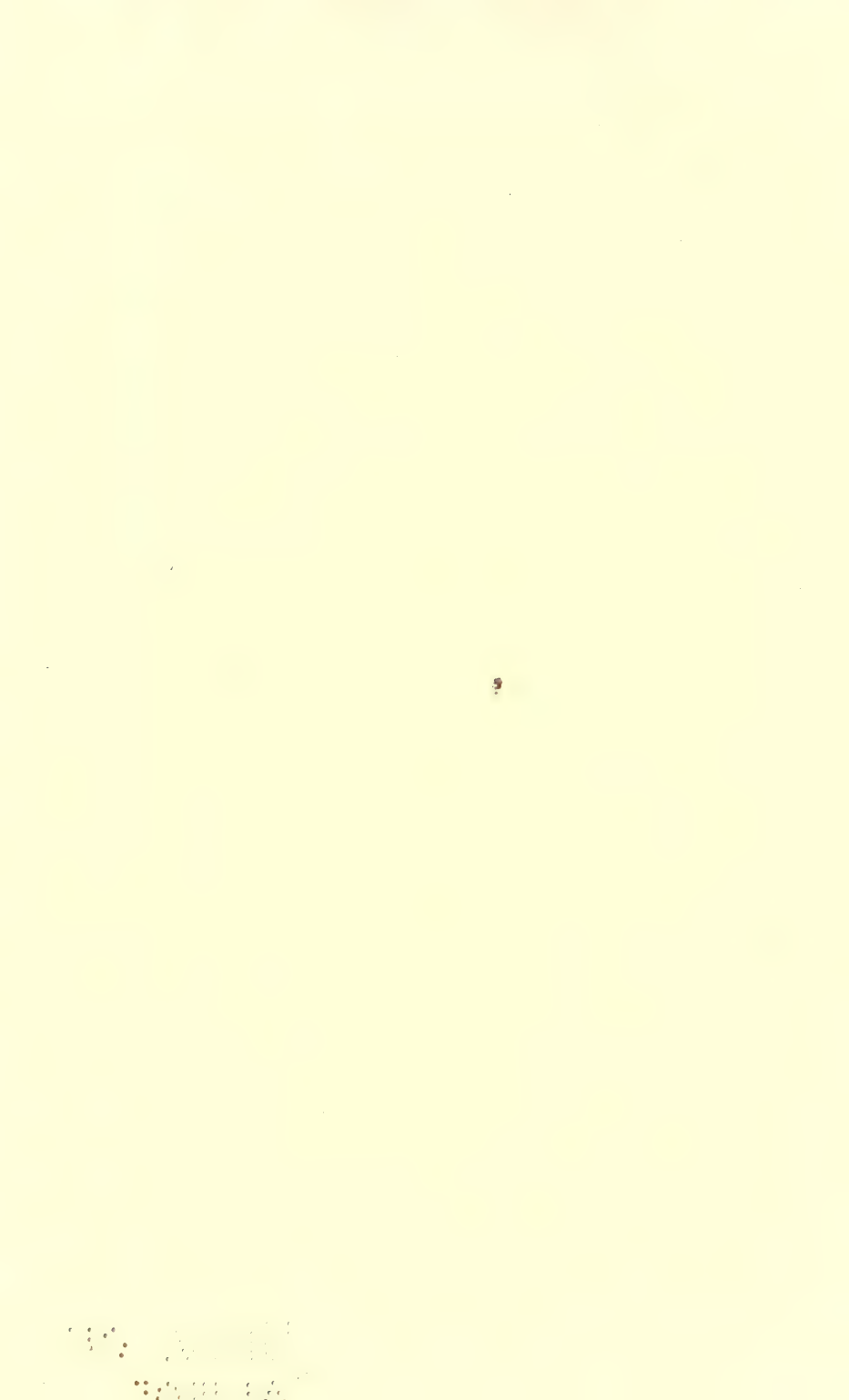
HIRAM THURBER, Co. G.



WILLIAM B. ROBBINS, Co. G.



NAPOLEON B. OSGOOD, Co. G.



did not mean to let us get any advantage. Soon our brigade was in line, and running for some breastworks across an open field. It was "Get there, Eli!" with a vengeance, for we wanted those breastworks and so did Hill; but we got there first, although we were on the reverse side. Such a race as it had been! Immediately behind the breastworks was a large field of sweet potatoes, just well growing, and the soil was so soft from the shower that we went in nearly over ankles at every step. At the rear and to the left of the potato patch was a set of buildings, while nearly all the way back to the church—about a third of a mile, as I should judge now—the ground was covered with running blackberry vines. Having worn out my shoes some days before, I had the best of reasons for remembering the run for those breastworks. We lay at the works that night, and the Third Massachusetts battery was throwing shells over our heads about every minute it seemed; but for all our discomforts we slept, and I for one slept well.

Early the next morning a battery was moved up to the works just at the right of the regiment, and we were ordered to support it. The buildings spoken of were taken as a division hospital, and as the rest of the division were advanced, and the fire soon became a deafening roar, the wounded men began to pour back, and those of the men who could be spared were detailed to help the wounded across the field to the hospital. I went with one, a member of the Sixth New Hampshire, who was shot somewhere in the arm, and as he had to wait for his turn he lay down in the shade of one of the buildings. Hardly had I left him when a solid shot passed completely through his body.

About noon a member of Company A, who claimed

to be blind but had been detailed as a cook for the officers' mess, came up with their dinner, and while dishing it out a shell burst overhead. He just dumped that grub and put for the rear, but had gone only a little way when another one exploded, way off in his front, and turning to the left he was off again. How the mud did fly and how we did laugh at his antics! Soon he was directly in the rear of the battery, when off went two or three of them at once. Nature could do no more; he was completely fagged out, and nearly scared to death. Some one went to him, and helped him to the rear, and in a few days he was discharged, and should have been months before.

Just before dark we were taken by the right flank up to the advanced line, but the regiment was not disturbed; there was considerable noise over where we expected the Johnnies were, but no firing. At daylight a light skirmish line was sent out, who reported no enemy in our front, and we were soon looking over the field. Near our line lay several dead men, and one of them had on a pair of good boots that seemed to be about my size. What would the reader do in the same fix? The reader wants to know what I did? Well, I borrowed the boots and wore them out. Quite a little distance from us was a piece of woods with an acute angle to the brigade line, and here in the angle was the Confederate battery which our own battery had been shelling nearly all the day before. I saw an exploded limber, a disabled caisson, and sixty-nine dead horses. Between this angle and some slight intrenchments which our troops had thrown up the night before, was a small clump of bushes, and in these bushes I found a young calf—perhaps it was three

weeks old—shot through the body and lying out at full length. I had seen hundreds of dead men and not felt a quiver, but that little dead calf caused the tears to come unbidden.

That afternoon we were marched to Cold Harbor, and were there several days, but did not see much fighting. While there we changed our position twice, and on the last day's stay I was detailed for picket duty. Here the pickets were sent out in detachments, four men and a corporal. We were posted just after dark, and before morning had a rifle-pit large enough to hold us all. We occasionally sent back to the regiment during the day, and we found that if a man went as if he didn't care whether he was seen or not, the Johnnies did not trouble him; but if one tried to sneak or skulk along, he was sure to get fired at. Some time in the afternoon we were informed that at 9 p. m. the brigade was to retire, but that we must hold the picket line until two the next morning, and then follow.

How slowly the hours passed that night, for each man knew what was expected of him, and each man hoped that he would not see or hear of anything. At midnight word was passed to fasten everything so as not to make the least noise, and to fall back, a man at a time, to the breastworks of the main line. It happened that my lot was to be the last man to leave the pit, but I made good time back to the works. We were soon under way, and after about an hour's tramp began to discern in the darkness what looked to be a row of posts, but which proved to be a skirmish line. We passed this and another line, and formed one ourselves. Then, after these two lines had passed through our line, we marched without a halt until noon, when

we overtook the brigade. I think it was the next day that we reached the James river.

We lay there one day, while the engineers were building the pontoon bridge, which we crossed just at dark. Some time in the night Thomas Spencer and myself fell out of the ranks, and crawling into the bushes went off to sleep. We were up and off at daylight, and travelled hard all day. About three in the afternoon we came to a divide in the road: Which should we take, the one to the left, or straight in front? Neither one of us, of course, knew. Pretty soon we saw two horsemen, who looked to be a quartermaster and an orderly, coming down the straight road. "Quartermaster," we said, "which way is our brigade?" "Up that left-hand road about a mile," was the ready answer. We thanked him, saluted, and as he returned the salute the visor of his cap fell, disclosing the three stars of a lieutenant-general! In what other army than our own would it have done for a poor private and a musician to have inquired the way of the Commander-in-chief? The general and his orderly rode off, leaving us thunderstruck at our temerity; but this only lasted a short time, and we went in search of the brigade, finding them about four o'clock. For some days I had been thinking that I had seen enough of soldiering in the ranks, and as musicians were not compelled to shoulder a musket, I concluded not to take any more in mine.

SAVED BY A DETOUR.

By Lieut. S. H. Perry.

On the 30th of May, 1864, I was in command of Company G, as first lieutenant. Report came that the Forty-

eighth Pennsylvania, who were on the skirmish line in our front, had run against a snag—having lost their major and two other officers, and quite a number of men, on this particular part of the line, which was up a ravine; and orders were sent for the Ninth New Hampshire to relieve both the regiment and skirmishers. I was detailed to command the skirmish line, and on making inquiries of the officer in command, I learned that all the officers had been hit in crossing a path, and in almost the same spot. Making a detour, I took my men across, some four or five rods back from that spot, and although we were shot at, the bullets flew wide of the mark. Hardly had I got my men posted when I heard General Griffin order, “Forward, Ninth New Hampshire skirmishers!” and then “Forward, Ninth New Hampshire!” Forward we went with a right good will, pushing the Johnnies back, and carrying the much desired position, contrary to the expectations of some of the staff officers, who had been sent to countermand the order for an advance, and who at that time claimed that the whole move was well carried out.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT TOLOPOTOMOY CREEK.

By Sergt. George L. Wakefield.

Just previous to the engagement at Tolopotomoy, General Potter had given Captain Hough, who had been the commanding officer of the regiment since Captain Stone's death, orders to take us to the rear, give us a rest of three days, to draw all the rations we could get, and to fill up for a general good time. We had been there in the rear just about long enough to draw our rations and get them partly cooked, when an orderly

came galloping up with a message that we were ordered back to the front. We went there on the double-quick most of the way, and passing over the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, plunged through a piece of swamp and up a sharp hill where the rebels were intrenched. The rebels were driven away from the brow of the hill in utter confusion, and then we lay down on the outer side of their breastworks. In a few minutes General Potter himself was seen coming up the hill afoot. Said he, as soon as he reached us, "Thank God, you are not captured!" and then added, a moment afterwards, "If you had been, I would have followed you to Richmond but what I would have re-taken you!"

It transpired afterwards that other brigades had already charged this same position, but had been repulsed and were unable to carry it. Finally, General Potter, in despair, rode up to General Griffin and said, "For God's sake, Griffin, have n't you got something that can take that position?" "Yes," replied General Griffin without an instant's hesitation, "I've got a little regiment right out here that can do it." And he sent for the Ninth New Hampshire, and they did do it, though they lost one killed and sixteen wounded just in that little charge.

In this battle the rebels used explosive balls. One of them struck Lyman Sargent of Company G in the leg, and exploding, tore the calf of the leg all to pieces. In fact, the regiment had never before gone through any place where there was as much horror surrounding it, on account of the explosive balls and the nature of the ground and the thickness of the brush, and it has always been regarded as the most brilliant achievement of the

regiment during its service. It was generally understood in the army that the regiment assigned the position of supporting a battery actively engaged was occupying a post of special favor and honor, and the appointment of the Ninth New Hampshire to the support of a battery on the days following the engagement at Tolopotomoy creek, was therefore an official recognition of its reliability and achievements.

TOLOPOTOMOY FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

By Sergt. Newell T. Dutton.

We were taking our turn as guard for the baggage train that day, and were somewhat surprised when we were ordered to proceed at once to the front; but we were there to obey orders, so we went up there on the double-quick until we came to a piece of woods, where we halted for a few minutes. Just down in front the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania was doing picket duty, and in one way and another there was considerable fighting going on, and every few minutes somebody that had been wounded would be brought out. Then General Griffin rode up to Captain Hough and said, "Captain Hough, take your regiment and advance upon the enemy. You will go down the woods until you come to a run, which you will cross; then you will come to a steep bank, and on the top of that bank, to the right, are the enemy: you are to drive them from their position!"

We all knew what that meant: it was a feeler; but we went down the woods, and formed in line across the roots and branches when we got to the bottom of the

steep bank. We had to pull ourselves up by the bushes about two thirds of the way, and then we had to stop for a minute to get our breath and straighten the line. Then, with one tremendous yell we went for the enemy, drove them back from their strong picket line, and into the second line of their intrenchments. The rest of the brigade was then brought up, the line was established, fortifications were strengthened and enlarged, and the position was safely ours.

We lay there two or three days, and then were thrown out—perhaps a mile back—into a locality that was a trifle more dangerous, for before we had been there two hours the rebels were coming in on our left. The night was spent in putting up a line of works between our troops and the rebels; and we were willing to work hard too, for we had been living on short rations and were anxious to secure communication for the army with the supplies. In the morning the Ninth New Hampshire was ordered to remain in reserve, to hold the position, while the rest of the division charged the enemy. It had been thought that they occupied a position that controlled the lines of the enemy in a manner to prevent their escaping. The next morning, however, it was discovered that they had managed to get away during the night, but they left ground behind them that was covered with dead men and horses. It was said that they lost every horse in the battery, and I myself saw trees that would measure over a foot through that were shot off by the Miniés of the Sixth New Hampshire.

From there we went to Cold Harbor, where we did not do any fighting, though occupying a position in the line. We did a good deal of moving around while we

were there, but lost no men. After a week of this kind of work we were ordered to be ready to move at short notice, and having left Cold Harbor behind us on the evening of the 12th of June, we marched all that night and all the next day. We were given a little sleep the next night, but were kept on the move all of the following day and until late at night.

THE NINTH AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

By Sergt. George L. Wakefield.

The first that we knew of the rebels being on us at Bethesda church was when our rear picket was driven in, and their advice to us was to "Hurry up and get out of here!" but our division proceeded to form several lines of battle, one behind the other. Just in the rear of the first line were several pieces of artillery, but after the first line had advanced the second moved up and fired off two or three volleys. The rebels broke then, and started to run across the plowed field, making the best time they knew in order to reach the breastworks; but to capture those breastworks meant just as much to us as it did to them, and although they had the advantage of a start, we got there first. Then they fell back across the low piece of ground to the edge of the pine woods, where they had another line of breastworks built out of pine logs. Before they had time to get any dirt on the outside of those logs our artillery opened fire, and knocked the logs right over on top of the rebels. Then we sat down very close to their lines, and commenced to throw up earthworks with our bayonets and such tools as we happened to have, keeping up a pretty steady skirmish fire in the mean time till after dark.

The next morning, after our skirmishers had discovered that the enemy had retreated during the night, we went over to look around, and it was a pretty hard looking sight.

CAPTURING A REBEL COURIER.

By Sergt. William A. McGarrett.

On the 2d of June, 1864, while Burnside and Warren were maneuvering for position at Cold Harbor, the enemy left his works and attacked us with great severity, but was repulsed with heavy loss. I was detailed as a skirmisher, and at once moved forward with the line across an open field, through an awful fire of bullets and shells, and halted at a brook that was lined on either side by bushes and small trees. Here we stopped to breathe, and while waiting there a horseman came between the rebel lines and ours on a full gallop, and then stopped a moment, as if in doubt whether to go any farther. The rebels were yelling for him to come in, but his stop was fatal for him. I told the boys to shoot him if he tried to get away, and I sprang forward, behind the trees and bushes, and captured him within ninety feet of his own lines. Amid a storm of bullets I hurried him back to our regiment, which was back of an old line of breastworks. I received the cheers of my company, and delivered my prisoner to Captain Hough, who was then in command of the regiment. I then returned to my comrades on the skirmish line through another spattering fire from the rebs. This was the best dressed and best mounted rebel I had ever seen up to that time. He carried despatches from Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill to Gen. R. S. Ewell. The whole outfit was



SERGT. WILLIAM A. MCGARRETT, CO. A.

safely landed at General Burnside's head-quarters, and he immediately ordered an advance. The enemy were driven from their position with terrible loss. I went over the ground the next day with Adjutant Brown, and found the woods full of dead and wounded Confederates, it being especially horrible in a road where the enemy had taken shelter, which was raked by our batteries. Captain Little shook my hand warmly, and said, "Billy, you deserve straps for this, and I will do what I can to get them for you!" and I honestly believe that if Colonel Titus had been with the regiment then I would have got them.

McGARRETT'S RECEIPT FOR HIS PRISONER.

HEAD-QUARTERS 9TH REGT. N. H. VOLS.,
IN THE FIELD, JUNE 2d, 1864.

This is to certify that Sergeant William A. McGarrett of Company A of this Regiment Captured a Rebel this evening. Said Rebel was supposed to be a Courier for the Rebel General A. P. Hill, and at the time was approaching our skirmish line, mistaking it for the Rebels.' Said prisoner was mounted at the time of Capture.

A. J. HOUGH,
Captain Com'd'g 9th N. H. Vols.

THE CAMP ON THE JAMES RIVER.

By Sergt. Newell T. Dutton.

For some time before we left Cold Harbor we had been kept on rather short rations, and while we were on the march the hard-tack and everything else gave out. When the boys found it out they began to yell, "Hard-tack! hard-tack! give us some hard-tack!" with all their might, and they kept it a-going for quite

a while too; but no hard-tack was forthcoming, in spite of their plaintive appeals. The road was so full of troops that we had to keep halting every now and then, and it seemed almost as if we were n't making any headway at all, so it is n't any wonder that the boys got impatient. But General Griffin kept cheering us up, telling us that when we got to camp everything would be all right. We got into camp that night at ten o'clock, but the promise of something to eat was not fulfilled until the next morning, except with the few who were lucky enough to find something for themselves. Sergeant Burnham was blessed with a special talent in the foraging line, and could be depended on to have something good, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, and was always glad to share with his comrades too, for what he gathered with one hand he was just as ready to divide with the other. So, when my hunger began to get the upper hands of me, I went in search of Burnham, and sure enough, with his usual good luck, he had laid hold of a fine young pig just right to roast. He had already gone halves with another comrade, but it did n't take long to build a fire to roast that other half, and no roast turkey with all its fixings will ever taste any better to me than did that piece of pig with only salt for seasoning.

We lay in camp all day and until the next night, and about dusk were ordered to be ready to march at once. We had already received orders to draw special rations that night, and remain where we were, but after we were in line and had started they opened the boxes of hard-tack, and we took them as we went. We marched all that night, and at six o'clock the next morning bivouacked for breakfast. Only three men were there

to stack their arms for the bearers to set their colors against. That was on the morning of the 16th of June, and the order had been, "fifty-five minutes on the road and five minutes for rest," all through the night. We were allowed an hour for breakfast that morning, and before the hour was up, nearly the whole regiment had come up, and had cooked their coffee, so that we were all ready to start off with the brigade. We marched until two o'clock in the afternoon, without halting for dinner, and were then ordered to rest, cook coffee, and be ready to support the Second corps in a charge on the defences of Petersburg at four o'clock. This was a march of thirty miles, and one of the toughest the regiment ever experienced.

TOLD IN HOME LETTERS.

By Sergt. James W. Lathe.

June 5.—We are getting down near the Chickahominy, where I suppose supplies will be plenty in a few days. Send me a dollar or two at a time, for I have no money, and a little more to eat won't hurt me. On the 2d we left our rifle-pits and moved along the line, leaving the field to the rebs as usual. We had moved about a mile and a half, and nearly all the Ninth corps had stacked arms in a field except a strong rear-guard. We had not been there long when a dreadful thunder-shower came up, drenching us through and through. Before the shower was over we heard rapid musketry in our rear, and soon the mass of soldiers was unwound into two lines of battle. The Third division had nearly all the fighting that night. It was apparent that the enemy

was moving east, or extending their line east, and our division moved forward to the east and right, and during the night built breastworks, and the Seventh Maine battery took position at the right of our regiment.

Just after daylight the First brigade went over the breastworks, and soon found the rebs. Our column advanced to within fifteen rods, and then they halted and fought all day. Some of them were new regiments, and stood in the open field and fired at the rebs behind breastworks and in the woods, bringing up logs and rails as they could, to try to cover themselves; but many a poor soldier fell. Duncan Campbell was hit in the leg below the knee, shattering the bone. He said, "Go on, boys, and give it to them; I'm wounded!" and never complained a word. He will lose his leg, but such a man will not lose his life.

Our regiment was moved up before night, and during the night heavy breastworks were built all along the line. In the morning the rebs had gone. The battery that we were supporting had got a good range of the rifle-pits, and did great execution, nearly annihilating a battery and all its horses, piling the men up also. The trees where the rebs were concealed were filled with bullets, and many cut down by cannon shot. The rebs have not captured our wagons, as they usually have in other campaigns, but have been baffled everywhere. Probably that move was to capture our immense wagon train, but A. P. Hill got badly whipped by the Ninth corps, and made out as soon as possible. We have moved about two miles from the battle-field of the 3d, towards the Chickahominy, and connected with the Eighteenth corps. The battle of the 3d was the first battle-field that has been left in Union hands in this

campaign. The rebs show a strong front here as usual, but we have an awful army, and it seems invincible. It is strange how our men hold out so well, but they don't seem to get sick on what would kill every one of them at home. The mails are not certain, but I think they will be better now, coming by White House landing.

June 6.—The rebels charge some point of our line nearly every night. They made a dreadful assault on the Eighteenth corps last night. I never heard so terrific a charge before—it could only be beat by the great noise we read about at the last day. We have got within about eight miles of Richmond, and I suppose it will be a long time before we gain that eight miles. But the rebs don't seem to feel satisfied at our coming so near, and there will be desperate fighting until we get well fortified, which is going rapidly on, and our lines come very near together now. Spades have been trumps all the way, but now every rod of it must be dug through, until our big guns can vomit their overloaded stomachs into the doomed city. Everything has been taken as we passed along, and houses ransacked, destroying things that could do them no good, even to the women's scanty clothing and the bedding and furniture, while the women looked on in tears.

Every bit of corn, every hen and pig and cow has been killed and eaten, every mule has been taken along, and in the wake of our army everything has been desolated. We have dug up their corn-fields building breast-works, also their wheat-fields. The wheat was well headed out, and our huge droves of beeves have trodden it all down; so you see they have paid for their secession. Their slaves have all left them; those left at

home—men, women, and children—have followed us. They are nearly or quite ruined—but still they fight as only demons can, and but for our great numbers they would drive us from their soil. We have had to go into many places where it seemed that no man could look and live. It is strange how men can become so accustomed to death and danger that they will acknowledge neither, and walk among whizzing bullets as though they were bees.

June 7.—We are again on the flank, the same as the day before our battle with A. P. Hill. We straightened around with his line last night before dark, and the way the old logs and sticks formed into line of battle or breastworks could only be beaten by magic or lightning; but we have not had a chance to fight behind them. When the shells come over we get up close, and we can keep out of the way of the bullets, which always are coming more or less. Men are sent forward of the pits from five to thirty rods, according to circumstances, enough to cover the regiments at a distance of five or six steps apart. They are to keep behind trees, or whatever they can cover themselves with, or dig a small pit and get into it. The rebels do the same thing, and the two lines of videttes or skirmishers keep firing at each other at every chance, and the bullets come over to see us quite often. When an advance is made the skirmishers have to run in, after holding their ground as long as possible. Many are taken prisoners, on both sides, in this way.

The main line remains in place until the enemy comes after the pickets or skirmishers, and when they get within good distance then comes the friendly exchange

of shot for shot. At night, while behind the breastworks, every man has his harness on; and half stand in readiness at a time, while the others lie down in their places like big dogs, wet or dry, with rifle at hand, and try to sleep; and there is not much trouble in getting to sleep as sound as death itself. How do you suppose our clothes look, after lying in rifle-pits, digging, or crawling on our belly, or lying flat on the plowed ground, during thunder-showers and sunshine? Not very clean—no chance to wash a garment since Bristow Station on the 1st of May. L-i-c-e is no name for the gray-backed vermin that flourish on our wasting bodies; might as well call them man-eaters. Though disgusted with anything that looks like war, and weary and worn from long watching and exposure, I am still the same Jim.

June 9.—We are about three miles from Mechanicsville, and eight from Richmond, and about fifteen from White House landing on the Chickahominy. That is about all I can find out about our position, and as there are no towns in slave states, it is hard to give the locality. We must be on the north or east side of the river, and I suppose it is in Hanover county, but don't know. Freeman [Lathe] is cooking, and is worth three common men for that place. It don't matter how many bullets are flying, he always comes to us with his kettles of hot coffee and fresh boiled beef once a day. But the coffee comes three times, and I don't see how we could live without it. It is a dangerous job to be crawling about carrying rations, for the bullets go everywhere except behind our breastworks, and sometimes they come full close enough there. The rebs

generally try about twice every night to break our lines. That brings every man to his place, and you ought to see some of the volleys that are poured after them.

LETTERS TO MAJOR CHANDLER.

(*Adj. William I. Brown.*)

IN THE FIELD.

June 2.—On the 31st [May] the regiment made an advance and drove the enemy from a strong position and won much credit. Loss: killed, one; wounded, seventeen. On the 25th had five wounded skirmishing on the North Anna. Lieutenants Sampson, Perry, and Emery have returned. Captain Hough is in command, and does splendidly. Buswell is still present, and Lieutenant Case is acting field officer. We are a small band now, but strong and effective. Received the highest compliments of Colonel Griffin for our conduct on the 31st. Advanced with no support, right, left, or rear. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson [Sixth New Hampshire] killed on the 26th or 27th. Heavy loss to the regiment and brigade. How bad is Colonel Babbitt's wound? Captain Little is on the way here now.

COLD HARBOR, VA.

June 11.—Yours of the 1st instant came yesterday. There has been no fighting along the lines for several days—our works are being strengthened—we now lie near the right of the whole line, behind rifle-pits. Captains Hough, Cooper, and I live in what is known as Fort Grant. Captain Hough still commands, by order of Colonel Griffin. Captain Whitfield is expected back



ADJUTANT WILLIAM I. BROWN.

—his horse had his leg shot off the other day. Bad luck the captain has with horses! Rumor says that our corps is going to South Carolina—our transportation has gone to White House. The Eighteenth corps, General Baldi Smith, has joined us. The Second, Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, and Thirteenth New Hampshire are here, and think it rather a rough campaign.

Grant has already begun to dig under and blow up the rebel forts. One went up on the left the other day—am expecting every moment to hear the explosion of another near by, which is nearly ready. It is believed that General Ewell, with 1,500 prisoners, has been captured. Went. Butler still cooks for us. Nothing has been said or done about detailed waiters since the stir at Bristow, and I don't think there will be again at present. There are a great quantity of waiters and cooks now. I think I should do nothing about Went. If you do, however, I shall, of course, be willing to share the expense. He is not now reported as your waiter. Captain Hough wants to know if you get any "robin on toast" in Concord. Captain Blaisdell has returned.

WHAT WAS IN FRONT AT TOLOPOTOMOY.

By Capt. Edward C. Babb.

An order came to us in the morning from General Griffin, to report to him at once where he was. We found him on a level piece of ground, directly in front of a very deep ravine which was thickly covered with timber from the level ground down as far as we could see. General Griffin came along to Captain Hough and gave him his orders, which were to move on through

this ravine and find out what there was in front of us. The position was regarded as so dangerous a one that General Griffin shook hands with Captain Hough and said "Good-bye, Captain!" and as I was standing close by the captain, he shook hands with me too.

The regiment immediately moved down one side of the ravine, and then up a little way on the opposite side. From there we could see quite a commotion at the top of the hill, where there seemed to be a sort of a clearing. The captain gave the order to fire, but before it could be executed there came a scattering fire from the rebs on the hill, and also a few hand grenades. Hough waited no longer. "Up, boys, and at them!" he shouted, and at the word we jumped up the hill and actually drove out what would make more than a brigade of men, and took possession of the rifle-pits, which were built in semi-circular form. One of the rebel officers tried to rally his men, and got them together enough to make a safe retreat across the field. Captain Hough immediately sent word back that we had captured the line, and asked that troops might be sent at once to help hold it. The brigade came up in a few minutes, and General Griffin came over and thanked Captain Hough for what he had done, and complimented him on the bravery of his men.

SOME STRAY SHOTS.

Captain Robinson.—While we were at North Anna I had in my company a Portuguese sailor by the name of Seino Jacques. He had been taught to speak a little English, and one day, sitting upon the breast-

works that we had thrown up, he turned around to his haversack, which contained four or five crackers where he was supposed to have three days rations, looked sadly at it for a moment, and said, "Plentee march—plentee fight—plentee reb—no plentee hard-tack!" Volumes could n't have expressed the situation of affairs more completely.

There was another fellow in the company, named Leon Saladal, who never learned to speak a word of English while he was with us. Saladal spoke Spanish, and the Portuguese sailor spoke Spanish and French in his way, but only a little English, while Joe Provencher spoke French and English. So, when Saladal wanted to communicate with me, he spoke to the Portuguese in Spanish, the Portuguese gave it to Joe in French, and Joe gave it to me in English; and then it went back by the same circuitous route to Saladal. He had been a cook in a Spanish galley, and the cold weather was quite hard on him, but he was very faithful to his duties, and learned to go through the manual by watching the others. At Spottsylvania he got separated from us, and afterwards brought a note from the officer of another regiment, saying that he had been with them that day and had behaved well. I told some one to look at his gun and see what condition it was in. It was the first action he had been in, and his gun was full of charges. He had put the bullet at the bottom and rammed the powder on top of it, and had kept on loading till he got the gun full. If he had not done much in the way of execution, he had certainly shown his good intentions.

Captain Copp.—One day, when we had been detailed on the skirmish line, my company was stationed in a

place where the woods were pretty thick with underbrush, and you couldn't see a great ways ahead. But in spite of this protection there came a time when the bullets were skipping in pretty close to us, so the boys began to scoop out pits for themselves. One of the men, who was digging a hole as fast as he could with his bayonet, thought he heard a noise on the other side of the tree just in his front, and peeping cautiously around he saw a rebel on the other side diligently at work digging with his bayonet. The rebel looked up at the same time, but it was rather close quarters for both of them, so each grabbing his musket backed out of sight of the other, and neither one spoke a word.

The day that the regiment acted as rear-guard and guard for the trains, the men got a chance to do a little cooking, though we didn't have such a great sight to cook at that particular time. The boys had built a big fire and were sitting around it, and I remember passing one group where a man was roasting a bit of pork. He was holding it up to the fire, twirling it round on a stick, and saying, "Fattening to kill, boys; fattening to kill." It was n't half an hour before an orderly came down where we were, and we were ordered to the front on the double-quick. When we got there we all felt as if we were going into a pretty tough place, and the fellow that was roasting the pork was one of the first to fall.

THE WAGON TRAIN AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

By Capt. Edward C. Babb.

We had come down the hill, and were trying to get across the road, but there was a wagon train at least a

half mile long in possession of the road, and the teams kept coming on the jump and just as close together as possible. There was a very cool and collected looking man on horseback waiting by the side of the road, and by and by Captain Hough, who was getting impatient at the long delay, said to him that he must get his command across there somehow, and that he did n't propose to wait much longer to do it either. "Now look here," said the man on horseback, "do n't you be in such a hurry; I know where you're going better than you do!" Well, we had to wait till that wagon train got past, and then it transpired that the man on horseback was Quartermaster Ingalls. After this we pushed on very hurriedly, and soon passed through a line of works that was held by Sykes's regulars, who were equipped with repeating rifles. We had gone on but a short distance when the enemy opened fire on the line we had just left, and though we were perhaps sixty rods away we got enough of their shot and shells to make our position rather a risky one. The regulars soon got in their fire, however, and did great execution, but we were glad to get out of range.

A SHOT THROUGH THE LUNG, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By George F. Allen.

When the regiment was engaged near Bethesda church I was detailed to go on the skirmish line, and had the right of the line. Charles W. Symonds was next to me, and then Byron D. Leighton, we three being Company I men. All the rest of the skirmishers, so far as I could see, were protected by bushes, but I was five paces away from where the bushes ended. I stayed

there, however, until I was ordered to go out about two rods, to where there was a small tree. This was before the rebs came in sight, but when they came up they caught sight of me at once and began firing. There was quite a party of them in a small house just in front of me, and another body off to the right, and between the two of them the balls came thick and fast, and about sundown I was wounded. My pension certificate says: "Wounds of throat and lung, resulting in total disability, such as to render incapacity to perform manual labor, equivalent to the loss of a hand or foot."

The ball struck me about an inch above the heart, went in between two ribs, passed through the lung, and came out at the back. The shock was so great that it whirled me half-way around, and I called out to Symonds that I was hurt, and started to go back, but could not walk. Symonds and Leighton came out where I was, and carried me back to the rifle-pits where the regiment was. They laid me down, and Symonds turned to Leighton and said, "Come on, By, let's go back there and give them h—l for this!" I was carried to the rear on a stretcher, and placed on a pile of straw in a log house, and lay there, suffering terribly, till long after dark. Eleazer Colburn, who was one of the pioneers, chanced to come to the door, and hearing some one groaning, asked who it was. I told him what the matter was, and he said he would go for a doctor. It was n't long before he came back with some men, a stretcher, and a torch, and they took me to the field hospital, where I stayed till the next morning.

That forenoon I was put in an ambulance and carried to what was called the division hospital, and lay in an

open field, with a lot of others, all day in the burning sun. It was some time the next day that a surgeon or nurse put something over my wound, but did not cleanse it at all. Late that afternoon we were packed and wedged into ambulances, till there was n't room to turn the least bit, and started for White House landing. It seemed as if we went 'cross-lots all night, for first a wheel would sink in to the hub, then it would strike a log and go up; only to repeat the operation over and over again, until I thought we should all be killed sure. We arrived at the landing in the afternoon, but the boat that was being loaded was then so full that the captain refused to take on another man. So the ambulances were driven into a camp near by, and we laid in them that night.

In the morning a man from the Christian commission brought me some soup, and this was the first thing I had had to eat since I was wounded, four days before. A doctor from the same society then washed and dressed my wound, and in the afternoon we were put on board a boat for transportation to Washington. The next few months were full of pain and suffering for me, but with good care I managed to pull through, though my wound was not fully healed before the 14th of December of that year. That same day I was offered a discharge from the service, but this I refused, preferring to serve until the war was ended. I was detailed as a nurse, and did duty till the following April, when I began to spit blood and had to go to the hospital, spending some months at the Lincoln hospital, at Washington, and the Manchester hospital, in New Hampshire.

July 10, 1865, I was finally discharged from the

service at Concord, and for nearly two years was ill more or less of the time, coughing and raising blood freely. One day in March, 1867, nearly three years after I was wounded, I was taken with a severe coughing spell, and raised a piece of bone half an inch long, which I have now. The doctor said it was a piece of rib, and had been carried into the lung, which explained the coughing and bleeding from which I had so long suffered. I served with the regiment in every engagement up to the time I was wounded.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE INVESTURE OF PETERSBURG TO THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE.

The city of Petersburg, which lies about twenty-two miles to the south of Richmond, was the railroad centre of all the lines save one that afforded communication between the Confederate capital and its bases of supplies in the south and south-west. Could this position be taken and securely defended, the ultimate downfall of Richmond and of the Rebellion was assured; and it was for the accomplishment of this object that the forces of the Army of the Potomac were now investing the city. Simultaneously with the movement of Meade's army against the southern approaches to the citadel, General Grant had arranged a series of attacks from the north and south-west, together with the bombardment of Fort Clinton, which defended the approach up the Appomattox, by the forces under Butler, then at Bermuda Hundreds. Through a multiplicity of fatalities the combination had failed, and the decided advantage gained in a second assault,—this time on the north-eastern defences, by the Eighteenth corps under Smith—on the 15th of June, had not been followed up, and with this fatal hesitation the golden opportunity passed.

Up to the time of this latter movement General Lee had not fully comprehended the purpose of the Union commander-in-chief; but that once divined, he was prompt to act. By the afternoon of the 16th the

greater part of the Army of the Potomac was on the field; but Lee was there, too, with his van of iron-sided veterans, and Smith began to realize that his twelve hours delay had indefinitely postponed the fall of the walls that had seemed so imminent only the night before. The original plan of attack, as mapped out by General Meade, contemplated an advance as early as four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th, but it was fully two hours later when the assaulting column—consisting of Barlow's division of Hancock's corps, supported by the Second brigade of the Second division of the Ninth corps—moved on the enemy's works. Advancing under a heavy skirmish fire, the brigade succeeded in securing a few of the first line of rifle-pits before night came on, and any further attempt to carry the place by assault was put off until the early morning of the 17th.

It was decided that the Second division of the Ninth corps, supported by the First, should lead in the assault, and the post of honor as well as danger was given to the Second brigade, whose commander, General Griffin, was also charged with the execution of the attack. The plan proposed was a bold one, but General Burnside thought the results which it promised well worth the venture. The enemy had established his head-quarters on the Shand estate, in a house which, fronting east, was situated near the extremity of a point of land formed by two brooks coursing through deep and narrow ravines and converging about twenty rods to the north of the house. Behind the house, in an orchard of peach trees, was a battery of four guns; to the south, and on slightly higher ground, was a redan, with two guns planted where an enfilading fire could be poured through the

ravine which ran along the eastern front, the inner or western bank of the ravine being defended by a strong line of breastworks. An unobserved approach through the eastern ravine, a sudden dash up its steep side, a sweeping charge over the breastworks, and the enemy's line will be broken, and he will be compelled to abandon the ground which he has clung to so tenaciously.

It is past midnight when the attacking column slowly and stealthily winds its way along the bed of the ravine. It is composed of Griffin's and Curtin's brigades of the Second division,—the former with the Seventeenth Vermont, the Eleventh New Hampshire, and the Thirty-second Maine in the front line, supported by the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire, the Thirty-first Maine, and Second Maryland; the latter with the Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania and Thirty-sixth Massachusetts in front, and the Seventh Rhode Island, Second New York rifles, and Fifty-eighth Massachusetts in the rear. Everything has been carefully arranged and explained beforehand, each man knows what is expected of him, that the fate of the whole affair hangs on a strict obedience to orders, and not a sound breaks the stillness of the night as they take their places and in silence await the signal to advance.

It is a glorious night. Overhead, sailing serenely through the blue expanse of the heavens, is a full moon that floods the earth with her soft but radiant light; before and behind the little band of silent watchers, armed hosts are sleeping, and the minutes seem like hours as they keep their lonely vigil. At quarter-past three the first faint streaks of light begin to appear in the east, and the time for action has come. "Ready!" is the word that passes from man to man,

and then, like a huge wave gathering its strength for a mighty, onsetting, irresistible sweep along the shore, the men spring to their feet, and noiselessly, swiftly, powerfully, hurl themselves upon the sleeping foe. Griffin's brigade bears to the right, Curtin's to the left, and covering fully a mile of the enemy's front in their operations, sweep everything before their victorious advance. There are but a few stray shots from the pickets, the big guns of the battery and redan flash forth a last defiance, there is a volley of musketry from the startled soldiers, as wildly aimed as it proves ineffectual,—and it is all over, and to the victors belong the spoils. Four guns, a quantity of small arms and ammunition, and four stands of colors change owners, the prisoners number six hundred and fifty, and the gallant Ninth corps has added yet another leaf to its laurels.

Every foot of ground that could be covered by the attacking column had been carried, and so quickly that the support had not yet come up ; when it did arrive the time for a further advance had gone by, and all that General Potter could do was to secure the safety of the new position. Shortly after noon Hartranft's and Christ's brigades of the Third division of the Ninth corps were ordered in ; the former, while making a most gallant advance under a fire so keen that the men went down in swaths, being compelled to withdraw with only a remnant of his brave troops, and the latter—more fortunate, though losing almost as heavily—securing a lodgment and holding his ground in spite of all efforts the enemy could bring to bear. Later in the afternoon, the First division attacking, a number of rifle-pits were carried, and another hundred of prisoners and a stand of colors

were added to the trophies of the day. But at what fearful cost! The burden of that day of fire and blood had been borne by the Ninth corps, and the dead and wounded were numbered by thousands, the heaviest loss being in Hartranft's brigade, which, going into action with eighteen hundred and fifty officers and men, numbered only eleven hundred fit for duty at its close.

Cheered by the victories, and undaunted by the losses, General Grant ordered an assault all along the line for the 18th. During the night of the 17th Lee withdrew his forces to a position nearer the city: the tremendous pressure was beginning to tell, and the circle was slowly but surely narrowing. Four in the morning was the hour set for the opening of the attack, and at the appointed time the Third division of the Ninth corps was placed in the van, supported by Crawford's division of the Fifth. The enemy had fallen back to a piece of woods, behind which was a deep cut traversed by the Norfolk railroad. Slowly but steadily the Union forces gained the ground, and almost foot by foot the enemy was pushed back—back through the woods to the ravine, from the ravine itself; and the roadbed of the railroad was utilized by the victors for the breastworks with which they quickly fortified the position they had acquired.

It was not until afternoon that the entire army was ordered in, but though everything was done that brave men could do, it was impossible to break the enemy's line at any point, and with the coming of night hostilities ceased. In the mean time, however, General Willcox, following up the success of the morning, had advanced his front line well across the railroad, in the direction of the Jerusalem plank-road, and was now

securely established within one hundred and twenty-five yards of the enemy's works,—a position that became the salient point of the Union lines in the wearisome days and months that followed; and one that was dearly bought, for when the day had come to an end only a thousand men were left in the ranks. The Second and Third divisions were thoroughly deserving of the encomium bestowed on them by General Burnside, who stated in his report that “no better fighting has been done during the war than was done by the divisions of Generals Potter and Willcox during this attack.”

A loss of nearly 10,000 men between the dates of June 10 and 20, was sufficient demonstration that Petersburg was not to be carried by direct assault, and could only be reduced by the slow process of a siege. An attempt to turn the enemy's right flank by cutting or holding the Weldon railroad, which lay to the left and nearly parallel with the Jerusalem plank-road, resulting in a three days struggle, from the 21st to the 23d, was successful in moderately extending the left of the Union line, but 4,000 more men were gone, the most of them having been taken prisoners, a fate which was beginning to be regarded as less merciful than death itself. Mortal men could endure no more, for the troops were completely exhausted by the long strain to which they had been subjected since leaving the Rapidan. Those seven weeks had been filled to the very brim with hard marching and harder fighting, and it is almost impossible to comprehend the immense amount of energy, persistency, and endurance, that had been expended; except it be considered in connection with the thousands of killed, wounded, and missing men.

The siege of Petersburg once settled upon, General Grant decided to place the Army of the James on the

north, and the Army of the Potomac on the south, side of the James river, so as to threaten Richmond above the James simultaneously with the movement against Petersburg from the south. The right of the line of the Army of the Potomac was near enough to the city to admit of siege operations, while the position held by the Ninth corps—not far from the centre of the line—was within four hundred feet of the enemy's most advanced work. Accordingly, intrenchments were extended and strengthened, batteries were placed in position, and the soldiers settled down to a period of theoretic rest—to lie all day in the trenches under a burning sun, where to show your head meant a shot from the enemy's sharpshooters; rest—with the dull, thunderous booming of the cannon sounding in your ears by day and by night: and this not for one, two, or three days, but for long, weary, heart-sickening weeks and months.

When the enemy, hard pressed by the sturdy veterans of the Ninth corps, withdrew from the vicinity of the Shand house, he established himself in a strong redoubt at the foot of "Cemetery" hill, a point projecting beyond his average front and lying directly opposite a corresponding advance of the Union lines. This redoubt was the keystone of the enemy's strength, and seemed to be the only feasible point of attack. It was a bold spirit who could think of carrying this fortress; but that once done, and the crest of the hill that loomed up in its rear secured, Petersburg must fall, and that with heavy loss to its defenders; and there was one man who believed such a plan could be carried out.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, commanding the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, was the man. Himself a practical miner, and skilful engineer, the idea of tunnel-

ling under the intervening space between the lines, and blowing up the fort—suggested by the talk of his men, who were mostly miners from the coal regions of the Schuylkill, as they sat around the camp-fires when their turn at relief came—struck him as being both practicable and possible. He consulted with General Potter, who in turn laid the matter before General Burnside, and he, after a careful investigation of the proposed plan of operations, ordered Pleasants to go ahead with his mine. General Meade, however, on being informed of the project, was not disposed to believe in its practicability, though he finally gave it his official sanction.

But the trust of his division and corps commanders was sufficient encouragement to Colonel Pleasants to induce him to go on with the work. Operations were begun at high noon on the 25th of June, and so earnestly and perseveringly did his men devote themselves to their task, that in spite of improvised tools, and discouragements and difficulties of all sorts and kinds, by the 23d of July a T-shaped gallery,—the main shaft five hundred and ten and eight tenths feet, and the laterals thirty-seven and thirty-eight feet, in length—was in readiness for the powder. Eight magazines, each containing about a thousand pounds of powder, were distributed along the side galleries, and were connected by three lines of fuses. Everything was in readiness for the explosion of the mine by six o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th of July.

DAY BY DAY.

Hardly one hundred and twenty-five men could be mustered in the ranks of the Ninth New Hampshire at the time of their arrival before Petersburg, about the

middle of the afternoon of the sixteenth day of June ; nor were there a thousand men, all told, in the seven regiments which, including the Ninth, made up the Second brigade. The fatigue attendant on the forced march from the James river during the previous night and the early morning, had told severely on the endurance of the men : but the time for action had come,—a time when mere feeling is lost in the stir and rush and tumult of battle array. There was only a brief interval before the brigade was ordered in as support to General Barlow's division of the Second corps, which had been detailed to lead in a charge on the redoubt and breastworks which defended the southern and eastern sides of the Shand house.

The attack was made about six o'clock, but little was accomplished beyond the securing of a few of the enemy's rifle-pits, though a sharp skirmish fire was maintained on both sides as long as the daylight lasted. The regimental loss in this charge was very light, perhaps as close a call as any being that of Sergeant Burnham's, whose characteristic good fortune had heretofore been proof against the enemy's bullets ; but his diary record for this day reads,—“I got hit on my knapsack strap, a little above the heart, by, as I suppose, a small ball from an exploding shell. The strap was very thick and hard, and the shot glanced off, but it gave me a sharp blow, and a patch of flesh under the strap, and as large as the palm of my hand, was ‘black and blue,’ and quite sore for several days afterwards.”

Soon after dark the brigade was sent by regiments into the ravine which skirted the front of the Shand house, the Ninth occupying a position immediately in front of the house and hardly fifty paces from it and the

Confederate line of works. Though close to danger, the men were so fatigued that during the early hours of the night some of them even managed to sleep a little, for the extreme heat of the night was rendered much more oppressive by the enforced stillness demanded by their advanced position. With the coming of the first faint tokens of the morning, however, every man was on the alert, and as the word to advance was passed along the lines, anticipation of the work before them tightened the grip on the musket.

Orders had been issued that the works were to be carried if possible by a bayonet charge, and in the thick darkness of the ravine the ranks of bristling steel were softened by the faint shimmers of moonlight that sifted through the tree-tops. Silently, yet swiftly, the long, dark line rises above the bank and sweeps down upon the unsuspecting and sleeping foe. So sudden has been the onset that the enemy make but little resistance, and there is very little bloodshed on either side, while the reward for valor far outshines the risk. The Second brigade, with its force of less than a thousand men, has carried the earthworks in its front, and has captured about four hundred prisoners, including fifteen officers, together with the colors of the Fifty-third Tennessee and three guns of the Baltimore light artillery, an exploit of which they may well be proud.

This ended active movements for the Ninth New Hampshire for the day, though they were detailed to occupy the front line for some little time after the charge. On being relieved they were ordered back to the shelter of the ravine, and rested quietly during the day and the following night. The casualties of the regiment in this charge counted up fifteen wounded, a few of them mor-

tally. On the morning of the 18th it was found that the enemy's lines had been drawn in nearer the city, and during the day the Union forces were advanced close up to the new position. The Ninth, with its division, was stationed in the edge of a pine forest, having been detailed as support to the batteries which occupied the front line, now only about a mile outside the city limits. This position was near enough to the enemy's works to get the benefit of not a few stray shots, the day's record showing a half dozen wounded in this way,—two of them, in Company A, being from the same shot.

About midnight the regiment advanced to an open field in the front, and before morning were snugly ensconced behind a line of rifle-pits, where they lay close through the day. The heavy skirmish line had been pushed still farther forward, and were kept busily at work, but the Ninth had only to keep quiet and be ready for emergencies. Early in the morning there was a little episode that for a time threatened to make the situation anything but a safe one. Away to the right, and nearly enfilading the position, was a Confederate battery, whose guns were at once turned on such a capital bit of target practice. The first shell was out of range, and skipped along some rods behind; the next came much nearer, and the boys began to feel a trifle nervous; they almost held their breath in anticipation of what the third shot might bring in its wake, but unknown to them the tables had been turned. Captain Durell's battery of six pieces was in the edge of the woods just behind the Ninth, and the next sound that greeted their listening ears was a full broadside from his guns. Six shells struck under and around the enemy's single gun, and exploding simultaneously, practically demolished

the earthworks, dismounted the gun, and effectually disposed of the bystanders. It was a pretty piece of work, and the boys voiced their thanks in a hearty cheer, for they felt sure they had nothing further to fear in that direction. The next two days were passed in the same position, but on the night of the 21st the Ninth, with its brigade, was relieved, and moved back into the woods.

This was the commencement of a two months life in the Petersburg trenches, a life whose days and nights passed in monotonous repetition. Every other two days the men were in the pits, the most of the time immediately in front of the fort that was being undermined. The remainder of the time they were nominally in camp, but this really meant that they lay in reserve in the woods, though not even then so far from the front but that stray shell and bullets were every now and then dropping among them, occasionally inflicting wounds, or even launching at once their unfortunate victims into eternity. At the front a continual skirmish fire was kept up, to cover the digging of the mine, and the days that the regiment occupied the pits were invariably accompanied by the disabling or killing of one or more men. Among these were Captains Buswell and Little, the latter being badly wounded in the foot on July 3, and the former mortally wounded on the 22d.

Though the duty now required of the men was in some respects easier than that of a month and a half previous, and their rations, which from the Rapidan to Petersburg had consisted of hard-tack, fresh beef, and coffee, in wearisome monotony, were now improved by the addition of soft bread, salt meats, and an occasional treat of fresh fruit or vegetables from the government or the Sanitary commission, yet the constant exposure to the suffo-

cating dust and heat in those broiling sand-pits, the lack of sleep,—only snatches of which, on three nights out of every four, could be obtained, and was nearly impossible during the day, by reason of the heat and the innumerable swarms of flies—the scarcity of good water, and the constant anxiety and danger, broke down even the bravest and strongest in the regiment, sending them into the hospitals, from which many never returned.

Day after day, with ever-lessening ranks they besieged a brave and determined foe; returning from a brief respite, that same foe confronted them; each morning there were some missing who had been in the ranks the previous day, and the men finally ceased to ask who would be the next to fall, and only vaguely wondered whether any would survive to see the end of the struggle, for the rows of new-made graves were daily growing longer,—the graves where the comrades were laid to rest without coffin or shroud, save the consecrated uniform of blue.

“ Few and short were the prayers we said,
And spoke not a word of sorrow;
But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.”

ALONG WITH THE COLORS.

By Sergt. Newell T. Dutton.

I shall never forget the march from the James river to Petersburg, during the night of June 15–16. We made the thirty miles in fifteen hours' marching time. When we bivouacked for breakfast at six o'clock, Ned Parsons and myself with the colors, and three men to make a stack of arms to rest them against, represented the regi-

ment; but the rest soon came up, and we pushed on for the front. On the night of the 16th, while lying on the ground in position for the charge next morning, we were so near the enemy's works as to feel the breath of the guns when fired. Lieutenant Emery and myself were hugging the ground within a foot of each other, and a bullet struck the ground full force between our heads. Each thought the other hit, and both jumped up to find if it were so. In the morning, when the charge was made, the boys found a goose-pen near the Shand house, and the squawking of geese mingled with the last rifle shots and the cheers of victory.

Sunday, the 19th, we lay in the pits in the broiling sun. An apple tree just to the rear promised shelter, and three of us scooped out a hole and got into it. During the day a friend from a neighboring battery called, and the four of us sat around the sides of the pit, with heads ducked close as possible. Presently a sharpshooter sent a bullet with such precision of aim that it cut the wire of the fatigue cap which the battery man wore. He fell forward, and we thought him killed, but he picked himself up, and we all got back into the open trenches again. It was a close call.

That night there was so little room in the trenches, that in order for all to get in we had to lie heads to feet, like sardines in a box. I placed my colors back of me, so if anything happened in the night I could easily lay my hands upon them. All at once there came the fierce rebel yell, and a column of men were leaping over the breastworks upon us. I jumped up, seized my colors, and ran back a couple of rods before I was fairly awake. It was only a dream, but so realistic that to this day I can see those men and hear them yell.

The front line, where for nearly two months we spent every other forty-eight hours, was a most trying place. The pit was widened out by throwing the dirt backward as well as forward, so as to give more room for the men to move about. It was six feet wide by six feet deep from the top of the parapet, and traverses were cut through the dirt thrown back, so that we could pass into the pit without exposure. The sight of even a rag always brought a rebel bullet, and the least exposure meant wounds or death. Some days the heat was intense and almost unendurable, and we were much like beans in a bean-hole—well baked. Sand-bags had to be constantly replaced upon the parapet in front, as the Johnnies would aim to strike the top, with the hope that the bullet would glance into the pit. As the firing was constantly kept up, we were continually covered with sand, and we could scarcely eat a meal or drink our coffee without getting it dusted.

Just over the breastworks stood a tree six or eight inches in diameter, which in time was wholly shot away, and many a bullet glancing from the tree into the pit was the cause of wounds and death. I was standing just at the rear of the pit one day, when a bullet struck the tree, glanced to the ground, and glancing the second time struck me with spent force on the thigh. Alvin Richards was lying on his back one morning in the pit, sound asleep, when a piece—as large as the palm of the hand—of a shell that was fired from one of our guns and burst prematurely, struck him exactly over the heart and killed him instantly. The lines were so near that we could throw out no pickets, and so had to be constantly on the alert. When in line we stood close together, one or two men deep. One half the force was always on duty, and from two to six o'clock

in the morning and about nine o'clock in the evening—the times when attacks were most likely to be made—the whole force was kept ready for action.

It was severe service, and we were always glad to be relieved and go to the rear, though this was only partial relief. It was hardly a mile away, and many stray bullets came to us as messengers of wounds and death. We were continually harassed by these missiles, as well as by shells from a small dog or mortar battery of two guns. These were dropped upon us every day. Usually the explosion of the guns would be a signal for the men to be on the alert; but not hearing that, the shells would all too frequently be a most unwelcome surprise. One night, as I sat on the ground drinking my coffee, two shells struck, a rod or so apart, on either side of me. One was buried in the ground and did not burst, the other exploded as it struck, but I flung myself backwards, prone upon the ground, and was not injured.

One day two men were lying on their backs under a piece of shelter tent tied to four stakes, looking at the pictures of a *Harper's Weekly*, which they held between them. A shell fell through the tent, buried itself in the ground between them, and burst. One of the men escaped entirely unharmed, the other had the flesh badly torn from the calf of his leg. Under a volcano caused by the explosion of a twenty-five pound shell, it was a miracle that both were not blown to pieces.

Every day brought but a repetition of such scenes. It was a most trying experience, and yet the men for the most part were brave and cheerful, stood up hopefully to their work, watched with interest the digging of the mine under the fort in front, enjoyed the good rations, sent and received their mail daily, were thankful it was no worse

with them, and yet rejoiced and were glad when the final relief on August 18 removed them to quieter lines and pleasanter places.

IN THE TRENCHES.

(From the Diary of Sergeant Burnham.)

June 22.—Pleasant. Were relieved last night by the First brigade, and moved back into the woods. Cleaning up was the principal business of the day. In the afternoon I rambled off a mile or two to the rear, and looked over the works we captured on the 17th. They were extensive, well built, and complete. Am surprised we got there as easily as we did. Lively firing, both by skirmishers and artillery, in the early evening. Did not disturb us very much, though we are still near enough to the front to get the benefit of a shell and even a stray rifle ball occasionally.

June 25.—Hot, very. Once in a while the pickets get up a racket, otherwise it is quiet and monotonous. This evening Johnny tossed a few shells over, which burst near us but hurt no one. The sharpshooters bang away about all the time, but hurt very few. Nearly in front of us our engineers have commenced work on a mine they propose to run underneath a large fort, which is a portion of the enemy's line of entrenchments.

June 26.—Lay in the woods, and took it easy most of the day. Got some ice this morning, from a mine of that article we have discovered near by, and with its aid have an unusually cool day for this hot spell. Some other luxuries, donated to us by the Sanitary commission, such as lemons, pickles, and sauer-kraut, were another feature of the day. The commissary department is now

doing very well, and we have little cause for complaint about our rations.

June 28.—A little cooler. The usual firing kept up; sometimes only an occasional popping by a few men on each side, practising, after the way of sharpshooters, each man on his own account; and again a more general fusillade, in which all in the intrenchments take part. We are squarely in front of the fort that is being undermined, and only about one hundred and fifty yards from it. The top of our earthworks is protected by bags of sand, arranged so as to make port-holes through which to fire. To some extent, the same is true of Johnny's intrenchment. It is through these port-holes that most of the firing is done. Tried my hand at it a while, and know I cut Johnny's sand-bags some, but presume that it is all the harm that I did him. We had one killed and one wounded in our regiment during the day.

June 29.—To-day Johnny tried his mortars, and landed two or three shells near our pits, but did little or no harm. Scared some of the men considerably. Put up some more sand-bags on the breastworks during the day, making it high enough to cover us when standing erect, and with port-holes through which to shoot. A scraggly, thick abatis has been placed in front. We are in shape to give the enemy a warm welcome should they attempt a visit. Carpenter of K, and Flynn of B, were killed to-day.

June 30.—Were relieved at about nine o'clock last evening, and returned to the bivouac which we have come to consider our camp. In coming through the sap (a trench constructed so as to afford shelter in passing from the works at the front to places of safety at the rear) there was considerable excitement. The rebel

mortars opened fire. The effect was disastrous upon the nerves of some, and the ducking, hustling, and attempts at running were enough to make a horse laugh. Were mustered to-day for May and June. Company E has sixty-six names on its roll yet, but there are only twenty-six present with the regiment, and nineteen carrying guns. Absurd rumors are afloat that the Ninth is going to be sent to New Hampshire for recruiting service.

July 4.—This morning Mr. Edwards of West Lebanon called on us. Is at present with the Christian commission, and he brought us some little luxuries from their stores. He is very agreeable, and we enjoyed his visit very much. A good many of the men are nearly sick. In the way of rations, drew soft bread and pickles in addition to the usual supplies.

July 5.—Dutton and I visited the division hospital, which is a couple of miles or so to the rear. Near it is a detachment and supply tent of the Christian commission. Remained to dinner, which we at least pronounced excellent. At the table made the acquaintance of "Carleton," of the *Boston Journal*. He is a plain, honest, dignified-appearing man, of nearly fifty, I should think. Works with the commission, and does no small amount of good in their service, besides attending to his duties as a correspondent.

July 7.—A nearly spent Minié ball struck me on the right shoulder this afternoon. Was sitting on my knapsack writing. It knocked me over, and for a moment I thought it had gone through me. Soon found, however, that I was not seriously hurt. It partially cut through my clothing, and broke the skin over the collar-bone just enough to draw a little blood—the first Johnny has drawn on me.

July 11.—Considerable firing last night, but quiet again to-day. Towards evening the Johnnies got up a sort of armistice, and tried to exchange papers; but this was contrary to orders, and we declined. Relieved at 9:30 p. m. Got out this time with one man wounded as the only casualty.

July 12.—A little cooler. Went back to where the cooks are camped and had a glorious wash, also a glorious meal of greens. Yesterday we had a great treat in the shape of a ration of cider, with some other Sanitary supplies.

July 18.—A big scare last night. Enemy about to attack, sure. Whole division rushed to the front, and kept impatiently waiting for the expected visitors. They, however, failed to keep the engagement, and at sunrise we returned, except the companies from our regiment who remained as special detail. It seems our turn for a rest has come, and we are “reserves,” for to-day at least. Company drill in the forenoon, battalion drill in the afternoon, and dress parade at sunset. Good thing, though it makes the men growl.

July 19.—Rain. The first for nearly six weeks. Lay in our tents and enjoyed it. It brings relief from heat and dust, and in large measure from the flies, which have been very troublesome.

[From a letter home.] July 25.—Our brigade has lately been building a fort on a slight eminence in the rear of our lines, and to-day the guns—heavy thirty-twos—are going in. These, with our field artillery and mortars, will be able to give Johnny about all the rotten iron he can easily stand, as we imagine. When we do duty at the front, too, a game is on foot to give our friends a pleasant surprise some morning. We are under-

mining one of their forts. I understand the powder is now going into the mine. When all is complete, we propose treating Johnny to a ride free gratis moonward. Wonder how he will like it? Day before yesterday we had another casualty in Company E. Captain Buswell was badly wounded. Hear to-day he cannot live. The ball struck him in the back of the shoulder, passed through the shoulder-blade, struck some of the other bones, and glanced down under his ribs, where it now remains. The surgeons thought the chances of life in his favor, but guess it is doubtful. Lieutenant Sampson has been assigned to the command of our company. I regard him as a capable, efficient man, and hope he may be spared to us a long time.

July 27.—The chief excitement among us was a duel between a saucy Johnny and myself. He was a little to our left, and on higher ground. We put up a shelter tent over the particular bit of trench a few of us in Company E occupied. Johnny caught sight of it, and opened furiously, succeeding in working two or three button-holes in our canvas. I arranged a port-hole with the sand-bags so as to bear upon him. He had no sand-bags, but fired through a little depression in their earth-works. I commenced practice on him, and in a few minutes had the range, and knocked so much dust in his eyes that he concluded to keep quiet. Soon after dinner, however, he opened fire again. I responded, and soon silenced his battery. He then kept quiet till near sundown, when he renewed the attack. I kept quiet till he had fired two or three times, when I put my rifle through the port-hole and watched for him. Presently his rifle appeared in the usual place, and then his head came into view as he attempted to draw a bead on my port-hole. I

fired, his hands and rifle went up in the air, and he fell back, evidently with a bullet in his brain.

[The experience of Sergeant Burnham in his duel with the Confederate sharpshooter, came to be a pretty general one before the siege was broken, and this constant practice made the men of the Ninth very proficient marksmen, a statement of which the enemy had abundant proof in those days in the number of dead and wounded that were daily carried back from their picket line.]

July 29.—Notice that large quantities of ammunition are delivered to the batteries about us. Looks squally.

BITS OF HOME LETTERS.

(Sergt. James W. Lathe.)

June 21.—Canfield was badly wounded to-day in the arm, just above the elbow—do n't think he will lose it. Another man, by the name of Russell, of our company, was also wounded in the hand. I am the only sergeant left in Company F, and these are hard times, but I am well and in good spirits. We have no chance to wash our clothes, so of course we are dirty, and some are very ragged. I found a pair of rebel pants, and am wearing them. I got nearly barefoot, and I pulled a pair of shoes off a dead man's feet, and put them on. I could n't see as he had any use for them, and I had; so I pulled them off, and I think I was right. I do n't know what you would think at home to be obliged to rob a dead man to prevent going barefoot. You wanted to know if Captain Stone's body was sent home. It was buried at Freder-

icksburg, without a coffin or a box. It would look hard at home, but nothing strange to a soldier.

June 23.—Just think of these sleepless nights! I have seen nearly two moons wax and wane as I have kept my nightly vigils, and still no signs of any advantage on either side.

June 25.—I know you will want to hear from me as often as possible while we are in this dreadful place. From the long lists of killed and wounded, which you of course see in the papers, you will infer that it is not a very safe place. It is a bad place to write, curled up in the dirt in a ditch dug to keep down out of the way of shot and shell. If a man lifts his head above the pit, a bullet is sure to be after him, and we have to move about more or less in sight of the rebs; but we usually move lively, and so are not so apt to be hit as when standing still. Freeman comes to us three or four times every day, to bring us hot coffee, rations of bread, meat, soup, and whiskey. We are getting a plenty to eat just now.

June 26.—To-day is the most quiet for us of any for two months, but in the front line they are having a hot time from the sun, and most too many shells bursting over them for comfort. The First brigade is in now; we go in again to-morrow. I wish you could hear the musketry at night. Sometimes, when one side or the other becomes alarmed, thinking a charge is being made, all hands up and fire, the other side replying, the sound running down the line as far as you can hear. This is kept up sometimes for an hour or two, and sounds as if the ground was sliding out from under our feet. I call them "spasms."

June 27.—Some of our men run across a lot of ice the other day, near the railroad. It is in a bad place to get

at, on account of the rebel sharpshooters, but there is a pile of it there, and the boys will have it anyway. It seems to last well, and I hope it will while we stay here. The Christian commission is doing a great work down here, not only with the wounded, but they are continually making presents to different regiments, of dried apples, lemons, tobacco, and the like, all in small quantities of course. Yesterday I saw a man passing letter-paper around, one sheet and an envelope to every man. Sutlers begin to bring in things, but money is very scarce among the soldiers, not getting any for months. No chance for paymasters here—it is too near the rebs.

July 1.—There was quite heavy firing nearly all night last night. I hear that a large number of shells were thrown into Petersburg, and it was said that the city was on fire. We are almost exactly in front of Petersburg, or rather, Petersburg is in front of us. The bells could be heard ringing last night. We are not much more than a mile from the city. We have to go into the front pits to-night for forty-eight hours; I dread it, but have become so used to it that it don't make much odds where I am.

July 11.—We came in from the front lines last night, having been out forty-eight hours. But one was hit during that time. He lost his arm. We usually have from three to six in killed and wounded. We had several chances to see the rebs yesterday and day before. We would stop firing by mutual consent, and stand up in sight and speaking distance, about one hundred yards apart. Many are sick with the diarrhea, but they must be kept on duty. No man is allowed to be sick here. The Sanitary and Christian commissions, or the friends at home, are sending us pickles, crackers, cornstarch,

condensed milk, and lots of good things. They come in small quantities, but it must take a pile to go round to the whole army. They are very thankfully received, and you can judge whether they are relished.

July 13.—We have some very good springs about a mile in our rear, and the cooks do their work down there, and bring our provisions up to us, making a good deal of hard work—but it is all hard work. War is hard in every sense of the word. It is a very popular nuisance, and a great enemy to mankind.

July 16.—I had a very good time on picket—I fired nearly two hundred rounds at the rebels in the forty-eight hours, and nearly every time I had a good sight at a rebel's head. Some of them may have got hit; it would be strange if they did n't. I should dislike very much to shoot a man, if I could convert him in any other way, but I can't afford to stay out here more than two or three years for nothing. It is certainly strange how a man can become accustomed to shells falling around, big guns booming, and musketry at his side; but I can sleep as soundly in the midst of it as you can in your comfortable bed. It has been so long since I have heard anything else, that it seems as though something was wrong if they stop even for a few minutes.

July 18.—Company F is getting smaller all the time. We carried sixty-seven rifles when we started on this campaign; now we carry twenty-seven, and have the largest company in the regiment.

July 21.—We have got to get back in the woods, and drill in sight of the rebel works. I do n't see why the rebs do n't shell us, but they never have. They seem to be a merciful lot of men. I think that they would hardly be allowed to drill in sight of our batteries, if they were a

mile away. That is about the distance from them to where we drill. I am going down to the sutler's and buy some potatoes and onions and have a good dinner once more. I got some apples yesterday, and they were good, awful good, too, but they cost high. I got ten small ones for a quarter. Potatoes cost fifteen cents a quart, so it will not pay to buy many of them.

July 25.—I have been out taking a general survey of the fortifications around here to-day. There are about 2,000 negro soldiers at work digging, and have been for some time. The fields are dug in deep ditches in every direction, and large forts line our second line of works. I suppose you have a poor idea of the mischief the shells do sometimes. It is like the bursting of a volcano. Occasionally they do no harm. Plenty of them come into this pine grove, and have done but little harm. Still I had rather be a long way from them—so far that I should never hear one of them again.

July 26.—We are in a different place since we came out to the front line of trenches, and seem to be less exposed to mortar shells; but they have a cross-fire on us with musketry, and several have been killed and wounded. This is a cramped up kind of life for a man that wants action to make himself comfortable. Charley (a drummer) is peddling apples and the like, and if the troops were paid off he would get quite a pile. Men here do n't seem to care much about money, only to make them comfortable and get something to eat. We get very good rations, and half the time we have soft bread.

July 29.—There is more artillery firing than common, and there were some large hundred-pound mortars brought in here last night. I reckon the rebs will get waked up by those awful shells. The report of one of

them is ten times louder than any peal of thunder you ever heard, and if they strike the ground they will go in about six feet and explode, and bad luck to anything that is over it, for it will be histed. Some regiments have been paid for four months. The soldiers have been raised to sixteen dollars a month, corporals eighteen, sergeants twenty, and orderly sergeants twenty-four or twenty-five, I do n't know which.

CLIPPINGS FROM MAJOR CHANDLER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

(*Capt. E. C. Babb.*)

June 21.—Our brigade is in line behind strong works in an open field, while the Johnnies occupy similar works but forty rods distant. The Norfolk & Petersburg railroad runs between the two lines, and our skirmishers here have advanced across the railroad, making it pretty close work. There is no safety for us, except that each man keeps in his hole, and then, our portion of the line being farther advanced than the rest, some of their sharpshooters get an enfilading fire from our right, and have hit some of our men in the pits. I had two men wounded to-day. Sergeant Canfield had his right arm badly shattered above the elbow, while lying down in the pit about noon. Each officer, or the officers belonging to each company, have a hole dug immediately in the rear of their respective companies, and I assure you that I do not leave mine between daylight and dark. Captain Hough's quarters (hole) are within ten feet of mine, and I have not seen or heard of him since early dawn, and it is now near night. We have been situated in this way for nearly three days, but

expect to be relieved to-night. Our brigade did a handsome thing last Friday morning about three o'clock, in charging and driving the rebs out of their works, about a mile in the rear of where we now are, and capturing four pieces of artillery. Our regiment made a charge when we were at Cold Harbor, advancing about a quarter of a mile from the rest of the brigade, across a deep ravine, and driving the rebs out of their works with the loss of only fifteen wounded and two killed. The rest of the brigade soon came up and joined us, and we established a new line on the advanced position.

(Capt. C. D. Copp.)

June 25.—If any appointment of second lieutenant is made in my company from the company, I would like to have Sergt. Jerome Kelley. He has had charge of the company, or has acted as orderly, all through this campaign, has done his duty faithfully, and a braver soldier never lived. I know nothing of any appointments, but merely write this to let you know my preference. I have not been with the regiment for a week, being completely “played out.” Lieutenant Case is also here (City Point) with me.

(Capt. C. D. Copp.)

July 3.—I wrote you from City Point, where I was sick for a few days. It is not a very pleasant place to be sick in, so I concluded to rejoin my regiment—either to get better or worse. So far I have done well, although not yet reported for duty. It is the old complaint of last fall—intermittent fever; was taken on the march from Cold Harbor to the James river, and was obliged to ride in an ambulance two days. I suppose you think yourself very unfortunate in being wounded. Well, you are,

in one sense; in another mighty lucky—and any other man who got out of this campaign. We all thought we had seen rough times, but it was boys' play compared to this. After you were carried off, the regiment reformed in the woods, having rallied about sixty men, and went to the front, where we remained a week, till the 18th of May, when we made another advance. Since then we have been marching, and fighting half the time, till about the 19th of June, when things came to a standstill, and in my opinion will remain so for the present. Not having been with the regiment for several weeks, I am not prepared to say much about the fighting, but one thing I do know, there is no better fighting regiment than the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers in this army. Even General Griffin compliments us. At Shady Grove he came and tendered his thanks to the men and officers, personally, for their gallant conduct. The duty is not very hard now, and it is well it is not, for the men and officers are nearly worn out. The lines are close together, so that no pickets are out, or rather a whole brigade goes on at a time, strong breastworks being built for the picket line. A brigade goes on for forty-eight hours, and off forty-eight hours. You cannot show your head above the works with safety. Captain Little was wounded yesterday in the foot. Had two toes amputated, and left for City Point to-day. We now have about one hundred and eighty rifles. Out of that one hundred recruits, thirty arrived here, which makes about two hundred and ten for duty. You had better suggest to the governor that if he wishes to get any men to their regiments, he had better have an old regiment at home to go out as guard, and I think the Ninth could do it "to a charm." Do n't you? I advise you to stay at home as

long as you can ; it is too hot out here. I suppose you know Lieutenant Cheney has been promoted to first lieutenant of Company I, thus leaving me alone.

(Adj't. William I. Brown.)

July 6.—First, will answer your questions. Lieutenant Babb is present. Lieutenant Wilcox has been missing since the 12th of May. We need some field officer or ranking captain badly. Whitfield is sick at Cincinnati. Cooper is not on duty, and has just handed in his resignation on surgeon's certificate. Captain Blaisdell is going to resign soon. Lieutenant Perry is out of the service. You know the adjutant-general's report you sent—it was received yesterday morning. All hands looked it over, but failed to discover that Lieutenant Perry was noted as discharged April 20. Doctor Gibson first discovered it—in less than two minutes Lieutenant Perry went to head-quarters to see about it. At the Corps he found his papers. He leaves for home next Saturday, the most happy man you ever saw. Colonel Babbitt sent an extension of twenty days, and thought he might be able to join us by that time. I hope he will, for I tell you, Major, the regiment needs a commander.

Our duties now are as regular as the days come round. Forty-eight hours at the front, in the trenches, and forty-eight back, partially out of range but within supporting distance. Have had one review of the brigade, and one dress parade. It is rather a monotonous life. Martin Flynn was hit at last. Had had trouble with one of the men, and went out of the pits to tell Lieutenant Quimby that he was going to lick that man. He was returning, with words of vengeance on



CAPT. H. BAXTER QUIMBY, CO. B.



CORP. FREDERIC F. TURNER, CO. C.



OLD SHOES OF CAPT. H. BAXTER QUIMBY.



BLOODY ENVELOPE.

his lips, when he was shot through the head. Hamilton Carpenter, from Concord, is killed; also old man Richards of Company C. The rebel mortars begin to trouble us some. The pits cover us from bullets, but when a bombshell drops into the pit, why it subjects one to the inconvenience of getting right out. We have received about thirty of the one hundred recruits sent to us. Had to string up some of them to trees for getting drunk. They found rum where the old men could not. Rations of whiskey are issued, which just keep up a thirst for more.

The Fourth was a very quiet day—not even the usual picket firing. Every one seemed to suppose there would be a celebration on that day. Of course you remember where you were one year ago that day. The great event of the day with the regiment was a large mail. We get a mail here every day, and newspapers. Sutlers' supplies are plenty, but money scarce. We expect to get paid on the 15th. General and staff officers have all been paid. Rumors are very current that one of the New Hampshire regiments is going home to enforce the draft, and that it will be the Ninth or Eleventh, more likely the latter. It caused considerable enthusiasm when first started. I think you will have time to get well, come out, and go home with us, when we do go.

(Sergt. Maj. Franklin H. Foster.)

July 9.—The *Chronicle* says “The army has settled down to a state of quiescence,” which is literally the case, the pickets of the Ninth corps being the only ones that exchange shots, both musketry and artillery. I account for it in this way: Our corps is much farther advanced than any other corps on the line; the picket lines are

simply the lines of battle, and being in such close proximity to each other, both are continually on the alert. Occasionally there is a burst of artillery and musketry, that will commence on the right and will finally extend along the whole line, and then it will become still again. The heat is almost intolerable, and flies torment us to death, and in spite of all you can do will prevent your sleeping in the daytime. We have the luxury of ice, there being two ice-houses in this vicinity. Fortunate for us that they are inside our lines. We have also obtained Sanitary Commission supplies, which have been thankfully received by the soldiers. I am glad that the commission has learned that well men need these delicacies as well as sick ones.

(Adj't. William I. Brown.)

July 18.—Your certificate of disability came this morning. Am sorry that you recover so slowly. Certificate also received this morning from Colonel Babbitt. We have two hundred and thirty guns. Many without arms. Quite a number present sick. Lieutenant Copp went to the hospital last night. Day before yesterday Captain Hough and I went to Bermuda Hundreds to see the Third and Seventh New Hampshire. They are having a fine time of it—nice camp, easy picketing. Most splendid works, from river to river. They can't know what kind of a life we are leading. You have perhaps seen in the illustrated papers a picture of the rebs shelling General Butler upon his famous look-out. I had the pleasure to go up that—one hundred and fifty feet high, made upon four pine sticks. Can see Richmond from it.

Last night an attack was expected from the enemy, and preparations were made to meet it, but it did not

come. Our regiment was ordered up in the night to occupy the most important position on the line—a ravine. Our baggage is all there (at City Point) and is brought up every Sunday. We are still leading a very unpleasant life,—only from day to day. Have nothing at all with which to make ourselves comfortable. Money all out—commissary won't trust—hard times these. We hear constant rumors that the Ninth or Eleventh is going home to do duty at Concord. Shall we not stand some chance to go home and vote in the fall? You knew Captain Little was wounded?—lost two toes. We have just ten officers on duty in the line. Hubbard is in the Ambulance corps.

(Capt. C. D. Copp.)

July 29.—Here I am at last in a hospital [Officers' hospital, Camac's Woods, Philadelphia, Pa.], not wounded, but sick: "played out" expresses it better. Dr. Webster sent me to City Point, and from there I came to this place. When I left, affairs were about "so-so." Captain Hough is still in command. Just as I left, "Shep" told me Captain Buswell was wounded through the shoulder. Whether seriously or not, I am unable to say.

AS TOLD BY THE COMRADES.

One day, while Lieutenant Perry, Sergeant George, Sergeant Wakefield, and Charles F. Sleeper were lying in a bomb-proof, busily engaged with a copy of the Manchester *Mirror*, a hostile shell, "on mischief bent," came crashing through the boughs with which the bomb-proof was covered, and buried itself in the ground close

beside Sleeper. In another instant the shell exploded, covering the men with dirt and filling their supposed secure quarters with smoke and dust. Half blinded as they were with the flying débris, it was some time before the men could fully realize that they were unharmed, except Sleeper, who had received the force of the bursting shell in his leg, blowing and burning nearly all the flesh off.

A similar adventure befell another quartette of comrades, who were whiling away the time in testing the varying fortunes of "draw poker." The game had been opened with two queens, and as the hands promised well the "jack-pot" became an unusually interesting feature. Excitement was running high when—just at the critical moment—a smoking shell came plump into their midst. Cards, jack-pot, and everything else were forgotten in the hurried scramble for the opening which followed; but though all the players escaped injury, the man who held the winning hand has never ceased to lament that the intruding shell deprived him of a most promising pot.

In the charge on the enemy's works on the 18th, the Ninth was subjected to a very heavy fire. In the course of the engagement a solid twelve-pound shot came through the woods, struck a tree, recoiled to the ground, rebounded just high enough to strike Sergt. Henry F. Partridge of Company I on the right hip, throwing him to the ground by the force of the blow, and then rolled some distance farther before finally ending its career. Partridge was carried to the rear for dead, but recovering consciousness, was taken to the hospital, and rejoined the regiment on the 10th of September. At the Battle of Poplar Grove Church, September 30, Partridge

was again wounded, this time through the left hip, and was again consigned to the hospital. Thirty years have slipped away since those memorable days, and Comrade Partridge still enjoys telling the story of how the Confederates wasted their lead.

Another peculiar incident occurred in the trenches. One day a soldier was lying asleep on the ground, when a shell burst just over his head. He never awoke, nor was there any mark of injury upon him, but the shock of the bursting had taken away his breath.

In the advance at the Shand house, June 17, the Ninth moved to the front on the evening of the 16th, taking position close under the enemy's works. Every precaution was used to ensure a silent advance, but the wary enemy, not so easily fooled, were wide awake and on the alert for all intruders, so that the Ninth got a warm reception and were glad to hug the ground pretty close. After a time the firing ceased, but not before several casualties had ensued. Among the wounded was Sergeant Wakefield, who was struck in the left side by a Minié. The ball passed through a diary, a Testament, a piece of cloth used for cleaning his gun, and cutting through his leather belt inflicted a severe contused wound. The plucky sergeant refused to go to the rear, and supporting his cartridge box by a cross-strap from the shoulder, remained with his company until the regiment was relieved.

“THE WILD IRISHMAN.”

Martin Flynn, more commonly known as “the wild Irishman,” who was shot through the head on the 29th of June, was perhaps the most notorious character in the regiment, and was very generally detested for his quar-

relsome, ugly disposition ; but “ Mart ” and his eccentricities will not soon be forgotten, and a few of the many anecdotes now extant may well find a place here :

A. P. Horne.—Mart was in my company, and was always getting into trouble. When we first went into camp at Arlington Heights, on our way out, he was stood on a barrel for some misdemeanor, and from that time on he was in a row with somebody so long as there was any breath left in him. While we were at Falmouth he was sent down to Newport News for striking Sergeant Tucker of his own company, and at Paris, Ky., he got in a quarrel with a man in Company I, who shot Mart in the neck, but to the great regret of everybody just missed killing him. I had a little experience with him at Spottsylvania. When we were in the last piece of woods, just before we came out of the opening, Major Chandler rode up to Lieutenant Quimby, and stating that Mart had never been in a fight with the regiment, ordered the lieutenant to detail a corporal’s guard, and see that Mart was kept well up to the front. The lieutenant turned the job over to me, and a nice time I had of it ; but I took him ahead of me down into the fight, and got him, I should think, pretty near up to the breastworks. Later on it was so hot that I had all I wanted to do to take care of myself, and I knew Mart would make for the rear all right, so I let him go.

Lieutenant Wilcox.—Mart would get full every chance he could, and sometimes he was with the company and sometimes he was n’t. Once he was arrested for getting drunk and running away, and they took a pork-barrel, knocked one end out, cut a hole through the other end, and hung it over his shoulders. The orders were to

make him carry the barrel, and whenever a commissioned officer came within hearing distance Mart would d—n him all up in a heap. While he was wearing the barrel a snow-storm came on, and the corporal kept him in that pork-barrel, out in the snow-storm, until it was clear up around his nose—seven days he wore it, from reveille to sunset.

Captain Babb.—After he had worn that barrel four or five days some women came into the camp to sell pies, and when they got along pretty near where he was one of them said, “See the man with the barrel there!” Mart heard her and called out, “Give me a piece of that pie!” So she laid one down on the top of the barrel, and he would reach out his tongue and get it around a corner of the pie and hold it until he took a bite out, and he ate half of a pie in that way. At the time he was killed I was making out my muster- and pay-rolls, close to the line of the fort where the mine was, when I heard Flynn say, “G—d d—n you!” and heard him jump. That was nothing new for him, however, and I kept on with my work, but it was n’t a minute before somebody poked their head in and said that Flynn had been killed. He was a man hardly ever in a battle or fight, except with somebody in his own company or regiment, but a man who was never subdued by any punishment that was invented while he was in the army. He fully merited his cognomen of “the wild Irishman.”

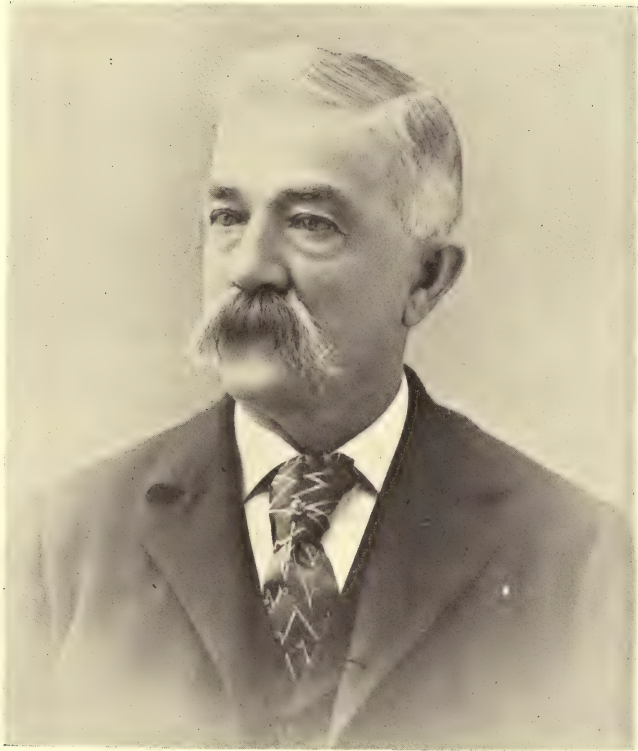
Sergeant Burnham.—Flynn was in a quarrel with a comrade when he was shot. He had sprung up, rifle in hand, threatening to shoot, and in his excitement stepped onto a little mound, thus exposing himself to the enemy’s view. That was enough to seal his fate, and a rifle ball

from the enemy's lines went through his head while a terrible oath with which he accompanied his threat to his comrade was still upon his lips. Dropping to the ground, he expired instantly, and apparently without the movement of a single muscle after he fell. Speaking of this fact not long afterwards, Lieutenant Quimby said, "Mart Flynn was killed the deadeest of any man I ever saw!" From this the phrase "as dead as Mart Flynn" came into use in the regiment.

ESTABLISHING A CLAIM.

By Lieut. S. H. Perry.

Arriving near Petersburg on the afternoon of the 16th of June, we rested near some old works until about sundown, when we were ordered into line and took up a position joining onto the Second corps. Early in the evening we were advanced, and found the enemy in our front, near an old house. We were sent up, and took our position, one company at a time; and as I dressed my company (G) up to Company I, I inquired if any more troops were in our front, and sending one of my sergeants back to find out, at once gave the order to lie down. This order having been carried out, we immediately found out that we were at the front, as the rebs opened on us. Directly in our front was a Virginia fence, which the men utilized for breastworks, and with their bayonets and tin plates soon had a cover. It was a clear, moonlight night, and all objects could be readily distinguished, so we had to keep close, firing whenever an opportunity offered and generally getting a shot in return.



SERG. WEBSTER HEATH, CO. B.

This lasted until about midnight, when all seemed to quiet down. Towards four o'clock in the morning the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, the Second Maryland, and the Seventeenth Vermont made an advance, with the Ninth New Hampshire, Sixth New Hampshire, and Seventh Rhode Island acting as support. Upon the advance getting a sharp volley it wavered, and General Griffin ordered in the support, which advanced on the run, carrying the works in our front and capturing over four hundred prisoners and four pieces of artillery. The Seventh Rhode Island were going to claim the whole of the guns, but one of them being in my immediate front, I seated one of my men, William Calder, on it and told him to ride up to head-quarters, which he did; and so the Ninth New Hampshire got credit with the others.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

The time fixed for the springing of the mine was half-past three in the morning of July 30, to be followed by the opening of all the available artillery along the front line, and an assault at the breach which would be made in the enemy's defences by the explosion. The attacking force was to consist of two columns, which, charging through the breach, were to sweep the enemy's lines on the right and left, while other columns were to make for the crest. The Fourth division, under the command of General Ferrero, was General Burnside's first choice as the storming party, inasmuch as he felt that the occasion called for his freshest troops, and that the soldierly qualities of the colored men, though comparatively untried, were yet worthy of confidence. To this end, therefore, for the three weeks preceding the 30th of July, the division was most carefully drilled in the details of the work which they were expected to perform.

At the last moment the colored division was declared against by General Meade, who also expressed his objection to the "tactical formation" outlined in the plan of attack submitted to him by General Burnside at his request, declaring "that the only thing to be done was to rush for the crest, and take it, immediately after the explosion had taken place." Such was the embarrassing situation of affairs on the afternoon of the 29th, for the mine was to be exploded at an early hour on the follow-

ing morning, and the rejection of the Fourth division necessitated the choice of one of the other three to lead in the attack. It was not easy to choose between equally brave men, and General Burnside finally suggested that the division commanders draw lots for the position. The lot fell on General Ledlie, who at once set to work to reconnoitre the ground and prepare for the attack, and before nightfall was ready for the advance.

The battle order issued by General Meade directed General Burnside to "form his troops for assaulting the enemy's works at daylight of the 30th, prepare his parapets and abatis for the passage of the columns, and have the pioneers equipped for work in opening passages for artillery, destroying enemy's abattis, etc., and the intrenching tools distributed for effecting lodgments, etc." The mine having been sprung, the assaulting columns were to move rapidly upon the breach, seize the crest in the rear, and effect a lodgment at this point. Major-General Ord, following close behind, was to act as support on the right, and Major-General Warren on the left, while the other corps commanders were to dispose their troops in positions to follow up the assaulting and supporting columns.

It was an exceedingly trying situation in which the commander of the Ninth corps had been placed by the unexpected action of his superior officer, for his plans had been most carefully made, and in a manner, as he firmly believed, to ensure a brilliant success; but General Burnside was a true soldier, and in the few brief hours that yet remained to him did everything in his power to forward the execution of General Meade's orders. In personal interviews with his own officers he specifically detailed to them the formation and move-

ments of the different bodies of troops, and especially urged upon them the necessity of prompt and cheerful co-operation with each other in performing the duties that had devolved upon them. Formal orders, which were issued later, were as follows :

“ 1.—The mine will be exploded to-morrow morning, at half-past three, by Colonel Pleasants.

“ 2.—General Ledlie will, immediately upon the explosion of the mine, move his division forward as directed by verbal orders, and if possible crown the crest at the point known as Cemetery hill, occupying, if possible, the cemetery.

“ 3.—General Willcox will move his division forward as soon as possible after General Ledlie has passed through the first line of the enemy's works, bearing off to the left so as to effectually protect the left flank of General Ledlie's column, and make a lodgment, if possible, on the Jerusalem plank-road, to the left of General Ledlie's division.

“ 4.—General Potter will move his division forward to the right of General Ledlie's division, as soon as it is apparent that he will not interfere with the movements of General Willcox's division, and will, as near as possible, protect the right flank of General Ledlie from any attack on that quarter, and establish a line on the crest of a ravine which seems to run from the Cemetery hill nearly at right angles to the enemy's main line directly in our front.

“ 5.—General Ferrero will move his division immediately after General Willcox's, until he reaches our present advanced line, where he will remain until the ground in his front is entirely cleared by the other three divisions, when he will move forward over the same ground

that General Ledlie moved over, will pass through our line, and, if possible, move down and occupy the village to the right."

It was an anxious night for the devoted troops that for so many weary weeks had faithfully defended the Union salient, and their few preparations were hurriedly yet quietly made. General Burnside, too much troubled to remain quiescent, repaired to the front line at an early hour, and there awaited the coming of the dawn and the momentous events it would bring in its train. About an hour before the time set for the explosion, Ledlie's division began its formation, and shortly afterwards took up its position at the designated place of debouchement. How slowly the moments wear away, as the men resting on their arms strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of the doomed fort through the thick gray of the early morning! All unconscious that their span of life is so nearly run, the garrison is wrapped in slumber. Not a sound breaks the deep stillness of the night, but so closely have the Union forces crept up that they can even discern the forms of the sentinels monotonously pacing to and fro. It is quarter-past three when the match is applied. A stream of fire follows the train of powder, and the result is awaited in an almost breathless silence.

Fifteen—thirty minutes have slipped away, and still there is no explosion. Another half-hour goes by—a precious half-hour, for the east is already brightening and the garrison is gradually bestirring itself. It is evident that the fuses have failed to burn and must be relighted; but who will perform so dangerous a task? Two miners from the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Douty and Sergeant Reese, volunteered for the work, and boldly entered the gallery. The fire had

gone out about one hundred feet from the entrance, but quickly repairing and relighting the fuses the brave fellows returned safely to their comrades.

It was more than an hour after the allotted time when the explosion finally took place, and the terrible reality of the scene far outstripped what the wildest imagination had pictured in its boldest flights. The ground heaved and rocked from the force of the mighty pressure that was gathering beneath it; an awful, thunderous booming, that broke in upon the stillness of the early morning "like the sound of many waters," heralded the final throes of the volcanic energy imprisoned within; fire and smoke burst through the ever-widening fissures, and then, as if the power of the thousands of pounds of powder that lay hidden below could no longer be restrained, but must assert itself in one last, grand demonstration of its Titanic strength, a mountainous mass of earth, mingled with guns, timbers, human bodies, and camp furniture of every description, reared itself high in air and fell in widely scattered remnants on all sides. A hundred guns from the Union lines thundered in echoing response, and an awesome stillness succeeded what must have seemed to the suddenly awakened hosts in the enemy's camp like the fulminations of the day of wrath.

The clouds of smoke and dust gradually cleared away, and the full extent of the havoc that had been wrought was displayed to view. The enemy's strongest work, a six-gun battery with its garrison of two hundred and fifty men, had been completely annihilated, and in its stead there gaped an immense crater, some three hundred feet long by fifty wide and twenty-five deep, whose sloping sides and bottom were thickly overlaid with loose earth and the débris of the camp.

The breach had been made, and now the time for action had come; but the minutes seemed like hours before Ledlie's division, with Colonel Marshall's brigade in advance, after removing the abattis that had protected the Union front, crossed the intervening ground, and halted, with fatal indecision, at the edge of the still smoking crater. The crest which lay only four hundred yards beyond was the vantage-point to be gained and held, but the troops, dazed and dispirited by the horrors outspread before them, sickened by the cries for help and mercy that emanated from the maimed and bleeding men lying half-buried in the ruins, pressed down into the crater, again halted, and made no further effort to advance, though the enemy had not yet recovered from the shock of the explosion and the much desired crest lay completely at their mercy. The guiding hand that might have led them on to a most glorious victory was lacking.

The precious moments sped swiftly by, and the oncoming divisions of Potter and Willcox, following closely upon the halting force, found their further advance checked by the huddled mass at the verge of the crater. Griffin's brigade of Potter's division, deploying to the right of the crater, surmounted the obstacles presented by the intricacies of the enemy's defences, and secured about two hundred yards of rifle-pits, advancing beyond these nearly half way to the crest; but by this time the enemy had rallied somewhat, and bringing his guns on Cemetery hill to bear upon the daring troops, together with an enfilading cross-fire from the batteries on either side of the crater, compelled them to fall back to the fatal chasm. A part of the Second brigade ably supported the advance of the First; while two of the remain-

ing regiments entered the crater, but turned sharply to the right and swept down the enemy's line for a considerable distance, one of them even reaching a point within twenty-five yards of a battery that raked their lines with only too sure an aim, until they were driven back by the rain of iron hail before which no man could stand and live.

Willcox, bearing to the left, also gained a line of pits, but had so slender a following—the greater part of his men having gone into the crater with Ledlie's and become involved in the prevailing confusion—that further progress was impracticable. Nearly an hour of time had been consumed in these movements, and General Meade, scarcely comprehending the situation of affairs at the front from his head-quarters in the rear, yet with growing impatience that the crest had not been carried, at six o'clock ordered General Burnside to push his "men forward at all hazards, white and black," and "not to lose time in making formations, but rush for the crest." This direct order was at once transmitted to General Potter, who pressed his division forward and attempted to gain the crest: a sheer impossibility in the face of the raking fire that was turned upon them from the batteries.

It was now seven o'clock. The space between the crater and the Union lines, as well as the crater itself, was crowded with men; to send more men in could only render the confusion more hopeless and magnify the disaster: but General Meade's order was imperative, and the Fourth division advanced gallantly to the attack. No troops could have been better led to an assault, and they won the chief honor of the day, capturing a number of prisoners and a stand of colors, as well as regaining a stand of National colors lost in one of the previous assaults.

The sight of the colored troops seemed to intensify the enemy's rage against their assailants, and every available weapon was turned upon them. All their endeavors and sacrifices were of no avail before so destructive a fire, and they too gave way and sought shelter in the crater.

One—two hours went by, while the enemy's shells and balls rained into the crater like hail, turning it into an arena of unresisted slaughter. Any further attempt to take the ridge would be not only useless, but an uncalled for sacrifice of human lives, and General Meade accordingly ordered a suspension of offensive operations and a withdrawal of the troops to their own lines. But the Confederate batteries were not only directed against the hapless victims in the fatal death-trap, but they swept the ground between the chasm and the Union line as well, and the men could no more retreat than advance. The enemy, growing bolder, attempted an assault, but were driven back with considerable loss by men whose very desperation lent them courage to repel the invaders. The forenoon wore slowly away, there seemed to be no hope of assistance from without, and the men began to lose heart. Early in the afternoon the enemy appeared in greater force for a second attack, under cover of which Generals Hartranft and Griffin of the Second division, though hotly pressed, succeeded in withdrawing a considerable body of troops. By degrees the crater was finally evacuated, and at two o'clock the bloody butchery of that never to be forgotten day had ceased. The total loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners during the day was in the vicinity of four thousand, of which the Ninth corps could claim by far the greater part, having in killed fifty-two officers and three hundred and seventy-six men; in wounded, one hundred and five officers and one thousand five hun-

dred and fifty-six men ; in missing, eighty-seven officers and one thousand six hundred and fifty-two men, most of these having been captured at the time of the withdrawal of the troops in the afternoon. The plan so carefully devised had been set at naught, and the blood of thousands cried out from that ground of defeat and disaster.

HOW THE NINTH KEPT UP ITS REPUTATION.

What with recruits and convalescents, the regiment was able to muster about two hundred muskets for the famous Mine fight, in which it bore a prominent part. Its position was in the first line of the division, immediately in front of the fort, when the troops were massed for the charge. At the instant of the explosion they sprang forward, and under cover of the smoke and dust were the first regiment to plant their colors on the ruined works. They pushed forward as far as ordered, and as far as any of the troops went, and captured fully their share of the prisoners taken. In the fierce conflict that ensued for the possession of what had been gained, they performed their part well, and many were the individual deeds of valor that have since enriched the traditions of the regiment.

AS TOLD IN SERGEANT BURNHAM'S DIARY.

“The 30th of July was very warm. At three o'clock that morning we were sent to the front, taking only our arms and our canteens. Our brigade was massed in the ravine just behind our front line of rifle-pits, and not very far from the entrance to the mine. The fuse for firing this mine was lighted at daybreak ; on first trial went out ; was relighted, and at about five o'clock the explosion came. It was terrific. The ground where we stood

moved sensibly, and a column of earth and débris shot up from the fort fully two hundred feet in the air, carrying some of the guns of the fort and numbers of the garrison with it, and engulfing everything about it as it fell back. The noise was a dull, heavy roar, and was immediately followed by the thunder of a hundred cannon, as the explosion was the signal for all our artillery to open fire.

“ We immediately advanced, leaped our works, and charged the fort. I am confident that the colors of our regiment were the first inside of it, or the wreck where it had been. Our men were quickly in possession of the works for some little distance in either direction from the point of explosion, and captured some four or five hundred prisoners, who were hurried to the rear. Some hundreds of the rebels must have been killed by the explosion, and some of those we captured had been hurt by it. One surrendered to me personally who had been hit in the leg by a chunk of earth as it fell. We pulled one fellow out of the loose earth whose head and hands were alone visible. He had sailed skyward with the materials of the fort, and was nearly buried as they fell. His hair literally stood on end, and he was the most complete picture of fright I ever saw.

“ For a short time we had things our own way, but the enemy soon got over their confusion, and began to stand their ground, re-enforcements arriving faster on their side than on ours. After a little, all attempts on our part to advance farther, ceased, and they commenced a series of determined charges to drive us out of the works we had taken. The fight raged with great fury all the forenoon, and at times was hand to hand. It was the hottest work we have ever seen. I think I must have fired more than one hundred rounds of ammunition

myself, for I used two or three different rifles, and when one got foul threw it down and picked up another. Never have experienced in action so little fear, or exposed myself so recklessly, but I escaped without a scratch. Men fell by my side in repeated instances, and how any of us escaped seems to me a miracle.

“By about noon all of our men who had not previously retired to our line, or been disabled, were driven into and immediately about the crater made by the explosion of the mine. All company and regimental organization had been lost. It was practically every man for himself. The enemy was sweeping the ground over which we must pass to escape, with a terrible fire of both artillery and musketry. In this crater, which was one hundred feet or more in diameter, was the most sheltered place to be found. I reached it not far from noon. Met Lieutenant Sampson there, and talked with him for a minute or two. We could see none of our own company, and very few of our regiment, about us. He told me we were at liberty to go back to our lines whenever we felt like running the gauntlet, which we could see was a terrible one. As I afterwards learned, he attempted it not long after this, and was killed.

“On the side of the crater towards our lines, I observed a huge lump of the clayey surface soil thrown out by the explosion. It was apparently eight or ten feet in diameter. I thought I could get shelter behind it, and have opportunity for a few parting shots at the enemy. I told Sampson of my purpose, and scrambled quickly to what I believed to be the unexposed side of the clay lump. Almost at once rifle balls began to strike about me, and I discovered that I had jumped ‘out of the frying-pan into the fire.’ I was in full view of the

enemy, both to the right and the left. They had at once observed me, and were paying me their compliments.

“Just then a broadside from their batteries swept over and around, raising a great cloud of dust. I saw my opportunity, and plunging into this dust, I was half-way across the open space between me and our old rifle-pits before the dust cleared so that I could be seen. The Miniés sung about my ears like bees for the rest of the way, but I reached shelter untouched, though so thoroughly exhausted from hard work, the heat, the lack of food, and for the last hour or two of water even, that it was some time before I could so much as crawl back to the creek in the ravine near by and get some water. This, when secured, revived me so that I made my way back to our camp. A few of the boys were there before me, and a few came afterwards, but great numbers are missing. The rebels recovered all their lost ground within an hour or two after I escaped, capturing the few of our men still left. A sad day for our corps. The old story again—a big slaughter, and nothing gained.”

A LETTER TO MAJOR CHANDLER.

(*Adjutant Brown.*)

BEFORE PETERSEURG, August 7, 1864.

I should have written you since the battle, had I not been so very busy. An unusual number of reports has been called for, and you know the sergeant-major [F. H. Foster], upon whom I relied very much, is among the missing. I am getting to feel rather blue that the Ninth is so much reduced, and I might almost say demoralized. I mean, in consequence of this kind of life, a lack of offi-

cers, etc., the men have become slack in duty, and the discipline is poor. The officers and men have become so hardened to duty in the trenches that it requires the utmost vigilance on the part of the officers who are still anxious to have the regiment do its duty well. With no punishments for neglect of duty, no reprimands from any source that is felt, nearly all are doing about as they choose. Not that the regiment is gaining any bad reputation outside.

The captain [Hough] is dead. [A report which was happily disproved later on.] He did well in battle,—brave and cheerful. He was rather rash on the 30th ultimo, but was not so when he lost his life. At one time he jumped upon the parapet of the fort, waving the colors to stop the negroes from firing into us. He very much exposed himself, and upon being remonstrated with, said there was no bullet for him that day. Only a few minutes after, he was shot through the neck. I have written to his wife. All the officers, without any exception, conducted themselves with marked bravery.

The Boston *Journal*, August 4, has a letter from John Edwin [Mason]. Lieutenant Sampson, at first reported missing, was found dead when the flag of truce went out. His remains were sent home. Your remarks about our treatment of the friends of deceased officers I appreciate. I presume we have been more neglectful than we think for. It has, however, been next to impossible to do much toward sending home their effects. We are very remote from all communications, so that it is difficult to do anything. I will see that all is done that can be.

Am glad to learn that Colonel Babbitt has started for the regiment. Hope he will not get detained in Washington. Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, Forty-eighth

Pennsylvania, is commanding the brigade, his regiment being temporarily assigned to this brigade. Most of the Thirty-first and Thirty-second Maine were captured. No regiment but ours brought off both stands of colors complete. Lieutenant Harlow brought off the National colors. Sergeant Parsons, Company D, was shot, and died during the day. I have Sergeant Hartwell, Company I, acting as sergeant-major. Lieutenant Wilcox, you know, is a prisoner. Lieutenant Donovan is commanding Company I; Lieutenant Babb, Company G. Lieutenant Robinson has just returned in good health. Have heard from Captain Hutchinson at Annapolis; is gaining, and hopes to be with us soon. You may see General Griffin—he has gone home. Your surgeon's certificate has been received.

SERGEANT DUTTON'S STATEMENT.

“The Ninth New Hampshire had received orders about dark to be ready to move at a moment's notice; to leave knapsacks, haversacks, and everything but canteens, which were to be filled with water and kept filled until the moment of departure. We knew that meant bloody work. We lay on our arms until about midnight, when we were taken out the usual way to the front, and were brought into position about two rods to the rear of the line of intrenchments. There we waited. The fuse was lighted at three o'clock in the morning on the 30th of July. No explosion following in reasonable time, two men of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteered to go into the mine and see what the matter was. They found that the fuse had gone out, and relighting it, came back. While this was going on at the front, General

Griffin was called back to head-quarters for consultation with Generals Grant and Burnside.

“About five o’clock—two hours after time—the mine exploded and the fort was blown up. The moment that it went up one hundred pieces of artillery, which were opened in the rear, were unheard by me, so great was the force of the explosion. Immediately Captain Hough, who was commanding the regiment, cried ‘Forward!’ We sprang to our feet and went forward, over our intrenchments. The first object that met my eyes as I jumped over our fortifications was a rebel, stretched out at full length, having been blown a hundred and fifty yards. We passed on, up to the lines, and Sergeant Parsons, who was carrying the National colors, was shot through the thighs. He was carried to the rear, and died about four o’clock that afternoon.

“When I went to the crater and looked into it, there were not more than a half dozen men of our troops ahead of our regiment, and I am very sure that the colors which we carried were the first in the crater proper that morning, but whether they were the first to the right or left on the line of the crater, I do not know. There were a number of rebels in the crater, sticking out of the ground in every imaginable shape; some with heels in the air, and buried head downward, and others who were buried feet downward. One old man had been planted about up to his middle, and cried out lustily for me not to kill him, but to dig him out and take him to the rear.

“We passed down through the crater, up the other side, and into a wide traverse made for taking artillery in and out of the fort. There we remained. Sergeant Simons of Company A was one of the first



CAPT. ANDREW J. HOUGH, Co. I.

men to enter the crater. He passed on ahead of his men in his enthusiasm, got beyond their reach, and into the hands of the enemy, who demanded his surrender. He drew his rifle to his shoulder and shot a man, and was then knocked down by the butt of a rifle in the hands of a Johnny. The man placed his foot on Simons's breast and was going to run him through with his bayonet, when Simons sung out, 'Hold on there, I surrender!' A sergeant was standing close by them, and he said to the man, 'If he surrenders, do n't kill him, but take him prisoner.'

"About that time the firing began to be very severe all around them, and they all got into a dug-out or bomb-proof to escape the bullets that poured in from all sides. There were three or four of the rebels in there with Simons, but he was as cool-headed as ever, and after a little said to them, in the course of conversation, 'General Grant is coming with 50,000 men, and Petersburg is going to be taken. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: If he does n't get in, you can take me safely to your rear; if he does get in, I'll take you safely to our rear.' They all agreed that this proposition was a fair one, and it was n't long before Simons spied some of our men coming towards the bomb-proof. Quick as a flash he sung out, 'Now is your time, boys; just drop your guns and come with me!' We took them out, and passed them down through the lines and up to head-quarters, where Simons turned over his prisoners. He himself was obliged to go to the hospital, on account of the wounds he had received; but he got a furlough, came back in the fall, and secured his promotion.

"There we continued as long as we remained in the fort. The traverse was well filled with men, and the

rebels, recovering from their surprise, made two or three charges upon us. It was about this time that the brigade received orders from General Griffin to proceed to take Cemetery hill immediately, and while we were arranging our regiment, which had been completely broken up by the charge and the situation of the ground, the colored troops, which had just been ordered in, came up and charged right onto us, and waving their flags, cried out to us to surrender, and then began firing down at us.

“We made ourselves known as soon as we could, and then they ceased firing, crowding into a rifle-pit right over in front of this traverse. They had their bayonets fixed, and guns loaded but uncapped, when the rebels made a charge on them, and, being exposed to the extent of half of their bodies where they were then standing, to escape the rebel fire they jumped over onto us. If you can imagine a mass of worms crawling over each other, you will have a very good idea of the condition of things in that traverse.

“The men were bayoneted, crushed, and trampled, and at the same time the rebels came up at the head of the traverse and commenced to pour a fire down in upon us. I jumped onto the top of the ground at the side of the traverse, and ran along with my colors, and finally made my way into the crater, which was packed full with men from different regiments, for all organization had been lost, and many indeed were too badly wounded to get out, even had there been an opportunity.

“By this time the rebels had got a dog or small mortar battery into play, and were planking the shells into the crater with fearful precision and effectiveness. I went down into the bottom of the crater, and there I found a

lieutenant (Isaac Leonard Harlow, of Company H, I think), who had the other stand of National colors. After a while we managed to get back to the edge, and then we lay for some time behind a large clump of earth and débris, which afforded us considerable protection, and there debated the question whether we should remain where we then were, and be taken prisoners, or run the gauntlet to our lines. It was a pretty serious question, as to which horn of the dilemma might prove to be the sharper; but we finally decided to take our chances running. Having made our plans, we waited until we saw what looked to be a favorable opportunity, and then started, in company with several others. We reached our lines in safety, though just as I passed over our breastworks a bullet struck the flag, passing through the tassel."

WHY THE NINTH WAS THE FIRST REGIMENT TO FLOAT
ITS COLORS OVER THE CRATER.

By Sergt. George L. Wakefield.

In his testimony given at the court of inquiry on the conduct of the war, held after the fiasco at the Mine, General Burnside stated that the detail from the Eighteenth corps which was to have relieved the regiments (of which the Ninth New Hampshire was one) on guard in the forts the night before the battle, had lost their way and did not arrive in season. The Ninth, therefore, together with the Seventeenth Vermont and some others, was on the front line at the time of the explosion, and was at once ordered forward, leading the charge directly into the crater. Though the men were almost suffocated by the clouds of smoke and dust, they were the first to float

their colors over the ruins that marked the spot where the rebel fort had stood only a moment before.

I had been doing duty as sergeant of the guard the day before the battle, and that night we were ordered to the front to act as skirmishers. If relieved, we were to return to our regiments; if not, we were to advance when the time for action came. No relief came, and as soon as the explosion took place, the guard, with Lieutenant Drew's pioneers, rushed forward through the smoke and dust into the crater. We pushed around the right side, to one of the Johnnies' traverses or pits, seeing nothing of the enemy save where they were lying half buried in the dirt and débris of the ruins.

Advancing down the pit back of their breastworks, we found a large body of the rebels huddled together, only partially dressed and scarcely comprehending even then what had happened, and taking them prisoners, hurried them over their works and back into our lines. Our old picket line was occupied by the troops from the Eighteenth corps, and as the prisoners advanced towards our lines, they, not understanding the situation of affairs, fired into them.

I jumped onto the works and tried to make them see their mistake, but it was of no use. They were simply wild with excitement, and kept on firing until our prisoners were fairly forced back into their own works, carrying us with them in one confused mass. Then the tables were turned, for recovering what arms they could they rushed upon us with clubbed muskets or any other available weapon.

Dr. Moulton, of Francestown, then a member of Company G, was struck on the head and knocked down, and his assailant was in turn laid low by Roscoe Kidder, of

Company F, and another comrade whose name I cannot recall. Then we three dragged the doctor out a few steps, and standing over his prostrate form fired our guns—for the first time that morning—squarely in the faces of the enraged rebels. Our action was so wholly unexpected and so effective that it brought them to a standstill for a moment, and before they had recovered from their surprise we got the doctor back out of their reach. He soon recovered consciousness, and came out of that battle only to get killed on the 30th of September.

Captain Hough was right in the thick of the fight. I saw him when he was shot down, and supposed he was dead, for he had received a terrible wound; but, thank God, Captain Jack still lives! A little later I ran the gauntlet between the lines for a fresh supply of cartridges. My clothes were literally covered with bloody débris, and called forth many comments from the troops in the rear, but I quickly secured my cartridges and returned to the crater.

No pen can ever do justice to the dreadful scenes of that fearful and bloody holocaust—where the Miniés were falling like hail, shot and shell were coming thick and fast, and, to add even more horror, the shells from the mortars were dropping in our midst every four or five seconds, literally tearing the men to pieces. Dismembered bodies, legs, arms, and heads strewed the ground in every direction, and this horrible butchery explains why the men's clothes were covered with blood and fragments of human flesh and brains to a degree never seen in any other battle of the war. Though my fortune carried me into the foremost of the fray, I came out all right, except that my clothes needed washing and mending before being presentable in polite society.

FROM PRIVATE CLEMENT'S STANDPOINT.

“I shall never forget the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, as we lay behind the little hill just to the rear of where we had done picket duty so long. While waiting for the explosion two men from each company were asked to volunteer to go in advance as soon as the explosion had occurred, and I was one of the two from Company F who did so. As I remember it, Lieutenant Drew of Company F was in charge, and we were in the ruins of the fort before the dust had settled. Isaac Frye and myself were on a small pile of dirt just the other side of the fort, and were shooting at a battery in our front. We had fired as many as fifty shots when, as Comrade Frye turned to take a cartridge from his box, a ball struck him in the breast and he fell back into the arms of Lieutenant Drew. Just then the dirt flew thick around me, which caused me to drop down on my knees.

“About this time the colored troops were brought in. They charged right down in front of where I was, and when they were near the intrenchments just in front of us the rebels gave it to them so hot that they broke and came back, jumping and tumbling into the trench where we were already as thick as we could stand. They had their bayonets fixed, and one of them would have run me through if I had not warded off his gun with my own. As it was, his bayonet drew the blood in my abdomen, and the scar is there now. As soon as the negroes came back the rebels charged on us, but as they were ordering us to surrender the men back of us let them have it right in their faces and at very short range, so that those who were not shot fell back. Just then we received the order to charge on them, and as I raised

my foot to go I received a shot just above the knee. The thought of rebel prisons, and how my oldest brother had been starved to death, nerved me to take my chances and get out if possible.

“While running across the field a bullet passed through my hat, and another cut my shoestring and drew blood on my instep. I soon got to the field hospital, and some six hours after I was wounded the surgeon probed for the ball but could not find it, and so I was sent to Mt. Pleasant hospital at Washington, D. C. Dr. Bradfield, a splendid young man, had charge of Ward Ten, where I was placed, and he too failed to find the ball until after I had been there about two weeks, when I was able to locate it by the soreness. The doctor cut it out about six inches above where it entered, and found that it had shattered the bone. I suffered great pain at the time, and my leg troubles me to this day and causes me to be a little lame.

“After the ball was extracted I began to improve, and was granted a furlough of thirty days, after which I returned to the hospital at Washington, and was soon sent to the hospital which had been established at Manchester, N. H. I was there some four weeks, and then was sent to Galloupe’s island, in Boston harbor, about nine miles from the city, and stayed there seven weeks waiting transportation to the front. There were many like myself who were waiting for transportation, and there was a great number of recruits. Hardly a night passed but some one was robbed or garrotted, so it was not safe to go out after dark; and as it was now winter weather the barracks were very cold, so take it altogether it was a most disagreeable experience that I had while at this point, and I was glad when I left the place.

“I shall never forget the first night on the boat, which was an old government transport, the *De Molay*. It brought a load of rebel prisoners to Fort Warren, and we were put down in the hold so thick that I could not lie down at all, and had to sit or lean against another man all the time. Such a night as that was! The greater part of the men were sick, or crazy with whiskey, and were fighting all night long, but the next morning when we went on deck to get coffee I managed to crawl in behind the smoke-stack where it was warm, and there I stayed until we arrived at City Point, Va. Although suffering from cold and hunger during the remaining two days and nights that we spent on the boat, I made up my mind that I would never go below again so long as the guard let me alone, but it was a relief when we were at last allowed to go ashore.

“From City Point I went in the cars to near Petersburg, where I joined my company once more; but as I was some lame I was detailed for special duty, and was sent to Alexandria to guard the officers' baggage. This was a short time before the rebels evacuated Petersburg. Still being unable to do full duty, I was detailed as orderly for the adjutant, and carried the mail until I was discharged, June 10, 1865.”

PRIVATE BARNES OF COMPANY B.

“It was about half-past two or three in the morning when we were ordered out in front of the works, and at a quarter to five the first thing I knew I was over in the rebel works along with the rest of the men. It seems that when the explosion came we went for the rebel line, under cover of the dust and smoke, and as soon as we

got there began taking prisoners. Some of those that we captured said that there were a lot of men who had been caught in the falling débris and could not get out, and wanted us to help them ; so we set to work, and dug with bayonets or anything else that we could get hold of. We took out some rebels that were alive, and one of them was a young man whose hair had been dark before the explosion, but when we took him out it had turned white from fright.

“ There were seven men in the first lot that we dug out, and a man from Company A and myself were detailed to take them to the rear. We took them back to where the big spring was, and then we returned to the fort. We got there just as the colored troops broke and came back on our men—and the next moment the rebels were on us—and I heard one of them say, ‘ Give the black devils a dose, and then take the bayonet to the rebels ! ’ meaning us, I suppose. We were in the ditch between the two fires, but we gave it to the rebels with muskets and bayonets both. That was when I got the crack with a musket on my head, and found myself three days later in the hospital, but I never knew how I got there.”

A STORY WITH A SEQUEL.

The story is outlined in the following extracts from letters written by Sergt. James W. Lathe to his wife on the day after the battle and during the ensuing month :

“ I commanded my own company [F] yesterday, and killed five rebels, including an officer, before I was hit ; so I am square with them anyway. I have lost part of my right hand. The two middle fingers are out nearly

up to the wrist, and my little finger close up on the first joint. It was my twelfth and last battle, and we fought with bayonets and knocked down with muskets in the most cold-blooded manner. I feel that I have done my part in this human butchery.”

“The only thing pleasant about this hospital [Mount Pleasant] is a lot of little cats, that play around all the time,—they are the only *pleasant* phase of the whole concern.”

“I did not expect to get out of my last battle alive. When I ordered my men forward I thought of you, and that I should never see you again.”

“I shall come out one of these days with the worst-looking *Paw* you ever saw. It will look like a meat fork. It was done by a Minié ball, while I was on the top of the pile of earth thrown up by the explosion of the rebel fort. I had been in the rebel trenches all the forenoon, and was going out into the crater when I was hit. The fellow that hit me was close behind, not more than a rod or two. If I had stayed fifteen minutes longer I should have been a prisoner.”

Sergeant Lathe has an order signed by Captain I. T. Case, recommending him for promotion on account of marked bravery, and Captain Cooper, who was an eye-witness to the scene, says that he saw Sergeant Lathe shoot five men in as many minutes; but the sergeant modestly adds, “I saw Henry Ford kill more of them than I did, and none of them were farther from us than across a common room, and some not so far.” The story and its sequel of to-day are given in the sergeant’s own words.

THE STORY.

“The officer that I shot was standing on the top of the bank, which brought his feet some higher than my head. He was not more than five or six yards from me, and as I was looking him square in the face when I fired, I could not help seeing the effect of the shot, which struck him in the right breast, killing him instantly. I thought at the time that he was a general officer, as he wore a general officer’s sword and belt, but the others that I shot were men who were trying to hit me. Finally they got one in on me, and I ran back into the crater. Lieutenant John Sampson tied a handkerchief around my arm, which partially stopped the bleeding, and I then ran up on top of the bank of the crater toward our lines.

“A shower of bullets fell around me as soon as I got up where the rebels could see me, but I made my way down below the bank, where I found I was safe so long as I kept out of sight. After a little time I started out again, and went as fast as I could considering that the ground was covered with dead and wounded men. When I came to our old breastworks, which were not very high, I cleared them at one leap, and landed astride the back of a Dutchman who was sitting in the trench, but as I did n’t understand German, nor he English, I have never been quite certain whether my explanation of the circumstances was satisfactory to him or not.

“I was safe, however, and after looking myself over for more bullet-holes,—for when I was on top of the bank the air was as full of bullets as if a swarm of bees were buzzing about my ears—I considered myself lucky to get off with four bullet-holes in different parts of my clothing besides the shot through my hand.

“Then I made my way back to the field hospital, which nearly covered a field of I should say about fifty acres, where the surgeons were busily at work caring for the wounded, who were stretched out on the ground, on rudely constructed benches, on old tables, or anything that could be extemporized for an operating table. I walked around there all the afternoon, and saw men who were wounded in every conceivable way, from cannon and shell wounds, and burns from exploding shells, with bowels torn out and bodies gashed and mangled from bayonet thrusts, or with heads and faces smashed almost beyond recognition by blows from a musket-breech, though by far the greater part of the wounds were made by the deadly Minié balls that were poured in on us while we were penned up in the crater. The ambulances kept coming onto the field loaded up with men, and some of them would be dead when they were taken out, but altogether there must have been several thousand of the wounded there in that field.

“I asked almost every surgeon I came to if he would n't dress my hand next, and the invariable answer was ‘No; there are lots of men here that will die if not attended to to-day, and you won't! That was pretty cold comfort, though true enough; but I finally got it dressed by an old white-headed surgeon, who belonged to the Thirty-second Maine I believe, and I have since been told that it was a wonderful piece of surgery, though I barely escaped death by lockjaw at the time and have suffered very much pain ever since.

“Just at night my brother came over to the field in search of me, and he told me that himself and four others were all that there was left of the twenty-three men I had commanded in the battle—ten of the number were there

in the hospital with me, and all were suffering from gunshot wounds. It was getting dark by this time, but my brother happened to get sight of my clothes. He took one look, and that was enough. 'For heaven's sake, Jim,' said he, 'take off those clothes and let me wash them, for they fairly make me sick!' I had n't thought of them before, but they were soaked with blood from my own wound and covered with scraps of flesh, brains, and everything else that could fly from men that had been torn to pieces by shot and shell. He gave me his clothes to wear while he could wash and dry mine, and by making a clothes-pole of himself before the camp-fire that night, had them ready for me to put on before he went back to the company in the morning.

"My brother served until Lee surrendered at Appomattox, in the spring of 1865, but I never went back. I was recommended for promotion for marked bravery, but spent the next five months in the Mount Pleasant hospital at Washington, and was discharged December 16, 1864, having served about two and a half years and participated in more than a dozen battles."

THE SEQUEL.

"In September, 1893, more than twenty-nine years after the Battle of the Mine, I visited Petersburg, and went over to the crater in company with two Confederates who had fought in that battle and the man who owned the place. We looked over the ground, which of course was very much changed, though the crater was untouched save by storms and time. We looked over and talked over about everything we could think of, and the owner of the land said there had not been a man there since the war closed that had located and described things as well

as I had done, and asked me how it was that I could remember so well. I told him I did not know how I could ever forget it.

“When we came to one particular place in the works I turned to the Confederate veterans and said, “Can either of you tell me the name of a Confederate officer that fell from the bank exactly there, shot through the right breast?” ‘Yes,’ said one of them; ‘I can tell you who it was.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘I happened to know where the bullet hit him, for I was looking right at the spot.’ ‘You are the very man who killed my chum!’ exclaimed the veteran. ‘If you had n’t done it you would n’t have known anything about it.’

“My son was there with me, and heard all that was said, and I think I can safely say that mine was an experience that few men who visit the old battle-fields of the war could or would wish to duplicate. I make no claim to having killed a man until I was cornered in that infernal den, where I had no hope of getting out alive; then I did as I saw some others do—worked for all I was worth, and when I could do no more ran the gauntlet of a whole brigade, whose every man seemed anxious to hit me. This was our worst battle, but Spottsylvania and some others were nearly as bad, and looking back now it seems like a horrible dream, which none but those that were in it can ever fully realize.”

HONOR THE BRAVE AND TRUE.

Captain Hough, who commanded the regiment in this battle, after fighting bravely nearly all the forenoon was at last frightfully wounded, and left for dead by his friends. The enemy thought him so nearly so that it



LIEUT. DAVID F. CHENEY, Co. C.

was not worth while to carry him from the field, and actually dug his grave. But finding at the expiration of a day or two that he was still alive, they carried him to the city, from whence later in the fall he was released by exchange, and ultimately recovered from his wounds, though unfit for further service.

When at last the troops were ordered to retire, each man for himself as best he could, but few, if any, of the Ninth that were not disabled remained to be captured, choosing rather to encounter the terrific storm of fire from thousands of muskets and a dozen batteries, that from three sides swept over this miniature hell and the open space between it and the Union lines, cutting down nearly one in every three that tried to escape.

Lieutenant Sampson, a brave and efficient officer, lost his life in this way. Lieutenants Green and Cheney were wounded during the day, and Lieutenant Drew was captured. Besides these, and Captain Hough already mentioned, the regiment lost in killed, wounded, and missing, ninety-two, or about half of the whole number engaged. Some ten or twelve of these are known to have been killed, and of the remainder nearly all were wounded, but many of them left in the enemy's hands.

The colors were gloriously borne, and in the thick of the fight, despite the defeat and disaster of that fatal day. Sergeant Dutton, who carried the State colors, escaped unharmed, but the National colors fell three times,—first from the hands of Corporal Parsons of Company D, who had taken them at Spottsylvania when Sergeant Preadable was wounded, and bravely and proudly borne them since. One of the guard immediately seized them, but was struck down only a few minutes later. Another

of the guard shared the same fate, and the colors were then taken by Lieutenant Harlow, who brought them off the field in safety.

Sergt. Leander A. Wilkins of Company H recaptured the flag of the Twenty-first Massachusetts regiment, and brought it off the field, for which gallant deed he afterwards was awarded a medal of honor by the war department.

In some respects the Battle of the Mine was the most horrible and bloody of any in which the Ninth New Hampshire was engaged during the war, but the heroic conduct of that little band of veterans in that fierce contest with a bitter and determined foe, the price of whose valor was the loss of nearly fifty per cent. of its total strength, is deserving of the highest praise.

CHAPTER XV.

SHIFTING SCENES AND VARYING FORTUNES.

It is only after the battle—after both armies have abandoned the contested ground—that the full horror of a struggle where thousands of men have been engaged can be fully realized. Everywhere along the front are dead and wounded men, dead and wounded horses, dismounted guns, and scattered sabres, swords, muskets, and accoutrements. There are dead men among the ripening wheat, in the clover over which the honey-bees are hovering, in the shadows of the peach trees.

Here is the field where the hospital corps are caring for the wounded who were brought, or dragged their halting footsteps, from the scene of disaster before the final retreat left the enemy in possession. Blood drips from their wounds as they are lifted from the ambulances and laid upon the grassy sod: there is blood on the rocks and bushes—blood everywhere, save in the heavens above, where God's own blue still overspreads a suffering, sorrowing world. But between the lines the dead and wounded still lie on the field, where the scorching rays of the July sun beat down upon them and mock their helpless misery.

Late in the afternoon of the 30th a flag of truce was hoisted on the Union line, and was duly responded to by the enemy. Permission to remove the wounded and bury the dead was refused, but the Sanitary commission were

allowed to give each one of the wounded a canteen of milk-punch and another of water. Guns were stuck in the ground, bayonet down, with pieces of shelter tent fastened under the hammers so as to afford some slight protection to the hapless victims of a vengeful foe. The night wore slowly away, each army keeping a watchful eye upon the other's movements; but during the following day, when the tense muscles had been allowed to relax a little, terms were finally agreed upon, and the morning of August 1 was set apart for the humane yet mournful duty.

At an early hour a line of blue and gray sentinels was established near the center of the space between the lines, and through this grim cordon the dead and wounded were brought by the enemy to where friendly hands were waiting to receive them. There was but little conversation indulged in between the two armies during the time devoted to this sad task; the men sitting in almost utter silence upon the breastworks, with no fear of being made a target to the unerring rifle of the sharpshooter in so awesome a presence.

The long, shallow trenches have been dug on the hillside, in the shadow of the peach orchard, and tenderly and reverently the dead are laid side by side in the all-embracing bosom of mother earth. There is only a brief search for identity; they need no eulogy or prayer: they have given their lives for their country. There they rest: friends in these trenches, foes in those over there. So let them sleep, till the trump of the archangel shall wake them! As for the living—God help them! The flag of truce is no longer floating in the breeze: the firing has begun, and they are back in the trenches!

At nine o'clock in the evening of the 31st of July the Ninth New Hampshire was again doing duty at the front, the Second division relieving the troops of the Eighteenth corps, who had occupied the trenches the preceding twenty-four hours. Every available man had been pressed into service, in order to cover the allotted portion of the line, and as there was no relief until the evening of the 3d of August the days and nights seemed doubly tedious in their weary length. The weather continued warm, and as it was remarkably quiet along the lines, except at a few points where there was an occasional sharp fusillade, the men had a fairly good chance to sleep, though as a precautionary measure half the force were kept awake all night and all of them from three in the morning until daylight. But the situation at its best was dismal enough to make the stoutest-hearted homesick, and called for all the patience and pluck that the men could muster.

A pleasant episode on the afternoon of the 3d was the visit of a Mrs. Morse, from the Sanitary commission, to whom the boys were already indebted for many comforts. The sight of a kindly woman's face was even more welcome to the homesick soldiers than the good things she distributed so freely among them, and when she still farther proved her courage by borrowing a musket and firing three or four shots at the enemy, she was enthusiastically applauded. The boys had made quite a number of friends in the commission, and so were often in receipt of favors from them. They felt no hesitancy in accepting contributions from their supplies, for the hard work and exposure to which they had been subjected was telling even on the strongest, and comfort and help were sorely needed.

While off duty on the 5th the regiment attended the service for the dead, which was held at brigade headquarters. Officers and men alike seemed to feel the solemnity of the occasion, and it could not have well been otherwise. Only four commissioned officers and barely a hundred men were left: Would any be spared to bear to the waiting friends at home the last fond messages of the loved and lost? It was with sad hearts that they began their tour of duty in the pits that evening.

Writing to the home friends on the following day, Sergeant Burnham gives a characteristic sketch of their surroundings, and, soldier like, makes the best of the circumstances. Dating his letter "In a bomb-proof, near Petersburg," he then writes as follows:

"'In a bomb-proof? Well, into what sort of a hole has he tumbled now, I wonder!' I can imagine you exclaiming as you commence this, so before going farther I will tell you. Into the trenches, where we are obliged to spend regularly half our days and nights watching Johnny, he oftentimes very unceremoniously and impolitely throws quantities of rotten iron and such like missiles, which are extremely unpleasant to have flying in pieces about your ears. No amount of reasoning, remonstrance, or retaliation availing to make our friends in gray desist from these disagreeable practices, the most of the officers and a good many of the men have dug holes, or small cellars, just in the rear of the rifle-pits, covered them with logs and rails, and then shovelled the dirt back on top of them. These dens—they are usually just about large enough for a medium-sized beast—are dubbed 'bomb-proofs,' and into them, when not on duty, we crawl and lie in comparative safety, and in some measure are also protected from the heat, which on some

days is very oppressive. In one of these Lieutenant Robinson and myself have established our head-quarters, and are as much at our ease as though the enemy were miles instead of rods away."

During the next relief a petition for a regimental furlough was drawn up, and many a bright picture was conjured up by the camp-fire that night, at the mere thought of seeing home and friends once more, and many a poor fellow's dreams were tinged with his last waking recollection. On the 9th several boxes from home—some of them sent months before—arrived, and while most of the contents were ruined it was some comfort to the boys to know that they were still held in remembrance. The 10th was passed in the trenches, the men suffering tortures from the fierce heat and the swarms of flies that seemed to be determined to devour them. Firing between the pickets was yet kept up, but few casualties were reported.

The regiment was paid off on the 12th, drawing four months' wages. Another crumb of comfort was the report that Mobile had been attacked and the enemy gloriously defeated. That night the Second corps, which had previously been detailed for the building of a second strong line of works in the rear of the first line, was moved off in the direction of the James river, and on the following morning the regiment, instead of entering the pits, was detailed for the completion of the works. The night of the 14th they were again at the front, but shortly after midnight were relieved by troops from the Eighteenth corps and moved back into the woods. Shortly after daylight they moved still farther to the rear, and relieved a portion of the Fifth corps.

Although the change in position covered only about

two miles of territory, still the men found themselves quite differently and much more pleasantly situated than they had been during the two months they had passed in the vicinity of the "Mine." Here the main lines were about a thousand yards apart, with lines of pickets and videttes, or sentinels, between. The vidette lines were so close together that the men could readily converse with each other, and there was a mutual understanding that there should be no firing unless an advance or attack was attempted on either side.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 17th the quiet of the camp was broken by a terrific cannonade, which, beginning on the right, gradually extended itself along the line. The regiment was ordered behind the breastworks, and as no further duty was demanded of them they interested themselves in watching the display of fire and thunder. Shell were the missiles mostly used, and these—their burning fuses leaving a streak of fire to mark their track as they hiss through the air—either suddenly ended their career in a flash, a sharp report, and a whirring of fragments in all directions; or, rising grandly from the mortars, described a graceful curve and then plumped down, as if hurled from the clouds, upon their victims. Indeed, the terror and grandeur of a scene like this—the sudden rousing of the camp from its quiet slumber, the transition to such sights and sounds as these, the hurrying of thousands of men to their respective posts or duties, the buzz of their excited conversation, the sharp, quick tones of command rising distinctly above the tumult of all other sounds—is almost beyond the power of pen to depict or pencil to portray.

Almost every night deserters from the Confederate army would come into the lines at such points as they

could reach without too much danger, and some mornings, if the night before had been dark or rainy, the provost-marshal would have a squad of fifty or more to send to the rear. They all told the same story—that thousands would come over if they could secure favorable opportunities and were sure of good treatment. The lay of the land in the vicinity of the Ninth was not very favorable for such manoeuvres, but one bright little chap, about seventeen years old, from the Eleventh Florida, slipped past the watchful pickets and reached the Union lines in safety.

On the 18th General Warren advanced on the left and took possession of the Weldon railroad, and that night there was another artillery duel. On the 19th the enemy shelled the position held by the Ninth corps, but the corps was relieved about noon and moved immediately to the rear. Passing by a circuitous route to the left, the First division swung into position just in season to check a furious and what would otherwise have been a successful attack upon the right of the Fifth corps. The enemy, however, was repulsed with considerable loss, and the Second division, moving out upon the right of the First, which brought them into the near vicinity of the railroad, threw out pickets, and passed a quiet but wet and uncomfortable night.

Early the next morning the troops advanced some way into the woods at the front of their position, and tumbled about through the brush nearly all the forenoon, skirmishing and reconnoitering; but nothing was seen or heard of the enemy except that Private Frank Thurston, of Company E, who had been doing picket duty during the night, captured two stragglers from the enemy's line. Thurston, who was barely sixteen years old, had enlisted

from Peterborough in the latter part of December, 1863, and being a brave, manly little fellow had become very popular with his comrades. He heard a rustling in the bushes, boldly challenged the intruder, and found that it was a couple of Confederate stragglers. He ordered them to throw down their arms, and marched his prisoners in triumph to the corporal of the guard.

One of the prisoners was subsequently speaking about the explosion of the mine, and said that he was one of the garrison, and that the first he knew of what was going on was when he found himself going up. "I went up an awful ways," said he, "and when I was coming down I met another fellow going up, and I don't believe he's got back yet." Their brave captor deserved a better fate than to be enrolled among the missing at the Battle of Poplar Grove Church, September 30, 1864, only six weeks after his gallant exploit.

A satisfactory line was finally established about noon of the 20th, and all the afternoon, though the rain came in torrents, the Ninth New Hampshire kept busily at work with pick and shovel till the long line of defences was finished, thus completing the connection between the Fifth corps and the old line of works. Sunday, the 21st, was a quiet day for the Ninth corps, though the enemy made a vigorous attack on the Fifth, only to be as quickly and gallantly repulsed. Towards night the regiment was relieved by a part of the Fourth division, and moved a mile or so to the rear. Resting here until the latter part of the following afternoon, they were then moved to the left of the First brigade of the Second division, and were soon plying their familiar trade of throwing up breastworks. The intention seemed to be to make the line impregnable, and the New Hampshire

boys were certainly doing their part towards the accomplishment of that object.

For a few days now the position of the regiment was practically unchanged, about one third of the men being kept on constant duty. On the 31st the regiment was mustered for the months of July and August, and the usual forms of inspection were gone through, despite the sadly reduced numbers. That day the videttes on the railroad were driven in, and fears of an attack were entertained for a time, but proved to be groundless.

The first week in September the regiment was alternately detailed to assist in building the "corduroy" road, which was to serve as a connecting link between the extreme left of the Union line of works and the army head-quarters at City Point, and the breastworks on the right. September 8 the Second brigade moved back to its former quarters near the Weldon railroad, the Ninth New Hampshire establishing a camp about half way between the front and rear lines of works. It was the first regular camp away from the line of intrenchments since the commencement of the campaign in May, and even though the respite might be but brief the boys fitted up comfortable quarters for themselves, in order to make the most of the fleeting opportunity.

In addition to the "corduroy" wagon road a railroad track, running from the City Point road through to the Six-Mile tavern on the Weldon road, was now rapidly approaching completion. The railroad, traversing lengthwise the fortified parallelogram in which the army proper was enclosed, gave the finishing touch to an already strongly defensive position. The regular camp routine was at once entered upon, and proved to be a welcome relief from the incessant activity of the previous

weeks and months. Ten days slipped by, the pleasant monotony of dress parades, inspections, reviews, and brigade and battalion drills, broken only by an occasional tour of picket or fatigue duty. It is only meet that the following Circular Order, a merited recognition of valorous conduct and hardships heroically endured, which was issued during the stay at this camp, should be given place here.

HEAD-QUARTERS 2d BRIG. 2d DIV. 9th A. C.

NEAR WELDON R. R., Va., Sept. 14, 1864.

CIRCULAR ORDERS.

The General Commanding takes this opportunity to express to the officers and men of this Brigade his high appreciation of their gallantry and noble conduct as soldiers, whether displayed at a mere review, on the bloody field of battle, or amidst the harassing fatigue of the march.

Never did troops display higher qualities as soldiers than have those of this Command since crossing the Rapidan on the 5th of May last, and never did patriots win a nobler record, than those who have endured the hardships and braved the perils of this memorable campaign.

Every soldier and every officer has a right to feel—as your General does—a just pride in his regiment and in his Brigade.

By Command of Brig. Genl. Griffin,

IRA G. WILKINS,

Lieut. and A. A. A. G.

C. O., 9th N. H. Vols.

September 20 came the news of Sheridan's glorious victory in the Shenandoah valley, and hurrahs for gallant "Phil" and the old flag woke the echoes of camp and forest in every direction. The following day a salute in honor of Sheridan's victory was fired by the artillery all along the line—a proceeding which the enemy could hardly be expected to regard with favor, but to which they were nevertheless obliged to submit.

Sunday, the 25th, opened with the regular routine. Soon after inspection the pay-rolls were received and signed, the paymaster settled down to his part of the business, and everything was as quiet as a Sunday in the country. Orders had been received to equip the Ninth New Hampshire with a new style of gun, which the authorities desired to test, and the change was about to be made when word came to break camp immediately, and in less than half an hour the troops were on the road towards City Point. The Suffolk railroad was reached about dark, and the troops bivouacked for the night. With the coming of the morning orders to move were momentarily expected, but it was late in the afternoon when the word was finally given to establish a temporary camp in their present location.

These rough, and far from pleasant, quarters were vacated on the morning of the 28th, and the troops were moved back to the ground they had left so hurriedly three days before. The camp-ground with all its conveniences had been partially taken possession of by some Fifth corps hustlers, but the unwelcome intruders were soon dislodged, and before night the old order of things again held sway.

Alas for the mutability of human affairs! Shortly after midnight orders came to turn out, pack up all surplus baggage and send it to City Point, and be ready to move by four o'clock with four days rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. The day wore away, and at sunset the regiment was still on the old camp-ground, though with everything packed up, muskets stacked, and in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

THE NINTH NEW HAMPSHIRE AT POPLAR GROVE
CHURCH AND THE PEGRAM HOUSE.

For some days previous to the 30th of September preparations had been quietly making for the dealing of a heavy blow to the Confederate forces, and on the morning of that day the Fifth corps, moving out to the left from their own works, succeeded in capturing the enemy's outworks at a point near Poplar Grove church. The enemy at once retreated, and the Second division of the Ninth corps pushed on past the victorious Fifth in hot pursuit of the fleeing foe, closely followed by the rest of the corps. The Second brigade was in front and in column, with the exception of two small regiments in line on either flank and a skirmish line in front, the Ninth New Hampshire having the head of the column.

About a mile from the South Side railroad the enemy was encountered. The Ninth and three or four other regiments were thrown upon the line, and a charge was ordered. The men rushed forward with enthusiasm, and quickly drove the enemy from the buildings and slightly elevated ridges where they had made their stand. The enemy's main works were now in plain view, and toward these, in close pursuit of the fugitives, the troops, flushed and eager, pressed forward. They had advanced but a few rods, however, when heavy lines of gray-clad soldiery, thrice the strength of those opposed to them, came pouring over the breastworks. Into these sharp and destructive volleys were fired, even as the men fell slowly back to the buildings and fences on the ridge they had just passed. Here they stood their ground until their rifles flashed almost in the faces of the advancing foe.

They checked, and would have driven back those in their front, but their flanks were soon enveloped by the longer line of the enemy. The supporting column was too far in the rear to come to their aid, and again, and for the last time in the history of the Ninth, it became "Legs versus Liberty." Many, however, did not start until it was too late, and their retreat was cut off; while others were struck down by the bullets of the foe in running the gauntlet of their fire, which swept the hundred or more rods of open field between the buildings and a sheltering forest of pines in the rear. A few re-enforcements had reached this point, and for a short time the now completely disorganized, but not demoralized, regiments rallied their scattered forces: but their line was not yet long enough for that of the enemy, and disputing the ground almost inch by inch, they fell slowly back to the Pegram house, a half mile farther to the rear. Here a stand was once more made, and the advance of the enemy checked, the fighting continuing until nightfall. What of the Ninth that could be collected was on duty at the front during the night.

The next morning the enemy commenced a furious cannonade upon this position, and appeared to be about to attack it with a heavy force: the line was too weak and extended to be held, and was retired to the line captured by the Fifth corps the day before, at which point, having thrown up additional works, the next twenty-four hours were spent in fruitless waiting for an attack. Meanwhile a rain-storm had set in, and, wet and weary, the sorely shattered remnant of the Ninth, numbering less than sixty muskets, passed one of the gloomiest days in its three-years record.

Lieutenants Rice and Emery, the latter of whom was

serving at the time as an aid on General Griffin's staff, had been killed; Lieutenant Allen was wounded and Lieutenant Quimby captured, and the killed, wounded, and missing from the ranks numbered nearly one hundred and twenty. And this out of a total of considerably less than two hundred, nearly half of whom were recruits or convalescents who were wholly unfit for active duty. Fully one half of the total loss of the regiment was in killed and wounded, but all the former and many of the latter, as well as all of the missing, were in the hands of the enemy.

So was also the State colors. The bearer, Corporal Brown, who had bravely taken the National colors when they fell for the second time on the field at Petersburg, delayed his retreat too long when the regiment was obliged to fall back, and was overtaken and captured with his charge; though not, as was afterwards learned, till he had stripped the colors from the staff and torn them into shreds. From all blame or dishonor for the loss of these the regiment was exculpated in General Orders from army head-quarters. The old, worn, and shot-riddled "Stars and Stripes," though bearing fresh tokens of an enemy's hatred in its tattered folds, still remained to the regiment, and seemed dearer than ever. All through the fight, and where the leaden hail fell thickest, there floated the starry banner of Freedom, which had been borne by Sergeant Dutton, of Company E, since the morning of July 30th, he having previous to that date carried the State colors from the commencement of the campaign.

UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

By Sergeant Dutton.

On the morning of the 30th of September (we had been under orders for three days, and had everything packed up ready to start at a moment's notice) we moved to the left, following the Fifth corps, which had made a charge upon a new line of the enemy and carried it with little loss. Passing the Pegram house, to a belt of woods across a field, and through the woods, we then formed in line in a road under a bank running parallel with them.

As we lay there under the bank orders came to charge. We went over a little rise of ground, over a picket fence, through the garden and yard of the house, and across the road into an orchard, where we halted and commenced firing. I remember seeing the rebels go down under our fire, and from where I stood I could see them very plainly. The next thing I heard was somebody shouting "Bring off the colors!" I looked hastily around me, and found that the men had retreated. I ran back into the road, and there, only a few rods away, the Johnnies were piling over the fence and coming in on our left; so I started for the yard.

When I got to the house, which had a brick basement, I could see that it was full of men, who had crowded into it to escape the bullets, which were flying tolerably thick about that time. There was n't time to do much planning, and the question in physics was one that the bullets would solve if we did n't. "Hurrah, boys! rally round the flag!" I shouted, and started for the rear. The boys were close behind, and over a rise of ground we went, then into the woods, and from there back to a little embankment, where we stopped and began to form

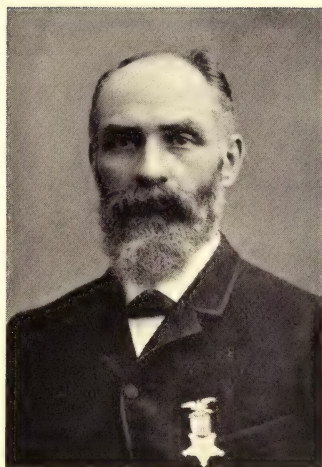
a line. General Griffin rode up to where we were, and saying "Sergeant, here!" stood me at his horse's head and called to the men to rally around us. It was while we were in this position that his horse was shot through the nose.

By the time we got back to the Pegram house it was dark. I found about sixteen men, and we put ourselves under the charge of Lieutenant Robinson, the only commissioned officer of the regiment that we could find. It was about this time that Lieutenant Emery was shot, while carrying orders to the staff of General Griffin. Here we remained that night, the Fifth corps and artillery, which had made a stand here also, being on our right. When daylight came it was plainly evident that we had been left to our fate. The enemy soon formed a line around the battery, and about eight o'clock they opened fire and charged on the position, capturing those of the brigade that remained. There were a good many of these, for only a few cared to take the risk of retreating across a field raked with deadly precision by canister and grape shot. The moment the first shot was fired, however, I called to the few of our men that were there to follow me, and we went back over a rise of ground to where the rest of the regiment had come together, at which place we remained the rest of the day.

On the morning of October 2 the lines were again advanced, the enemy falling back into their works. A picket line was established well out towards these, and a line of strong works, running past the Pegram house, was begun. Behind these, and a little to the left of the house, the Ninth New Hampshire was stationed. The



CORP. L. DWIGHT DARLING, CO. I.



JAMES E. WHITE, CO. I.



WILLIAM J. HALL, CO. I.



JAMES SLYFIELD, CO. I.

following day a squad of recruits and convalescents arrived, a few stragglers came back into camp, and some of the men who had previously been on duty elsewhere returned; so that altogether the regiment was able to report about one hundred and fifty men for duty. With these sensible additions to their number the spirits of the men began to revive, and the feeling to prevail that the Ninth New Hampshire was not yet quite annihilated. Comfortable quarters were soon erected, and a regular routine of camp guard and picket duty established.

Life in camp for the next three weeks was of almost unbroken monotony, but what little there was of incident is aptly told in Sergeant Burnham's gossipy home letters. Under date of the 11th is this:

“I have fixed up a very comfortable ‘hotel,’ and with Stearns, who returned about a week ago, for a housewife, and Dutton, who is acting as sergeant-major and tents nearer head-quarters, for a boarder, I find myself again established in comparative quiet and comfort, I might almost add luxury. For instance, I am writing on a very convenient, even if rudely-constructed, table, furnished with all the necessary material for writing, a good supply of paper, and an excellent adamantine candle. My seat is my bunk, furnished with a splendid bed of pine twigs and blankets enough to keep warm at present. Other conveniences are ranged around, and the whole establishment presents a more comfortable, cheerful aspect, with the exception of a fire, than our quarters the first winter at Falmouth. It cost us not over six hours' work, and all simply from a few boards ripped from the Boswell house—and knowing how to use them.

“The following was our bill of fare to-day: Break-

fast—Soft bread and butter, apple and blueberry sauce (contributed by Dutton from a supply from home), coffee. Dinner—Steak, fried, with pork; hard-tack, soaked and fried; sauce, coffee. Supper—Meat, same as for dinner; potatoes, toasted hard-tack. This to be sure is somewhat extra, but I am showing you the bright side of the picture just now.

“A week ago Saturday, ‘tack’ with raw pork, a piece of codfish, and a cup of cold coffee once or twice, was all I could command. A cold, drizzling rain was in progress, and my only protection was a rubber blanket thrown over my shoulders. During the forenoon we dug a rifle-pit, and through the long afternoon stood behind it. At night stuck up a ‘shelter,’ and three of us crawled under, pulled our wet blankets over us, and shivered the night away. But this is a picture on the other side of the canvas. Fortunately such are not frequent in the panorama we are acting.

“The health of the regiment generally is good, and I might add its spirits too. We miss, to be sure, the comrades we lost the other day; yet the most of them we know are unharmed, and their loss is all we have to mourn, as we now hold the battle-field, while success has attended our efforts everywhere else. To-night the camp and woods are ringing with loud and joyous cheers for Sheridan, who sends us word that he has just given Early a third, and it would seem a finishing, drubbing. Probably a large portion of his army will be transferred here in a short time.

“Meanwhile we, though quiet, as I have said, are by no means idle. Drilling, re-organizing, repairing is the order of the day. Every inch of the ground we have gained is being fortified in the strongest manner possible.

“We find, almost to our surprise, that the old Ninth is not used up altogether, and will be shortly, if not as good as ever, able at least to make quite a respectable showing. Similar remarks would apply to most of the old regiments; while here and there new ones, with full ranks and looking at a little distance almost like a brigade, are filling the places of those whose terms are expiring. Wonder if this doesn't make Lee at least uneasy, as he looks at his thin, and growing thinner, ranks?

“Longer and stronger, too, grows the wall with which we are fencing him in. A few weeks more, and it will reach the South Side railroad, at a greater or less distance from Petersburg; whether with or without a severe struggle, remains to be seen—then the further occupation of Petersburg will be as much a disadvantage to Lee as to us. It is in vain to predict what he will then do, or undertake to do. If he stays in his fortifications, not only Richmond but his whole army will be in our hands before spring; while if he runs, or comes out and attacks us, his prospects are no brighter. Johnny has grit, and fights in a manner worthy of a better cause, but sooner or later he must surrender or be exterminated.”

For two weeks the big guns had been silent, and by a sort of truce between the pickets firing had ceased altogether along the part of the line near the camp of the Ninth, and but for the night guard at the breastworks (one third of the force being kept on duty there each night) there was little to remind one of the proximity of the foe. Drills were held frequently, for the benefit of the new recruits, of whom about sixty had been lately received. Counting in everything and everybody, sick

or well, the Ninth at this date could muster in the vicinity of two hundred for rations if not for duty. On the morning of the 14th the new double-shooting rifles with which the regiment was to be equipped, the issuance of which had been so unceremoniously interrupted nearly three weeks before, were brought from City Point by Lieutenant Robinson.

During the forenoon there was a military execution,—that of a deserter from the Second Maryland, and the troops of the Second division not on duty elsewhere were drawn up in a field near the Peeble house, on three sides of a hollow square and facing inward, and outside of these were thousands of eager spectators. At the open end of the square was the grave which the prisoner was soon to fill, and near by and facing this stood General Potter and his staff in full uniform. All the preliminaries having been arranged, what might be termed the funeral procession appeared. In advance was the band, playing funeral airs, then a detachment of guards, the prisoner accompanied by his chaplain, four soldiers bearing the coffin, and the detail for the execution, all commanded by a lieutenant. The procession made the circuit of the square, then down the centre to the grave, and halted a few paces in front of it. The band and escort moved to one side, the coffin was placed near the grave, and the prisoner, after a moment's conference with the chaplain, was seated upon it, handcuffed and blindfolded. The chaplain stepped aside, the detail took position about ten paces in front of the culprit, and directed by signs from the officer in charge quickly brought their rifles to the position "Ready—aim!" With a report as of but one musket, though very sharp and distinct amid the profound silence, the fatal Minié



CAPT. JOHN B. COOPER.

balls sped through the heart of the deserter, and he fell back on the coffin, dead.

The troops then wheeled, by divisions of two companies each, into columns, and marching past the corpse, moved off the field. It was a painful scene, but a due regard for discipline required the infliction of the death penalty, which cannot wholly be dispensed with, either in civil or military government, and this man had been convicted of the highest crime that a soldier can commit—desertion to the enemy.

On the 15th, Captain Cooper, who had been in command of the regiment since the Battle of the Mine, left for home on a short furlough, and the command devolved on Captain Hutchinson. Another week of guard duty and drills—company in the morning, and battalion in the afternoon—slipped away. General Griffin evidently intended to have his command well posted, for he laid out a daily programme in which “fatigue” was the principal item, with a small margin for grumbling. It was reveille at 6, breakfast 7, surgeon’s call 7:30, guard mount 8, drill 9 to 11, dinner 12, drill 1 to 3, dress parade 5, supper 7, tattoo 8, taps 8:15; with guard and picket duty for incidentals. On the 23d divine services were held at brigade head-quarters, conducted by Chaplain Potter of the Thirty-second Maine,—the first for nearly two months.

But the longest lane has a turning, and on the 25th orders were received at brigade head-quarters to make ready for a move, and to issue six days rations. The following day everything not actually needed by the troops in the field or the garrisons to be left in the forts was sent to City Point, pack-mules being allowed the officers for a minimum of baggage. Small intrenching

spades, which could be attached to the belt, and carried about as easily as a hatchet, were distributed among the men, and everything seemed to indicate a big strike in some direction.

Long before daylight on the 27th the men were routed out and ordered to strike tents, and without kindling fires or making any loud noise, to make ready for marching. The Thirty-first Maine and the Seventeenth Vermont, from the Second brigade, were left behind as a garrison, and all being in readiness, the start was made at four o'clock. The Second division moved to the angle formed by the rear and left flank lines, and at dawn attacked the enemy's pickets, driving them in. The Second brigade was in line on the extreme right, near the old breastworks, the Ninth New Hampshire being near the left centre of the brigade line, and having forty men on the skirmish line.

That morning the regiment was under the command of Captain Hutchinson, with Captain Copp and Lieutenant Robinson in charge of the right and left wings respectively; and these three constituted all the commissioned officers present for duty, the companies being commanded by sergeants, and even corporals.

The lines were advanced a short distance during the forenoon, and the men were then set to work on a line of breastworks which, thanks to the new spades, were in good shape before night. The Third division was in position on the left of the Second, with the First beyond them, and the Second and Fifth corps stretching out still farther from the old lines. There was some lively skirmishing, and sharp fighting even, elsewhere along the line before night, but the Second division rested undisturbed. The position remained unchanged until

noon of the following day. It had rained all night, and the morning was cloudy and cold, but with the clearing weather at noon the return movement was commenced, and before sunset the men were back in their old camps.

This was the movement on Hatcher's Run, and was the result of an attempt at further prolongation of the Union line on the left. It was known that the Confederate line was strongly fortified at this point, but General Grant had hoped to turn the defences by his favorite maneuver of a flank movement. The works were found to be not only strongly constructed, and protected with abatis and slashed timber, but the vigilant foe at once entered on a counter-attack, and for a time the result was somewhat doubtful. A few flags and prisoners were taken on both sides before the contest finally closed. This movement was the last on the left line in which the Ninth corps participated.

Back in camp again, the men employed the remaining days of October in rebuilding their quarters for winter weather, for the cold nights and frequent rains called for blazing fires and tight roofs, if the occupants cared anything for comfort. Inspection and muster were held on the 31st, and the four commissioned officers that the regiment could then boast had a busy day of it. Sutlers were now flocking into camp, and it began to look as though the army were going into winter quarters in good earnest.

November came in cold and rainy, with the usual routine of duty. At dress parade on the 4th an order from army head-quarters was read, calling for thorough drilling and also target practice among the recruits. There was need of the order, too, for by far the majority of the recruits sent out to the army during the year 1864 were

practically worthless as soldiers. They did well enough to fill quotas at home, but few of them ever filled patriots' graves at the front. What with the weather and all, it is not strange that the "vets" were getting just a trifle low in spirits; and it really was hard for men who had stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks for so long, who had fought and starved and suffered together, to be classed in with these lame apologies for men and soldiers. Nor was it easy for men to see that lying in a mud-hole a month at a time was doing anything towards subduing the Rebellion, and a little kindly assurance from the friends at home that they were doing a good work, and that it did amount to something, would have put a different aspect on affairs.

The 5th of November Colonel Titus returned, and assumed command of the regiment. The following day, which was Sunday, there was a thorough inspection of the men and quarters, but both were in better shape than could reasonably have been expected in view of the vicissitudes the regiment had suffered in the last six months. On the 7th a course of drilling and instruction was entered upon that promised rapid improvement in the matter of detail and a toning up of regimental discipline.

Tuesday, November 8, was the day of the presidential election, and the Ninth New Hampshire placed itself on record at the polls by depositing eighty-five votes for Abraham Lincoln to eighteen for McClellan. In the afternoon, at battalion drill, the new double-shooting rifles were inspected and tested by the division inspector-general, and showed off their demerits to good advantage—flashed, fizzled, and failed famously; enough to secure their condemnation and a speedy exchange to the Springfield rifle.

On the 9th, Capt. O. D. Robinson was detailed as acting adjutant of the regiment. Major Chandler, who had returned to the front early in September, before his wound, received at Spottsylvania in June, had fully healed, and in consequence of over-exertion had passed two weary months in the division hospital and was still unfit for active duty, was ordered back to Washington.

By the 12th it was certain that President Lincoln had been triumphantly re-elected, and the good news was emphasized by an order making the day a general holiday throughout the camp. Then came a week or ten days of cold, disagreeable weather, winding up with a genuine "north-easter," that came near drowning out the camp. The presidential proclamation had designated the 24th as the national Thanksgiving day, but no extra supplies could be procured at City Point, and there was only the usual fare. But home friends had remembered the boys in blue, and the morning of the 25th there was a generous supply of good things to be distributed, and another "off duty" day allowed the boys in which to enjoy them. There was a turkey and a fat chicken for every five men, and a liberal allowance of apples, crackers, and ginger-snaps. And did n't everything taste good, and were n't the boys jolly! How they laughed and cried, told stories and cracked old jokes! Oh, it did them good, soul and body, to know that they were not forgotten, and a visit in the afternoon from a delegation of ladies and gentlemen from the old Granite state added the finishing touch to a memorable day.

On the 29th the corps was moved to the vicinity of the Jerusalem plank-road, the Ninth New Hampshire encamping for the night at Fort Alex Hayes, about a mile to the south of the plank-road. The tide of fortune

had evidently taken a favorable turn, for the next day brought the welcome news that until further orders the Ninth New Hampshire, Thirty-second Maine, and Seventh Maine battery, all under command of Colonel Titus, were to act as the garrison of Fort Hayes. This was indeed occasion for rejoicing, for it was one of the best places on the line, and only needed more snugly built quarters to make it a most comfortable abiding-place for the winter months.

The garrison was required to furnish pretty heavy details for guard and picket duty, but otherwise than this but little was required of them. Directed by the colonel, the men laid out the camp anew, and set to work with a will at their house-building. There was plenty of timber near by, and teams were furnished to haul the logs, so the work progressed rapidly; and with such good purpose did the men apply themselves to the task that by the middle of the month the regiment was the proud possessor of one of the best sets of quarters in the army, and was reported as being excelled by only one other at the time of the official inspection.

The men were divided into squads of four, each squad having a house by itself. These were eleven feet long by seven wide, the log walls five feet high, the roof eight feet from the ground in the centre and covered with four pieces of shelter tent, two to a side. The inside was fitted up with a row of bunks on one side and a fire-place on the other, with stools and tables according to the fancies of the owners. These were the first real quarters the regiment had ever occupied, and though some of them had grumbled not a little because the colonel would have every detail "just so particular," they were proud enough when everything was at last pronounced satisfac-

tory; and when the wind and sleet reigned without, lounged around in their snug quarters and congratulated themselves on the good fortune that had wafted them to this pleasant haven.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Army of the Potomac, resting in comparative quiet through the winter months of 1864-'65, was yet, in its investure of the strongholds of the Confederacy, an important factor in the brilliant strategic plan of the Union commander-in-chief. The policy which dictated offensive activity in almost every other quarter, was equally purposeful in the apparent inaction that prevailed in Virginia. To prevent Lee from withdrawing his army from Virginia, and hurling his concentrated strength on Sherman, as he marked by successive victories his triumphant progress "from Atlanta to the sea," was General Grant's prime object; and with the buttress of the Confederate forces hemmed in by the Union lines, he felt that there was little to apprehend in this direction.

The advance on Sherman would have been a desperate throw, yet the Confederacy was playing for big stakes and could afford to take the risk; but the mere suggestion of a move involving the abandonment of the Confederate capital, drew forth a storm of protest from the Richmond journals, by whom such a course was pronounced as synonymous with surrender at discretion.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fails to put it to the touch
And win, or lose, it all."

In lieu of a bold stroke, an expedient was resorted to whose utter humiliation was in itself a palpable admission of weakness and the omen of approaching doom. The arming of the blacks on the Union side had been mercilessly condemned in the South, and the idea that they could be transformed into effective soldiers ridiculed; but the wasted ranks of the Southern army could be filled in no other way, and such slaves as could bear arms were freed, and given a musket with which to contend against the would-be liberators of the whole race.

So the winter wore slowly away, and with the opening of spring it seemed evident on all sides that the final, decisive struggle of the war was approaching. Up to the latter part of March the Ninth corps occupied the intrenchments on the right, their line extending from the Appomattox to Fort Howard. At the point where the line crossed the Prince George Court-house road was Fort Steadman, a square redoubt carrying nine guns and distant about five hundred feet from the enemy's line. Towards this point, which was one of the captured works, the Confederate commander made his last offensive movement on the morning of the 25th of March, 1865, with the idea of breaking through the lines and destroying the supplies at City Point.

Just before daylight the fort was surprised by a squad of pretended deserters, who overpowered the pickets and opened the way for a strong force of picked men, closely supported by three heavy columns of the enemy, from Gordon's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions. The fort was held by the Fourteenth New York heavy artillery, who were completely overwhelmed and most of them captured. The guns were turned on the adjacent works by the triumphant foe, who succeeded in driving the

soldiers from three of the batteries. But the tables were quickly turned. General Parke, in temporary command of the Ninth corps, ordered Hartranft's and Willcox's divisions to the rear of the fort, from whence they were hurled upon the enemy with the precision and effectiveness of a thunderbolt. Eighteen hundred prisoners were taken, and the re-captured guns were quickly wheeled upon the discomfited and fleeing forces, so recently flushed with success.

Orders for the grand movement which was to give the finishing blow to the Rebellion had already been issued by General Grant. The forty miles of Union front stretched from the north bank of the James to Hatcher's Run; fifteen miles to the south from Petersburg was Dinwiddie Court-house, and four miles to the north-west of this was Five Forks, which, though so far from the city, was from its peculiar situation in reality the key to the stronghold. Six miles to the north from Five Forks was the South Side railroad, where Lee had established a strong line of works. With this point carried there was unobstructed passage to the Danville railroad, and Petersburg and Richmond at the mercy of the victor.

At length the strong, silent man gathered his forces for the final blow. No meaningless Salmonean thunders now of empty chariots or brazen bridges, but the veritable thunderbolts of war, hurled by the arm of Ulysses. On the 28th of March, Sheridan with two divisions of cavalry set out for Dinwiddie Court-house, which was reached late in the afternoon of the following day; in the mean time Warren with the Fifth corps had crossed Hatcher's Run and was making for the same point. The movement was discovered by the vigilant commander of the Confederate forces, and on the morning of the 30th

Sheridan had advanced only a mile beyond the court-house when the enemy was encountered. After a careful reconnoissance Sheridan attacked in the early afternoon. The fight was a hot one, and Sheridan, unable to employ his cavalry to advantage, owing to the marshy nature of the ground, dismounted his men, and slowly, contesting the ground as he withdrew, fell back to the court-house, where the contest ended in the early evening.

The morning of the 1st of April saw the enemy strongly intrenched at Five Forks. During the forenoon Sheridan, with his cavalry supported by the Fifth corps, which had come up in the mean time, slowly and cautiously advanced once more towards the coveted position. A single sentence in Sheridan's official report gives the gist of the story.

“The enemy,” writes Sheridan, “were driven from their strong line of works, completely routed; the Fifth corps doubling up their left flank in confusion, and the cavalry of General Merritt, dashing on to White Oak road, capturing their artillery, turning it upon them, and riding into their broken ranks, so demoralized them that they made no serious stand after their line was carried, but took flight in disorder.”

The way was open to the South Side railroad. “Attack along the whole line,” was the imperative message issued from General Grant's head-quarters to his corps commanders, and at ten o'clock that Saturday evening the big guns in position before Petersburg opened from right to left, the distant hills echoing and re-echoing all night long the signal victory that their thunderous booming proclaimed.

Lee and his veterans, the last hope of a lost cause, still held the city, but the Confederate commander felt

that its doom was sealed. In the assault ordered by General Grant at daybreak on the 2d of April, blow after blow, to the right and to the left, was dealt the steadily weakening defences. With his heavy losses,—by this time exceeding 10,000 men—with his right wing utterly demolished, and imminent capture or destruction staring his handful of veterans in the face, is it any wonder that at half-past ten o'clock on that beautiful Sabbath morning he sent to Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, the last official despatch he was destined to receive.

The message found him at church in the city of Richmond. Its brief purport—"My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening."—was warning enough, and within half an hour Davis had left the city behind him. No words had been uttered as he withdrew from the church, but none were needed. Pollard, the eminent Southern historian, has depicted, as no one else can, the scenes of that last afternoon and night of Confederate rule in Richmond, in the following brief extract:

"The rumor was caught up in the streets that Richmond was to be evacuated, and was soon carried to the ends of the city. Men, women, and children rushed from the churches, passing from lip to lip news of the impending fall of Richmond. And yet, it was difficult to believe it. To look up to the calm, beautiful sky of that spring day, unassailed by one single noise of battle, to watch the streets, unvexed by artillery or troops, stretching away into the quiet, hazy atmosphere, and believe that the capital of the Confederacy, so peaceful, so apparently secure, was in a few hours to be the prey

of the enemy, and to be wrapped in the infernal horrors of a conflagration!

“It was late in the afternoon when the signs of evacuation became apparent to the incredulous. Wagons on the streets were being hastily loaded at the departments with boxes, trunks, etc., and driven to the Danville depot. Those who had determined to evacuate with the fugitive government looked on with amazement; then, convinced of the fact, rushed to follow the government’s example. Vehicles suddenly rose to a premium value that was astounding; and ten, fifteen, and even a hundred dollars, in gold or Federal currency, was offered for a conveyance. Suddenly, as if by magic, the streets became filled with men, walking as though for a wager, and behind them excited negroes with trunks, bundles, and luggage of every description. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, bandboxes, and their owners, a mass of hurrying fugitives, filling the streets. The banks were all open, and depositors were as busy as bees removing their specie deposits; and the directors were equally active in getting off their bullion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of paper money was destroyed, both state and Confederate. Night came; and with it came confusion worse confounded. There was no sleep for human eyes in Richmond that night.”

The fall of Richmond was the death-blow of the Rebellion, and was rejoiced over accordingly. Before noon of the 3d of April the joyful news had been flashed over the loyal states, and the whole North gave itself up to a general jubilation. Everywhere business was suspended, and crowds gathered to listen to the reading of the despatches amid the chiming of bells and cheers and

huzzas from thousands of loyal hearts. Hopes, long deferred, had at last been realized, and it was once more "The Union forever!"

The evacuation of Petersburg was of course simultaneous with that of Richmond, but it was accomplished so quietly that not even the watchful Union pickets, scarce a stone's throw away, knew that the enemy was retreating until the dawning light revealed the empty outposts. The skirmishers advanced, but were unassailed. The troops were at once put in motion, and Colonel Ely's brigade of the Ninth corps was the first to pass the enemy's works. At half-past four the Stars and Stripes were floating over the court-house: the long besieged, ably defended city was at last in Union hands.

The Confederate army had fled, but they could not escape from the meshes of the encircling net so skilfully stretched by the Union commander-in-chief. The Confederacy was dying hard, but it was useless to contend against fate. The lines were drawn even tighter around the devoted troops—faint with hunger and exhaustion, yet faithful to the last—that still followed the broken fortunes of the Confederate leader; until the final capitulation at Appomattox Court-house, on the 9th day of April, 1865.

The last act in the great tragedy came all too soon. On the 14th of April, President Lincoln was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, while the prayers and blessings of the race he had freed were yet ringing in his ears. The first wave of enthusiasm and gladness over the collapse of the Rebellion had scarcely subsided when the country was called to mourn the death of the noble, martyred president, and the bells so recently attuned to pæans of joy were tolled in sad requiem. Alas



CORP. CYRUS B. NORRIS, CO. E.

that it should so be ; that so brief a moment of triumph should be vouchsafed after long years of disaster and defeat !

THE NINTH NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LAST DAYS IN THE
UNITED STATES SERVICE.

Comfortably quartered as the garrison of Fort Hayes, the regiment passed the first three months of the year 1865 in a pleasant round of daily duties. The quiet that prevailed throughout the Army of the Potomac was not productive of incident, and the days slipped by in almost unbroken sameness. The regiment was reorganized in the early part of the year,—a rather necessary procedure in view of the heavy losses sustained within the preceding six months, and resulting in several well earned promotions. Among others were those of Lieutenants Babb and Allen to be captains ; Second Lieutenant Robinson, who had also served as acting adjutant, to be first lieutenant, and later on to be captain, together with Lieutenant Quimby ; Sergeants Burnham, Simons, Kelly, and Hall as first lieutenants ; Sergeant Dutton as sergeant-major ; Corporals Norris, Richardson, Stearns, and Runnals as sergeants.

Under date of January 27 is a letter from Colonel Titus to Major Chandler, who was still in Washington, detailing several interesting facts :

“ Two days ago I had just seated myself very comfortably to write you, feet duly elevated and pen in hand, when I momentarily paused to listen to a number of strange voices outside ; then a rap, and in obedience to the usual summons, ‘ Come in ! ’ the door opened, and there appeared a crowd of citizens, several at least, if in

military order, patterned after the Thirty-second Maine (now, alas! defunct), all hailing from New Hampshire. So of course the day was devoted to them. Went to the three New Hampshire regiments, also along the lines, to Forts Hell, Morton, etc. Nashua was represented by Gilman Scripture of the Indian Head House, also a Mr. Parkers, merchant tailor I believe; B. P. Cheney, railroad commissioner, and Dr. Tubbs of Peterborough. A Mr. Spalding, Mr. Morrison, also the sutler of the Thirteenth New Hampshire, and somebody else. All of course were highly edified, and left at night for City Point. I am surprised that more men do not visit the army,—from mere curiosity, if nothing more. A man must see for himself to have any definite or correct knowledge of an army and its operations.

“I am, as you see, still at Brigade [head-quarters], General Griffin’s leave expiring on the 31st inst. General Meade is absent again, and General Parke commanding the army and General Willcox the corps. Heard yesterday that General Willcox had obtained leave, so that General Potter would command the corps. In that case I shall be in command of the division till General Griffin’s return. Believe I am now senior colonel in the corps, except Colonel Bliss. Colonel Bliss, by the way, is still somewhere in Western Virginia—inspecting hospitals, I believe.

“Presume you have heard by the papers all about the wonderful exploits of the rebel gunboats, and what they did n’t do. What makes the affair the more wonderful, is the fact that the deserters for some days previous had reported that they were coming down. And then, when they did come, they lay aground for so long, apparently at our mercy, when our sharpshooters on the bank prevented them from opening a port-hole or firing a gun.



GEN. J. G. PARKE.

Believe General Grant attributes our escape and safety to a special interposition of Providence, and from what I can learn of the affair I think we may well believe the Lord on our side this time at least. Think the boats must have come down to bring General Ferrero's commission as major-general.

“There are rumors to the effect that the rebs are about to evacuate Richmond. Of its truth I of course know nothing. It seems General Butler is bound to be a hero in any event. . . . ‘T is hinted that General Meade may possibly not return to this army, and if true I think few beyond his immediate staff will have any regrets. . . . Picket and guard duty, with a little drilling, are the order of the day—and the night too.

“The New Hampshire regiments here try to make themselves believe they are going home to vote at the March election. I certainly should have no objection, though perhaps General Grant may. Presume he will not be likely to consider the New Hampshire state election of as much consequence as some people more immediately interested. . . . Captain Hutchinson is now away on leave. Captain Copp I suppose returned to-night. Suppose you are aware he committed matrimony during his absence. . . .

“‘T is acknowledged by all, I believe, that we have the best quarters of any regiment in the corps, and certainly the best I have seen in the army. This was the result of supervision while building. You ought at least to come down and take a look at my own house. . . .

“Well, Major, it seems this war must be nearly ended. Do n't know what the enemy may do in their desperation, but it really seems the fighting is nearly over. ‘The wish is father to the thought,’ perhaps.”

Colonel Titus's mention of visitors from New Hampshire recalls a story told by Quartermaster Moses. One evening a jolly company had gathered at head-quarters, in honor of several guests from the Granite state who were spending a few days in camp. Everybody was in good spirits, and it was in the "wee, sma' hours" that the candles were at last extinguished. Just as the guests were beginning to get accustomed to the novelty of their surroundings, there came a summons at the door. It was an orderly from General Griffin. "Colonel," said he, "the general's orders are to get your regiment ready to fall in, for 'tis thought the Johnnies are getting ready to attack." It seemed but an instant before the camp was astir, and in the hurry of the moment the visitors were forgotten. The colonel was busily engaged when one of them touched him on the arm. "Colonel, where shall we go?" he asked. "If the Johnnies come on us you'll go to h——!" was the comforting reply, as the colonel turned once more to his work. It happened that it was a false alarm, and presently the camp was quiet again, but the guests could not be persuaded to prolong their stay beyond a hurried breakfast the next morning.

As for Captain Copp, he had duly acknowledged his commitment to Major Chandler, as the following letter, written from Lancaster, Mass., shows:

"Your advice in regard to spending too much time at Lancaster, came too late, for I was 'done gone' when your letter arrived, and *my wife* insists upon my remaining here as long as possible. The marriage ceremony took place at the church, January 17, 1865, at 2 1-2 p. m.; reception at the house, from 3 to 4. No doubt you are surprised to learn of such a movement, but no more so

than I am, for it was not my intention when I left the army to take part in any such performance. . . . My health is better than when I left the regiment, although the surgeon here thinks army life a little too rough for me. I should be very happy to visit you in Philadelphia on my return, but do not think it will be convenient, as I am now over my time. I have a surgeon's certificate, however, which will make it all right."

March 14 the election for members of congress from the state of New Hampshire was held at head-quarters. Everybody was busily engaged,—some at the polls, others preparing the noonday mess, when an alarm was started that the enemy was advancing in line of battle. There was one grand, simultaneous rush from the cook-house and ballot-box to the bayonet, and in less than five minutes every man was armed and equipped and in line for the warm reception of the invader. After waiting for a full hour, it became manifest that his visit had been unavoidably postponed, and the voting and cooking were once more taken in hand. Whether the dinner was spoiled by the delay is not recorded, but the regiment is credited with a total of eighty-seven votes.

During the night orders were received for the sutlers to pack up their goods and remove them to City Point. No direct move of the corps was ordered, but rumors and speculations were rife through the day, and there was every indication that a great movement was being inaugurated, and awaiting only a suitable condition of the roads to be vigorously prosecuted. For a day or two nothing else was talked of, and then the excitement gradually subsided. The Sixth corps was under marching orders, but the Ninth was to remain to hold the line

from the Appomattox to Fort Davis, and thence south to protect the military depot at City Point.

The days slipped by until the 28th of March, when orders were received to have everything in readiness to move at five o'clock the following morning. How the regiment was to leave its present quarters unless relieved, no man could tell; but "orders is orders," and were obeyed accordingly. Everybody was routed out at four in the morning, but there was no further movement during the day. A little past ten in the evening the enemy opened on the right of the line with a terrific bombardment, accompanied with a heavy volley of musketry. The alarm was instantly given, the long roll was beaten, and the sentinels discharged their muskets. Most of the officers and men were in bed, but in an instant every one sprang to his feet, buckled on his equipments, and the regiment was formed in line of battle inside of five minutes.

The bombardment continued for more than an hour, and was very rapid, shell after shell from the mortars wheeling through the thick darkness with terrible swiftness, and spreading their death-dealing fragments broadcast. It was learned next day that Major Brown of the Eighteenth New Hampshire had been killed during the bombardment. Major Brown was formerly adjutant of the Ninth, and was a brave, patriotic, noble-souled man, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

In the great battle of April 2, which sealed the fate of the Confederacy, the regiment took no very active part, remaining that day as a garrison to hold the fort in case of an assault from the enemy. During the night of the 2d they were taken from the fort and placed in the column which was to renew the assault the next morning. The

dawning light revealed the fact that the enemy was evacuating. It was five o'clock in the morning of April 3 when the line cautiously advanced, but as they neared the fortifications no belching cannon or rattling musketry opposed them, and they hurried forward—over forts filled with abandoned artillery, where the officers' tents were still standing—and presently halted on Cemetery hill, which commanded a full view of the long besieged citadel.

It was a glorious moment for those war-worn veterans. Behind them lay the strong, and hitherto impregnable, works of the enemy, the unbroken line which they had confronted for so many weary months; and beyond, their own fortifications and camps, and the burying-grounds of the various divisions, where so many of their gallant comrades were lying, victims of disease or bullets while bravely contending for what their comrades-in-arms had been spared to behold. Before them was the now quiet city of Petersburg, beautiful to behold with its fresh green grass-plots and its thousands of fruit trees in full blossom.

The morning was clear and calm, and the first beams of the rising sun were just gilding the spires and steeples of the churches, flashing in brilliancy from the thousands of burnished muskets in the hands of the soldiers ranged along the heights, and lighting up the folds of "Old Glory" as it proudly floated from the lofty cupola of the court-house, while line after line of living blue, with tattered banners streaming in the morning breeze, swept up the long slopes, cheering until the very heavens gave back the sound.

Never will that scene be forgotten by those who beheld it. As the troops entered the city the white inhabitants

for the most part treated them coldly, appearing sullen and indignant, even while their haggard and careworn faces revealed the intensity of the strain to which they had been subjected. But the negroes seemed wild with delight. They waved their hats, bonnets, and aprons; shouted, sang, laughed, danced, and prayed promiscuously, and fairly exhausted their "Anglo-African" vocabulary in heaping praises upon the Yankees. All classes had been reduced to great straits, and even the little children, both black and white, devoured the dry, hard bread which the soldiers showered upon them as if it had been sweetmeats.

Returning to camp, the regiment prepared to leave its comfortable quarters. The corps moved about noon, following the South Side railroad in pursuit of the retreating Confederate forces. From the 6th to the 8th of April they were encamped at Nottoway Court-house, and on the latter date the Ninth New Hampshire, with two other regiments, was detailed to guard Ewell and his army (they having been captured two days previous) back towards Petersburg. The army numbered about eight thousand men, and included six generals, and to care for such a body of prisoners was anything but agreeable duty, for the weather was very unpleasant and the roads muddy from the recent heavy rains. The prisoners, so weak, weary, and footsore that sometimes the column would be strung out nearly two miles, filled the centre of the road, and the guards marched on either side with fixed bayonets. On the route several of the prisoners passed their own fathers' doors. At night they were turned into a large field, and the guard was ranged around the outside. Only light rations could be furnished the hungry soldiers the first day, but that night twenty beef

cattle were killed and cooked, enough to provide a plentiful supply.

Wilson's station was reached on the 10th, and here full rations were served. Some of the prisoners had formerly served on the Union side, and they acknowledged that these were the first full army rations they had received since they entered the Confederate service. While here the joyful tidings of Lee's capitulation were received, but there was little public demonstration over the news, out of consideration for their hapless captives.

On the 11th the regiment was relieved, and after a tedious march through the rain and mud, rejoined the brigade on the 13th, near Burkesville Junction. Here they remained on duty of various kinds until the 20th, when the last march through Virginia was begun. On Sunday, April 23, the Ninth corps marched through Petersburg between six and seven in the morning, en route for City Point, which was reached about noon.

On the 26th embarkation for Alexandria began, the Ninth arriving there late in the following evening and going at once into camp. Military duty had now lost its charm, for the men felt that the great object of all their toil and suffering had been accomplished, and awaited with impatience the order for muster-out, though drills and reviews were still kept up, simply as a precautionary measure.

Many a gray-haired veteran of to-day will recall with a smile the circumstances surrounding the following incident, so faithfully and skilfully pictured by an interested comrade :

“The only occasion within my knowledge when the late Major Chandler lapsed into profanity was at the

close of the war, while we were encamped near Alexandria, Va., just before the 'grand review' in Washington; and then the circumstances were so exceptional that, as in the case of Uncle Toby, it is hoped the recording angel dropped a tear upon the oath and 'blotted it out forever.'

"Many comrades will recall the foolhardy act of some harebrained member of another regiment in our brigade, who, having somewhere found an unexploded shell, brought it into camp, buried it in the ground (leaving the fuse exposed), and then, in reckless disregard of consequences, touched off a train of powder leading to the bomb. Several men were seriously wounded by fragments of the shell, and of course everybody that was unhurt rushed towards the spot to ascertain the cause of the explosion.

"On the way I met Major Chandler, walking with Paymaster W. H. H. Allen, afterwards Judge Allen of the New Hampshire supreme court, and asked what had happened. 'Why,' answered Chandler, 'a fool, a — fool, a — — — fool, has exploded a shell right on our color line!' 'That is a fool in the superlative degree,' said Allen, with the grave smile characteristic of the man; but our major seemed to prefer his own vigorous expletives to the equivalent euphemism suggested by his friend."

May 23 the regiment participated in the grand military review at Washington. It was a sight at once magnificent, soul stirring, and inspiring. After four years of unparalleled war the remnant of the army was a force mightier than any other single army in the world, and nearly all of them were war-worn veterans. Orders

for mustering out were received on the 27th, and the officers went at the laborious task of making out the rolls with a right good will, for every one was anxious to get home. Indeed, it was like pulling teeth to get the men out for the regulation morning and afternoon drill, but they seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from heartily cursing the red-tape delay of the authorities, and in anticipating the time when no man could order them to "fall in" or "right dress."

The final review of the Second division was by General Parke, in the forenoon of June 3, and in the evening the camp of the Second brigade was brilliantly illuminated. Lighted candles were set on either end of every shelter tent, and squads of men with lighted candles affixed to their bayonets inaugurated a torchlight procession that numbered fully two thousand men by the time it reached head-quarters, where General Griffin made them a short speech, which was heartily cheered.

June 5 all the recruits then remaining in the Ninth New Hampshire were transferred to the Sixth. The majority of these were excellent soldiers, for the chaff by this time had been pretty thoroughly sifted, and it was with feelings of real regret that the veterans said good-bye to the comrades who had served side by side with them so long and so faithfully.

By Saturday, the 10th, the last mustering-out roll had been completed and signed by the mustering officer, and that evening the last dress parade was held. General Griffin was present, and at the close shook hands with each of the officers, and addressed a short and very appropriate speech to the men, after which all united in giving three cheers for their brave and greatly beloved general. Early next morning orders were received for

the regiment to report at Washington by ten in the forenoon, and with joyful hearts the homesick soldiers struck their tents and hastily packed up "for the last time." The Sixth New Hampshire, who had been their constant companions for nearly three years, accompanied by the band of the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, escorted the regiment to the ferry at Alexandria. Arrived at the foot of the street near the wharf, the Sixth halted and saluted by presenting arms as the Ninth passed. The Ninth then halted and returned the salute, after which each gave three cheers for the other and the officers shook hands, while the band in touching strains played "Auld Lang Syne."

The regiment reached Philadelphia soon after sunrise, and proceeding through the city to the ferry, took breakfast at the Cooper saloon, where the same hearty welcome was accorded them that they had received three years before. The afternoon found them in New York, where they marched up Courtlandt and down Broadway to the Battery barracks, where the men were given a hearty meal. About five o'clock the regiment moved back and took the boat to Allen's Point. Arriving here in the early morning of the 13th, cars were at once taken for Concord.

The capital of their native state was reached about noon, and the Ninth, marching direct to the state-house yard, were warmly welcomed by His Excellency Governor Smyth, the members of the legislature, and the citizens of Concord. After some short speeches the regiment was taken to the Eagle hotel and served with an excellent dinner, and then proceeded to their old camp across the river, where they were quartered for the night.

June 14, leaving the barracks, the regiment marched to the city under arms for the last time. It would be difficult to say whether joy or sadness had the stronger predominance in their feelings as they passed through the familiar streets. There was joy at the thought of being at home once more, but only sadness when they gazed upon their thrice decimated ranks. Less than three short years before they had left the Capital city nearly a thousand strong, and now numbered less than two hundred. Depositing their muskets at the military depot, the regiment returned to the state-house yard, where Colonel Titus delivered up the old colors to his excellency the governor with these brief but eloquent words :

“ GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE : Two years and ten months ago, when leaving our own loved state to take our place in the distant ranks of our country’s defenders, this regiment here received from the hands of your honored predecessor this flag, with an injunction to guard and defend it as we should maintain our own and our country’s honor, wherever we might be by duty called. How well that charge has been kept, is told in part by the names now written upon it, in part by the names—an oft-lengthened, till now the longer list—of those that once stood in these ranks, who will answer to them never again. But the whole story of this tattered banner—its story of toil, of privation, of disease, of death, and of heroic devotion through it all—by blazoned names, by tongue nor pen, can never be told. Firm hands have carried it, stout hearts have followed and defended it, brave men have fallen around it ; but in face of the foe it has never been lowered,—save for an

instant by dying hands, to be grasped again by the living, and borne aloft to final victory for us all. A remnant now of its once flaunting folds—so sadly emblematic of this remnant of these often rent and shattered ranks—bullet-riddled, war-worn, and battle-torn, but without other spot or stain, we return it now to you; asking only that it be preserved in tender remembrance when we have returned to our peaceful homes.”

The flags were passed up to the stand, on which stood the governor with several members of the legislature, and as the patriotic strains of “The Star Spangled Banner” filled the air, tears dimmed the eyes of many a hardy soldier, unused to weeping. Stirring speeches were made by Governor Smyth and Senator Hale, and the regiment was dismissed.

The following day the men were paid off and discharged. But one thing remained,—for the officers and soldiers to take leave of each other. Their friendship had been formed by a common labor for a common end, and cemented by a common and patient endurance of hardships and sufferings the most trying and bitter; and as the mutual farewells were spoken, many a hearty “God bless you!” accompanied the parting salutations.

Thursday, the 15th, all the officers were invited to Major Chandler’s home in the evening, where they were splendidly entertained, and served to the best which the major’s whole-souled liberality could furnish; and on the following day they were given a farewell dinner at the Phenix hotel by Colonel Titus.

The last tie had been severed, and the Ninth New Hampshire in its organization as a regiment was no more. The story of its heroic deeds and yet more



COLORS OF THE NINTH REGIMENT, N. H. V.

heroic endurance has been embodied in history ; its battle-flags, war-worn, begrimed, baptized with the blood of their defenders, are sacredly preserved in the state capitol. Those grand old flags ! Those glorious Stars and Stripes ! We see written upon their folds to-day not only the names of the fields through which they were triumphantly borne, and of the patriots who died to uphold them, but we see in them the emblem of national unity and might, the embodiment of country, home, and freedom !

CHAPTER XVII.

PRISONERS-OF-WAR, AT MACON AND SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AND CHARLESTON AND COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

By Lieut. C. W. Wilcox.

This record of my own experience while held as a prisoner-of-war, from May 12, 1864, to March 1, 1865, is a correct and true statement of facts, taken from my diary kept at the time and from memory. Moreover, any comrade having any experience of those hells upon earth (rebel prisons), who reads this, will not only vouch for its truthfulness, but will say the half has not been told. I have read much that has been written by those confined in Andersonville and other prisons, and have never yet read of an experience which I thought in the least overstated. In my travels through the South since the war, where I have met many of the ex-rebel soldiers, I have never heard one try to excuse or justify their treatment of our men in prison, though I have heard some of the citizens do this—and well they might. With this brief prefatory statement, I respectfully submit the narrative which follows :

On the 10th of May, 1864, our regiment was on the road leading from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania, Va. Leaving this road in the afternoon, we formed a line of battle just beyond the court-house, behind some breastworks and supporting the Seventh Maine battery, remaining there over night and until the afternoon of



LIEUT. CHARLES W. WILCOX, Co. F.

the 11th. Then we were taken about a mile to the rear, where we drew five days rations; and the comrades may recall the very fresh beef rations that were issued. My supper of (neck) steak went into the frying-pan warm, but before it was cooked the order to fall in came, and on the march and in a Virginia rain-storm I partook of my last meal in "God's country." While behind the works we had been all the time under the fire of the rebel artillery, but, as I remember, no one was injured. We returned just before dark to the same breastworks, though a little to the right of the position we had previously occupied. Companies I and G were placed on the skirmish line, leaving my company (F) on the extreme right.

Lieutenant-Colonel Babbitt had been put in command of the Thirty-second Maine, and Colonel Titus, being sick, had been sent to the hospital in Fredericksburg on the 9th, thus leaving our regiment in command of Maj. George H. Chandler. Capt. A. J. Stone acted as major, leaving Lieut. E. C. Babb in command of Company F, and Capt. A. J. Hough was in command of the skirmish line. How it rained that night, while we lay on our arms ready for an attack at any moment! There was very little firing, but it was evident from the sound of the bullets, as they zipped over us, that the rebs were very near, and in the pitchy darkness our picket line came tumbling over the works several times, causing the comrade whose heavy eyelids were just closing for a nap suddenly to wake up and grab his musket.

The night seemed long, for we were without sleep and without rest, except what we obtained by lying on two rails, poles, or muskets, braced up on an incline against the earthworks. We were astir early, and at five o'clock

were ordered forward. It was barely daylight, and a light rain was still falling, with a heavy fog. We had moved forward but a short distance when we met our picket line, with a number of rebel pickets which they had succeeded in capturing, although not until Lieut. George P. Sylvester, of Company I, had been mortally wounded. The bullets now began to fly perilously near, but there was no halt as Companies I and G formed on our right.

The rebels, for some distance from their outer line of works, had formed an abatis by felling the short pine trees and trimming off the ends of the limbs, and through this we had to charge. We advanced to within a few rods of their works, when they poured a deadly fire into us. We halted and returned the fire, but, although the men loaded and fired as fast as they could, it was impossible (as I saw at once after my capture) to dislodge the enemy from their strong position, and the wonder is that any man of us escaped alive. While we lay there firing, one of the men near me was shot through the throat. Another was shot through the arm, near the shoulder, and, the larger artery being cut, he bled profusely. Taking a piece of rope, I bound his arm to stanch the flow of blood, and while doing this I heard no order, but saw the left of the regiment retreating on the double-quick.

I therefore gave the order to fall back, finished binding up the comrade's arm—I do not now recall his name—and started myself. I had gone but a short distance, however, when the order to halt came from the enemy on my left front. How quickly flashed through my mind the thought of a conversation held among my fellow-officers but a few days before, when we were speak-

ing of the terrible stories we had heard of rebel prison life, and when we all said we would die game before we would be taken prisoners! And one of our number, brave Captain Edgerly, of Company C, had, but a few days before, at the Battle of the Wilderness, given up his life rather than be captured. But for myself, seeing no way of escape, I surrendered. My captors closed in around me, and at once relieved me of my sword, belt, revolver, haversack,—which they seemed to prize as much as anything—watch and chain, pocket-book, and some forty dollars in greenbacks. They also took some photographs, which I begged them to return, as they were of no value to them; but their reply was that I would not need them long, intimating that I would not live long to enjoy looking at them.

After relieving me of everything but my canteen, one of their number escorted me to the rear. On our way to their line of works, but a few rods distant, I saw what I had never seen done by our men. Soldiers, possibly detailed for the purpose,—it occurred to me then that this was the case—were going over the field, picking up every abandoned musket, as well as everything else left by our men; and when, soon after, I passed over their two lines of earthworks, full of rebel soldiers, I saw, as a result of this diligent research, more muskets and cartridge boxes than there were men. I realized then, as never before, the earnestness with which the war was being carried on by the South, contrasting it, at the same time, with the indifference which some Federals manifested, even in the care of their own equipments.

No words can express my feelings as we passed through their lines, seeing no hope of escape and hearing from either side such words as these: “Kill the d—d

Yankee! We have no use for him." Passing on, we soon met a rebel surgeon, who said, "Good morning, Lieutenant; you have a nice rubber coat, and I am sure it will fit me." It was a good coat, as good as any in the market at that time, and had but recently been sent me by an uncle in Boston, so I quietly replied that my coat was private property and all I had to protect me from the weather. Before I could say more he commanded me to come out of it at once, which I did. Then he handed me his rubber poncho blanket. Remarking that I concluded this treatment was a specimen of Southern chivalry, he replied, "Close your mouth, sir, if you desire to live!"

About one hundred rods farther to the rear we joined a large squad of other captured Union officers, and there my escort left me, surrounded by a strong guard. We were not then out of reach of the shells from our own guns, and one of our number was severely wounded. Just at night we were moved farther back, where we joined a large body of other prisoners. It had rained hard all day, and I had had nothing to eat since the night before. Hungry, wet, and cold, we lay down on the grass to rest. What a blessing it was that that group of more than a thousand prisoners, amid their present discomforts and sufferings, did not know of the more terrible sufferings that were in store for them in the rebel prison-hells, farther south, for days, weeks, and months!

Not until the next morning, May 13, did I know that any of my regiment besides myself had been captured, but I suffered mentally not a little from that supposed fact. Meeting one of my men in the crowd, we soon found the rest, and I then took down their names and companies, and found that there were sixty-three of us in all. I have

the original roster yet, a copy of which is appended to this article. Nearly all died from exposure and starvation in rebel prisons, and only a few lived to return to "God's country" at the close of the war; but there is no class of men whose hands I am more glad to clasp than of those who have suffered more than words can express.

We were soon separated, the officers being put in a squad together, apart from the enlisted men. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th, rations of one pint of flour and one quarter of a pound of pork per man were issued. We could cook the pork; but what could we do with the flour? This question was soon answered by the rebel guard; he also having flour, made it into dough by mixing with water without salt, wound it around a long stick, and held it over the fire until baked. The reader will never know just how good such a meal is until he tries it after severe fatigue and suffering, such as we had experienced for nearly forty-eight hours.

We started on the march for Gordonsville, Va., that afternoon, Captain Brown of the Thirty-ninth Virginia being in command. The officers formed the right, and the enlisted men the rear, of the column. There were thirty-eight Union officers, and over a thousand enlisted men. Following are the names of some of the officers who were my companions on that memorable southern excursion: Colonel Brown, One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania; Colonel Swift, Seventeenth Michigan; Lieutenant-Colonel Hickenbottom, Sixty-fifth New York; Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, Nineteenth Massachusetts; Lieutenant Barton, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania; Lieutenant Crawford, One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania; Captain Manley, Sixty-fourth New York; Cap-

tain Paul, assistant adjutant-general, General Baxter's staff; Captain Walpole, One Hundred and Twenty-second New York; Lieutenants Stebbins and Rowe, Seventy-seventh New York; Lieutenant Clark, Fifty-ninth New York; Lieutenant Fay, Forty-second New York; Captain Funk, Thirty-ninth New York; Captain Krommeyer, Fifty-second New York; Lieutenant Fowler, Fifteenth New Jersey; Lieutenant Ferguson, First New Jersey; Lieutenants Tilford, Kendall, Herbert, and Meyers, Fiftieth Pennsylvania.

On the 14th three of us had one pint of flour between us, which we mixed with water only and fried into griddle-cakes. This was all we had for a day's ration. Our rebel commander, Captain Brown, was very gentlemanly toward us, but reports of the men behind us being bayoneted by the guard for not keeping up and for the slightest disobedience of orders, proved that the lives of their prisoners were of little account to them.

Halting once opposite a large farm-house which stood some thirty rods from the main road, and obtaining permission from Captain Brown on a verbal parole of honor, a number of us went to the house to obtain food. Others would have gone, but they had no faith that "the milk of human kindness" would be on draught there, and the result showed their wisdom. We found only an old man and his wife, who gave us a very warm reception,—not with food, however; in fact, quite the reverse. I can remember just how that gray-haired, old Virginia farmer looked when he replied, to our eager questioning,—“Not a d—n crumb will I give you! You d—n Yanks come down here to rob and murder us. You ought to starve, and I hope every d—n one of you will!” That ended our begging for food in Virginia.

We arrived at Gordonsville at noon of the 17th, and here we registered our names,—not at a hotel, but at the provost-marshal's office. Our captors did not seem to consider that after our long march we were hungry, for they issued only a small piece of corn-dodger, or bread, to a man. Oh, how we missed our old United States coffee! We were ready to part with anything for food, and selling my pocket-knife for a five-dollar Confederate bill, I bought more bread.

We left Gordonsville that afternoon, at six o'clock, by rail, and arrived in Lynchburg, Va., next morning (the 18th). The officers were quartered in a small, filthy room, on the third floor of a brick warehouse, the enlisted men being marched to a camp outside the city. At four o'clock that afternoon each man drew a small loaf of corn-dodger and a quarter of a pound of wormy bacon, similar rations being issued on the following day. Those who had greenbacks exchanged them for Confederate money at the rate of one dollar for five. Tin dip-pers could be bought for two dollars each, towels for eight dollars each, tooth-brushes three dollars, and a small cake of soap for three dollars. One of our number paid fifteen dollars in Confederate money for one pound of Yankee coffee.

Obtaining writing-paper, I wrote my first letters to friends at home and to the regiment. Three more officers joined us here, from General Sigel's command. A copy of the Richmond *Enquirer* was handed around, reporting that Grant's army had been badly beaten at the Battle of Spottsylvania Court-house, and had sustained a loss of 40,000 men.

We left Lynchburg at eight o'clock on the evening of the 22d, arriving at Danville at ten o'clock the following

evening. The journey was made in a freight car, and as there were forty-three of us as passengers, we were so closely packed that all could not lie down at the same time. One door was left half-way open, two of the guard occupying the opening. The opposite door was closed tight and secure, and several of the guard were stationed on top of the car.

We were suffering intensely from this overcrowded condition, and it was planned to reduce our number. Obtaining permission to place some old railroad ties in the centre of the car, between the guard and the opposite door, ostensibly to furnish us with more comfortable seats, but in reality to hide the work of those who were to use their pocket-knives in cutting a hole in the door large enough for a man to crawl through, a double quartette was detailed to sit on the railroad ties and take the lead in singing patriotic songs, while all others who could joined in, so as to drown the noise made by the cutting. This arrangement worked to a charm, and in about an hour, the train running not faster than fifteen or twenty miles an hour, five officers swung themselves into the outer darkness, and dropped their hold from their friends inside, to land they knew not where or how fortunately.

Just as the last of the five dropped from the car, the train stopped at a station for wood and water, which they were obliged to do often, since they had nothing to burn but soft wood. We had stopped once before since the opening had been made, but had deceived the guard by hanging a rubber blanket over the hole, the blanket being near the color of the outside of the car. At every stop the rebel officer in charge would walk up and down each side of the train, to make sure everything was

all right, and this time his vigilant eye caught sight of the opening. Instantly there was more swearing and threatening than the English language would be supposed capable of, and before starting again on our journey we were counted carefully, that the number of those who had made their escape might be ascertained. They could hardly control their rage, but at the same time congratulated themselves on their vigilance in preventing more of us from getting away, for they realized that, had we passed that station unobserved, nearly every man of us would have made his escape. The five officers were all recaptured soon afterwards, and rejoined us in the stockade prison at Macon, Georgia.

While at Danville on the 24th, we drew another ration of a small loaf of corn-bread, bacon, and bean soup made of wormy beans and water. We were confident that there was no meat in the soup, except the worms, but as this was the first ration issued to us for forty-eight hours, none of it was wasted. We left Danville at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th, under a much stronger guard, but with a little more room, as our number had been reduced to thirty-eight. Nothing of importance occurred as we travelled on through Greensboro and Salisbury (N. C.), and the train reached Charlotte (N. C.) at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th, where we remained over night.

Learning from a colored man that there were many Union people here, a party of us, including Captain Paul, A. A. G., obtained a verbal parole, and made a short tour of the town, where we found some molasses and biscuit, a change from corn-bread and water. The biscuit cost two dollars per dozen, and the molasses five

dollars a pint, and we were informed that only a limited quantity could be had even at that price.

We arrived at Augusta, Ga., on the afternoon of the 28th, where we found Captain Bradford, a son of ex-Governor Bradford of Maryland, acting as war provost-marshal of the city. He was a young man who put on more style in his dress and military bearing than any one we had seen thus far in the Confederacy. We left Augusta the following afternoon, guarded by the Augusta home guards, composed of old men and boys. We were well rid of our former vigilant guard, composed mostly of veterans, and now the situation seemed favorable for another break for liberty; besides, we were getting nearer Sherman's lines.

The same plans were formulated and carried out as were made when the first five made their escape, and there were more railroad ties, and more singing by the "choir," though our new guard objected to having so much Union music. They first protested, then ordered us to stop or they would shoot us. Their threats availed nothing, however, only to cause us to sing more and louder, until again a hole had been cut in the rear door. This time ten of the unwilling captives swung out and off the train into outer darkness ere we were again discovered, about forty miles from Macon, Ga.

It was hoped that those who made their escape would in some way get through the lines and join Sherman's army at Atlanta, but all of them were hunted down by bloodhounds and brought into the stockade at Macon soon after. Some of these were badly bitten by the dogs, and almost lost their lives. This reminds me of what our old quartermaster, Lieut. William Pitt Moses, wrote in his first letter to me after my return from prison.

Referring to the inhuman treatment our soldiers received while in rebel prisons, he said, "If the devil don't get them fellows, what is the use of having any devil?"

We reached Macon, Ga., at six o'clock in the morning, May 30, and by noon were at Andersonville, where the enlisted men were unloaded from the cars. We could see but little of the stockade from our car, which soon returned to Macon, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. After again being registered, we entered the stockade. None but those who have had such an experience can ever realize the reception given us as we passed through the big gate into the stockade. The wild cry came from hundreds of voices, "Fresh fish! Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" This, we afterwards learned, meant new arrivals, and that cognomen was given us for the first six months. The next four months we were "suckers," the next two months "dry cods," and the balance of the time "dried herrings." After exchange, one was a "pickled sardine."

Here we met those who had been confined in Libby, and recently transferred to this prison. Many of them had been prisoners for a year, and some for two years; and they were a dirty, ragged, emaciated set of human beings. We wondered if we should remain long enough to be in that condition, and could but shudder at the thought as we looked at them. They pressed around us like cab-drivers at a railway station, asking all manner of questions, and offering to carry our luggage and to show us good quarters. Some of our number, who were fortunate in having their overcoats and blankets, were glad to accept these generous offers, but soon regretted the misplaced confidence, for among twelve hundred fellow-sufferers they could find neither their new-made

friends nor their luggage. Having nothing but my rubber poncho blanket and my canteen, I had little to lose and no favors to ask. Be it said, however, that these were exceptional cases, and, though the United States officers there confined were human and governed by the first law of nature, self-preservation, yet as a rule they were honorable gentlemen.

Walking along towards the southern end of the prison with Captain Manley, we were invited to join with mess-mates occupying the south-east corner of the last shed on the south side, near the brook which ran diagonally across the south-west corner of the stockade, and from which all procured their water for cooking and washing.

The following named officers composed our mess from that time until we were paroled in March, 1865: Capt. B. G. Casler, One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New York; Lieut. Edward T. McCutcheon, Sixty-fourth New York; Capt. J. A. Manley, Sixty-fourth New York; Lieut. Samuel N. Hedges, One Hundred and Twelfth New York, and myself. Lieut. John. A. Duren, of the Fifth New Hampshire, who was captured at Cold Harbor, joined us on the 14th of June. He also remained with us until we returned to "God's country." We had been acquaintances in Keene, N. H., before the war, and he insisted on my sharing his woollen blanket, so that we bunked together ever after. He was the life and good cheer of the mess, and no better companion and friend graced the army. To-day, of that "family," our old mess, only Lieutenants McCutcheon and Hedges and the writer are living.

Capt. W. K. Tabb, of General Winder's staff, was in command of the prison, and he was no lover of the Yankees or their institutions. Nearly every state in the

Union, except those in the extreme south, was represented in this crowd of twelve hundred United States officers. Brigadier-General Wesseles was the senior Union officer inside, and through him all orders and communications had to pass to the rebel commander. Soon after my arrival I found Gen. Walter Harriman (then Colonel), of the Eleventh New Hampshire, who had been captured at the Battle of the Wilderness May 5; also Capt. S. F. Murray, of the First New Hampshire Berdan sharpshooters. Brigadier-Generals Neal Dow and O. P. Scanneron were also with us.

Camp Oglethorpe, our stockade, was built in the same way as the one in Andersonville, having inside a large one-story tobacco warehouse, in which the field officers were quartered. Besides this there were long, open sheds, accommodating about one half the number of prisoners, the rest having the canopy of heaven as their only shelter. The stockade was situated on the southeast side of the city, near the railroad round-house. Visiting there two years ago, I found railroad tracks and freight-houses covering the northerly part of the ground, but could easily point out the lines of the stockade on the south and east sides, where the brook, trees, and surface of the ground were practically the same as when we were there in 1864.

Two of our messmates were "old-timers." They were captured at Gettysburg in 1863, and had been through Libby prison and all its vicissitudes. This was of great value to us "fresh fish." We drew our rations once in five days. One pint of corn meal, one ounce of beans or peas, one quarter tablespoonful of salt, and one quarter pound of pork, per man, made up a day's ration. We soon learned that putting all our rations together,

dividing them into five equal parts, and eating one fifth each day, was better than eating it all in three days (which we could do easily), or better than each one drawing his rations separately. As to the culinary utensils belonging to our mess, we were in "light marching order," though much better off than many others; every one borrowed of his neighbor when his turn came to cook and eat. We had a piece of the top of an old stove about a foot square, one side of which we polished with sand, on which we used to fry griddle-cakes. When we were not using it somebody else was, and it served us to the end. My own personal kit consisted of one spoon, a canteen, half a canteen which did duty as a "plate," and a small tin can.

We could call our rations little else than a diet of worms, for the beans and bacon were wormy, and the corn-meal was often sour. Even with this poor fare we would have been better satisfied had the quantity been sufficient. Our daily routine of life was to cook, eat, and wash. We had a copy of the Bible and a pack of cards, and to kill time we alternated between reading the one and playing with the other,—when not hunting in the seams of our clothing for "gray-backs." This latter duty was imperative, for the very ground seemed alive with the vermin. Those June days were long and very hot, but the nights were cool and refreshing.

On June 10, fifty officers, comprising Brigadier-Generals Wesseles, Shaler, Seymour, Heckman, and Scanneron, with twenty-five colonels, including Harri-man of the Eleventh New Hampshire, eleven lieutenant-colonels, and nine majors, left for Charleston, S. C., ostensibly for parole or exchange, but in reality to be placed in the exposed part of the city, under the fire of



LIEUT. WILLIAM S. PILLSBURY, Co. A.

our own guns from Morris island, which were constantly shelling the doomed city. The plan did not work as the rebel authorities expected, however, and these officers were soon exchanged.

Special and general orders for our good behavior and obedience were posted up inside the stockade. One of these orders, or rules, was to the effect that a guard who shot a Union prisoner for disobeying any one rule of the prison would receive a furlough of thirty days. Another was, that if any one attempted to cross the "dead line," which consisted of a row of stakes driven into the ground a few feet apart, and ten feet inside the stockade, he would be called by the guard to halt in the daytime, but after dark would be fired at without any warning. On June 11, Lieut. Otto Grierson, of the Forty-fifth New York, went down to the brook for water after sundown, but before dark. He was nearly or quite alone, though scores of men were but a few feet away (it was the hour when many went for water), and no one perceived that he was violating any rule of the prison, yet he was shot down by the guard, and died the next morning, asserting his innocence of offence to the last. This was nothing less than cold-blooded murder. It caused great excitement and apprehension inside. The rebel authorities did nothing about it, and as we saw nothing more of the guard who had fired the shot, we concluded that he obtained his thirty-days furlough.

We had "mugwumps" there wearing blue uniforms, and one of them reported to the commandant that we were organizing for a grand stampede and break for liberty. This was false, but it caused a doubling of the guard and the manning of the two howitzers located at the north-west and south-east corners of the stockade.

There were fresh arrivals from Grant's and Sherman's armies almost daily, and these served in a measure to relieve the dull monotony of prison life. My diary says that on the 20th of June our number had increased to 1,300. On the above date forty-four officers, and on the 23d nineteen more, came in, having been captured on General Sturgis's expedition, near Ripley, Miss., by General Forrest. On the 22d of June a Catholic priest came in to say mass to those of that faith. He had just come from Andersonville prison, the condition of which he denounced as simply barbarous, reporting that there were 25,000 of our men huddled together in a small enclosure, and that they were dying at the rate of seventy-five per day. On the 24th Lieut. O. W. Dimmick, of the Eleventh New Hampshire, came in as a "fresh fish," having been captured on the 17th, in front of Petersburg, with twenty-two other officers, who came in at the same time.

As before mentioned, we were with the old Libbyites, and a large number of Colonel Strait's same old "tunnel crowd" were there also. Soon after our arrival tunnels were commenced, with a view to having them completed ready for escape on July 3. Three tunnels were opened—one on the east, one on the north, and one on the west side. The entrance to the last was in the shed of our mess, under one of the bunks near my own, so that I knew what was going on, and frequently at night was watching for the rebel guard, who was liable to come in at any time.

These sheds were long and narrow; only the roof was covered, and that with slabs. They were wide enough for two rows of bunks, each of which had the head toward the centre, and occupied the space of 6 x 2 feet.

The bunks were one foot apart, and were made by driving four crotched posts into the ground, placing a stick across each end, and then laying poles about six feet long across the sticks. With only a blanket one could not make a very soft and downy couch, yet it was far preferable to lying on the ground.

The tunnels were started under these bunks, and thus were more easily hidden from the watchful eyes of the rebel officers and guards. We had no modern tools to lighten the labor. There was nothing but case-knives and spoons to dig with; bags and ropes, made from meal-bags stolen from our rebel commissary, were used to haul out the dirt. The excavations were begun by sinking a perpendicular shaft for about five feet, which was extended parallel to the surface, or nearly so, towards and under the stockade. In each case, they reached the surface again under a tobacco warehouse, which stood a short distance outside. Competent engineers among our number took very accurate measurements of the distance to be dug, both inside and out, as well of the progress each night. The dirt was hauled out by tying a bag on an endless rope. The progress was slow necessarily, though it was easy digging. Had we pushed the work faster, we would have been more liable to detection. The greatest problem was how to dispose of the dirt. This was accomplished by mixing it with the sweepings of the camp;—the litter and refuse were gathered in piles each day, and about twice a week a mule tip-cart, with a colored man for a driver, came in and carted them out. The tunnels were made as small as possible. Only one man was able to work at a time, and he lying down flat. No one could work long, as we had no means of pumping in fresh air. The farther in

we got, the more difficult the work became, and the more time it required. Words can never express the labor and suffering those tunnels cost.

Steadily and patiently the work went on, until the 26th of June, when two of the tunnels were ready to open at the farther end. It was then planned to organize by squads, and to be ready to go out on the night of the 3d of July. On the 27th of June, Captain Tabb came in and ordered us all out of our quarters and to the south end of the stockade. At that time the entrances to the tunnels were covered with boards and loose earth, so that no one could detect their location by looking at the surface of the ground; but by jabbing around with his sword, Captain Tabb was not long in locating all three. We were then allowed to return to our quarters. Our feelings of disappointment can be better imagined than described. It was evident that this was the work of another "mugwump," or Judas, and could he have been detected his body would have been cut into a thousand pieces.

Soon after, the lieutenant of the guard came in with a detail to see to the filling up of the tunnel openings. A captain of the Eighteenth Connecticut was ordered to assist in the work of filling. He refused to do such menial service, and the rebel lieutenant threatened to shoot him if he did not comply. Great excitement prevailed. Several officers of the Eighteenth stood close at hand with billets of wood, ready to avenge their comrade's death. The captain was firm. He did not move, but looking the lieutenant square in the eye, dared him to shoot. The Confederate officer's southern blood was up. Knowing that he was in the wrong he did not fire, but ordered the guard to take the captain outside, where

he was put into a dungeon and bucked and gagged. This outrage was soon known, and was communicated to our ranking officer inside, who, as I remember, was Colonel Thorpe, of the First New York dragoons. On learning the facts, he at once sent for the commandant, Captain Tabb, who was ordered to release and return the officer at once, and at the same time reminded, that unless the demand was complied with, retaliation upon rebel officers held in northern prisons would surely follow. The captain was at once released, and as he passed through the office the rebel lieutenant met him, and, apologizing, offered him a drink of whiskey. To this the captain replied, "No, sir; I never knowingly drank with a coward, and I'll be d——d if I will now!" I record this incident to show the sterling metal of which some of our Union officers were made.

July 4, Independence day, came, and although unarmed, and surrounded by an armed mob of the rebel army in the heart of the Confederacy, we decided to have a little celebration on our own account. About nine o'clock that forenoon we assembled in and around the warehouse. There was not even standing-room for all, but the writer was fortunate enough to be among those inside. Two small United States flags, about 4x6 inches, constituted all of the National emblem that we had to display, and these were placed above the north and south doors, where all could see them. The exercises opened with prayer by one of the chaplains. Then followed national and patriotic songs, and as I recall the faces of that assembly of hapless captives, I can see the tears rolling down their cheeks, some who had been long in prison breaking completely down, unable to control their emotions. As I remember it, this must have

been the most sincerely patriotic Fourth of July celebration that I have ever witnessed. Before much oratory had been indulged in, however, our celebration was cut short by the sudden appearance of our rebel keeper, Captain Tabb. Colonel Thorpe was about speaking when Captain Tabb, with drawn sword and his face white with rage, said,—“Stop this! You Yankees can't celebrate this day in Georgia. Every man of you go to your quarters!” Much talk and guying was indulged in, but our celebration of the glorious Fourth was ended. I was quite ill for some days after this, and my diary is incomplete until the 27th of July. In the mean while General Stoneman, from General Sherman's army at Atlanta, Ga., had made a raid on the city for the purpose of recapturing us, but was defeated and himself taken prisoner.

On the 10th of July one hundred and eleven officers from Grant's army, and six from Sherman's army, came in as prisoners, while 1,700 privates passed through the city on their way to Andersonville. Great excitement prevailed in the city on account of Sherman's raid, as we learned from the colored men who came in on duty, and from some of the guard who were good Union men at heart and who would give us the tip when sure that it was safe for them to do so. Nearly every issue of the *Macon Telegraph*, a most bitter Secesh sheet, making many false and absurd statements to keep up a bold front, was also smuggled in to us.

The authorities, fearing another raid for our rescue, commenced transporting us, on the 27th, to Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga. Six hundred left on the 29th, and were taken to Savannah, the rest going to Charleston. We were loaded into freight cars, there being

forty-six in our car. The weather was very hot, and we should have suffered much had the journey been long. Many were ill, but the "Johnny rebs" never started on an excursion with a more jolly crowd. We had a vain hope that Sherman's cavalry would cut the railroad, but, as we had not yet suffered enough for the cause, that night found us in the city of Savannah.

We were placed in the yard of the old United States marine hospital, the three acres of ground being enclosed by a high brick wall, while the guard was stationed on a staging erected near the top and on the outer side. The weather was intensely hot, and the brick walls surrounding the yard not only added to the heat, but also kept out what little air might be stirring. Colonel Wayne, of the First Georgia, was the commandant. He was very much of a gentleman, and stated at once that while under his command we should have enough to eat and be made as comfortable as possible. He fulfilled his promise by first issuing one hundred A tents,—a tent to every six men. Besides giving us corn-meal, he placed a hog-head of rice where we could help ourselves, and every morning, at six o'clock, he issued a pound of fresh beef to each man.

Seventy-five of the 600 who were the last to leave Macon, made their escape. August 1 the railroad over which they and ourselves had passed, was torn up and the bridges burned by Sherman's cavalry, showing how near we came to joining that army.

Notwithstanding our relatively comfortable condition, so much improved over that at Macon, plans for escaping were at once commenced, and two tunnels were nearly completed when, on August 8, a cow broke through one of them and our plans were exposed. No

further attempt was made to escape while we were at Savannah. Several officers died there, and I would not neglect to mention the loyalty and kindness displayed by the matron of the hospital, whose husband was not only true to the flag, but was serving in the field under Sherman. Unlike the hundreds who were dumped into a hole and covered with a little earth, without even a blanket for a robe, each one who died at Savannah was furnished with a coffin by this noble lady at her own expense.

Colonel Wayne not only furnished cooking utensils, but allowed lime and brick to be brought in, so that a number of nice ovens were built, adding much to our comfort and convenience. My own mess was especially favored here, for Captain Casler was appointed sutler inside the prison. In every prison sutlers were allowed, of whom we could purchase meats, vegetables, and groceries,—if we had money, and enough of it. By this means we managed to exchange our corn-meal at twenty-five cents per quart for potatoes at twenty-four dollars per bushel, and for flour at one dollar and fifty cents per pound. Books were obtained, and we passed more time in reading than in playing cards.

September 2 the surgeons and chaplains left for exchange. On the 12th, news reached us that an armistice of ten days had been agreed upon between the armies of Sherman and Hood, commencing that morning, and it was also reported that a general exchange of prisoners would be made in a few days; but only the "fresh fish" took any stock in such reports, notwithstanding orders were also received for us to be ready to leave for Charleston, S. C., the next morning.

We arrived there on the afternoon of the 13th. On

our free ride from Savannah to Charleston, in freight cars, we were guarded by the Georgia state militia, or "home guards," who were not soldiers in any sense except that they carried muskets and seemed anxious for an opportunity to use them. Owing to their familiarity with Sherman and his "bummers," who were coming nearer every day, they took advantage of this occasion to abuse us in every way possible. Arriving at Charleston, we were marched into the city jail-yard, containing less than an acre and surrounded by a brick wall twelve feet high, a place which we found in the most filthy condition possible. The jail and work-house occupied the north side, next to the street. Enough A tents to accommodate 200 out of the 600 prisoners were issued.

Besides the filth, owing to bad or no drainage, we were often flooded when it rained. Our only water, which was very brackish, was from an artesian well. Captain Mobley, of the Thirty-second Georgia, was in command. The first 600 who left Macon occupied Roper hospital, near by, and the squad that had left last occupied the north wing of the jail. From our quarters we were able to communicate with the latter. Our rations here were no better than our quarters, and this made the change from Savannah seem still worse. They consisted of corn-meal, rice, wormy beans and wormy bacon, with occasionally a small quantity of flour. The only utensils given us were a few iron kettles; but our men had toted our piece of old stove-top along, hence we could fry griddle-cakes when we had fuel. At one time we were four days without wood.

The only pleasure and recreation that we had was obtained from watching the shells as they came, almost continuously, from the Federal guns on Morris island.

In the daytime, as well as by night, we could see the fiery fuses, looking like big comets, coming directly towards us. As the gunners on the island knew our location, few pieces of shell struck in the yard or on the jail, and no one there was injured, though other buildings were set on fire nearly every day and night. On one occasion, the 18th, the buildings across the street from us were ablaze. The city fire department was on hand to extinguish the flames, but our gunners dropped their shells so near and fast that the firemen were driven away, and it was reported that thirty buildings were destroyed. The cursing on the outside, and the cheering and singing by "we-uns" on the inside, of the prison, made it a night never to be forgotten.

On the 22d, Gen. B. F. Butler's letter on the exchange of prisoners, in which he stated that there could be no exchange unless the colored soldiers were included, was published in the Charleston *Mercury*. These terms were bitterly denounced by the *Mercury*, as well as by the whole Confederate government, but nearly every officer in our prison sustained the general, who at that time was their commissioner of exchange.

On the 26th, about sixty out of the 600, including my own mess of six, were transferred to the work-house, or jail, about 200 more were paroled and sent over to the Roper and Marine hospitals, eighty-six were sent down to Broad street, and the remainder kept in the yard. Lieutenant Duren and myself occupied the south end cell, on the west side, in the second story of the corridor, the remaining four of our mess being placed on the floor below. This cell was of solid masonry, with a heavy, iron-grating door. Fortunately the turnkey never came around, and we were allowed to go in and

out at will, as did all others, and once a day we were permitted to stay in the yard an hour. We missed the pleasure of watching the shells come over from Morris island, but otherwise were much better provided for than at our old quarters, being out of the hot midday sun, as well as the wet and filth, so that we could keep comparatively clean, and were less troubled with "gray-backs." The sanitary accommodations of both the yard and jail, however, were little better than are usually given to dumb animals.

We had many good jolly comrades with us at all times, who could make life endurable even under the most adverse circumstances. It was here that I first became acquainted with Lieut. W. A. McGinnis, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, whose genuine Irish wit and humor would cause the most forlorn to laugh through his tears.

On the 27th of September we read Jeff Davis's speech on the "Situation and Condition of the Two Opposing, Rebel and Union, Forces," published in the Charleston *Mercury* of that date, having been delivered in Macon, Ga., the day before. In its editorial the *Mercury* called it a slim affair, and charged him with misrepresenting the facts. On the same date General Stoneman left us for exchange. On the 29th a blockade runner came into prison and offered to exchange rebel money for bills of exchange on United States paymasters, United States banks, or business firms in the North, offering two dollars for one, in rebel money, on the face value. At that time thirty dollars in rebel money was worth only one dollar in greenbacks, yet nearly all accepted this opportunity of bettering their condition, even if it did come high. We were then paying in rebel money the

following prices: One peck of potatoes, eleven dollars; eggs, six dollars per dozen; milk, one dollar and fifty cents per quart; soda, eight dollars per pound; bread, one dollar and twenty-five cents per small loaf; onions, fifty cents each; and molasses, six dollars per quart.

I made out a power of attorney on a United States paymaster for fifty dollars, receiving therefor one hundred dollars in Confederate money. Lieutenant Duren gave me his note for twenty-five dollars as a guaranty of his share of the venture, and I think it was Captain Casler who gave a bill of exchange for a like amount. We might just as well have doubled or tripled the amount, but rumors were current that a general exchange was near at hand, in which case we did not care to have a great amount of Confederate notes on our hands, at that price. How much we afterwards regretted one of our greatest mistakes, the reader will imagine on reading of our experience of five months more of prison life. I remember inquiring of the blockade runner (whose name I do not find recorded) how much of the paper he expected to run through the blockade and collect. His reply was, "All of it; and if we collect one fourth of the face values, our profits will be quite satisfactory," intimating that the rebel money had cost but little.

We soon after learned, through legal counsel among our number, that he could not legally collect a dollar. About two months after my discharge from the army, and after I had settled my accounts with the United States government, I received a notice from a lawyer in New York to the effect that he held my power of attorney on a United States paymaster, and wanted to know the name of the paymaster whom he should

draw on. To this I have never replied, and to this day my only regret is that we did not obtain a much larger amount. I still hold the note against Duren, which I prize as a relic, and which is not on the market at any price.

The next day, which was the 30th of September, all the navy officers left for exchange. On the following day one of the colored prisoners, who had been placed in the west wing of the prison, was shot in a most brutal manner for no other offence than looking out of the window. They said that he was "only a nigger," yet the officers who were with us, and who had been confined in Libby prison, alleged that they had been shot at for the same offence. Fortunately our own location in the corridors was so far from the outside windows that we could give the guard no opportunity to shoot. In fact, we saw very little of the rebel guard, or of the outside world in general.

Although not exposed to the weather, the close confinement in this dark, damp, dungeon-like place, with the poorest kind of rations and not half enough of them, began to tell on our spirits and on our health as well. "Yellow Jack" had also been making himself known inside the jail, although not to such an alarming extent as outside, and the order to be ready to leave with one day's cooked rations was received with far greater rejoicing than the reader can imagine. October 5, at four o'clock in the morning, we left the jail and marched to the depot, where we took the train for Columbia, S. C. How glorious it was to find ourselves in the open fresh air! But what sights met our eyes on either hand! Buildings were knocked to pieces by shot and shell, while many had been burned; and with the exception of

a few colored people and rebel soldiers, the city seemed deserted. In many of the streets through which we passed we saw the grass growing up through the pavements, proving that the prostration of the life and business of the city had not been of recent date.

Visiting the city again in 1890, I saw a great change in its looks and appearance. On going to my old quarters in the jail, I found the yard and outside of the buildings the same as when I was lodged therein in 1864. The inside, however, had been wholly remodelled, and was fitted up with more modern improvements than in our day. One thing that I missed, and which I have not before mentioned, was the old gallows, which formerly stood on the south side, within the yard; this had been removed.

How often we have heard it said, both during and since the war, "The negro is no good!" Yet in 1890 the jailer, who was too ill to be on duty, was the only white officer. The officer in charge, and all the others, were colored; and this was not by any means an isolated case, as I learned by travelling through the South. I was more impressed then than ever before, with the thought that no race of people, after years of slavery and bondage, would have made much better progress towards caring for themselves under like circumstances.

Arriving at Columbia, on the morning of October 6, 1864, we were corralled in the depot yard, and guarded by the Columbia cadets. Words fail to express our sufferings as we huddled together in that small space, with no shelter from the continuous rain, and with nothing to eat until the morning of the 7th except what was left from the one day's ration issued on the night of the 4th. That morning Lieuts. E. B. Parker and H. R.

Chase, of the First Vermont heavy artillery, were brought in, having been captured after making their escape, with about one hundred others, on the way from Charleston. Both had been badly bitten by bloodhounds, from the effects of which Parker died on the 13th. The rebels maintained that he died of yellow-fever, and it is no wonder they desired to make it appear that such was the case.

That same day (the 7th) in the afternoon we were marched across the Congaree river, and two miles west of the city, to Camp Sorghum, where we camped in an open field, occupying about four acres and bounded on two sides, west and south, by second-growth pine timber. We were surrounded by a strong guard of the Thirty-second Georgia. Stakes, driven into the ground ten feet inside the guard line, formed what was called the "dead line," with stricter orders against transgressing than at Macon. We had no shelter, except what we made ourselves from brush and pine boughs. They gave us neither ax, spade, shovel, nor cooking utensils. The latter we had little use for, however, since they issued for a day's ration only one pint of corn-meal, ground cob and all, one gill of sorghum, a teaspoonful of salt, and a very small piece of soap. Not a mouthful of meat was dealt out for one hundred and thirty days, and that, too, at a time of the year when we most needed it. How we wished that we had our old commandant, Colonel Wayne, who fed us so generously when in Savannah!

October 8 several of the officers received boxes of clothing, etc., from home, and there was also a box from the Sanitary commission, containing shirts, drawers, quilts, towels, and handkerchiefs, which were distributed among the most needy. All the boxes had been opened

by the rebel officer in charge, and many had been rifled of the most valuable articles of clothing.

Of the 100 officers who escaped when coming from Charleston, almost all were recaptured, being brought in in squads nearly every day. Several died here of yellow-fever, but the open air and frosty nights soon froze it out. October 20 eight axes and eight shovels were issued for the 1,500 of us to use. The reader can imagine how busily those axes were kept at work, from early morn until dark, in obtaining wood for fuel and shelter. Still, we so arranged it among ourselves that there was no quarrelling or faultfinding.

At first the guard line was extended for an hour each day, but the distance soon became so great that they would allow four and six to go out with one guard. Taking advantage of this, some would run for dear life, while others would capture the guard and start for Sherman's lines. Then they commenced paroling us, and these paroles were copied and forged, and escapes were of every-day occurrence. Below is a form of the parole issued :

CONFEDERATE STATES MILITARY PRISON.

October 15, 1864.

I, _____, prisoner-of-war, confined near the city of Columbia, S. C., Confederate States of America, do pledge my parole, as a military man and a man of honor, that I will not attempt to escape from the prison authorities, nor pass beyond the prison limits more than three quarters of a mile, and at the expiration of the time named in the parole [six hours] I will return promptly to the adjutant's office and have the same revoked.

It is understood by me that this parole is voluntary on my part, and that it is given with a view to securing privileges which cannot otherwise be obtained.

[Signed] _____



HARRY HALE (ORIN VARNEY), Co. K.

The cold weather was fast approaching, and death from starvation and exposure was staring us in the face. We had no rest nights, when we could barely keep warm by walking. Sleep was obtained only by day, as the heat of the sun gave opportunity. Many were too sick or too feeble to attempt an escape, but those who were able ran the risk of being shot by the guards, while they crawled up near the dead line and behind some of the huts, where a squad of four, six, or more, would wait for an opportune moment, when one of their number would volunteer to rush in between the guards and draw their fire. The remainder would then run for liberty and "God's country," with clubs in their hands to ward off a bayonet charge. Some of us were always posted as to the number who had made their escape each day and night, so as to make the count good at the roll-call which came every morning at eight o'clock. The rebel authorities knew, or thought they knew, by this roll-call how many had made their escape, but they got badly mixed sometimes in their count, from the fact that many were captured and returned.

The weather was so cold, and we were so very thinly clad, that we were drawn up in line by fours, and as fast as those on the right of the line were counted they were allowed to break ranks and return to quarters. Then about the same number as had escaped would form on the left, and be again counted. This trick worked well until on one cold morning (November 6) we were ordered to remain in line until all were counted. Our captors then learned that three hundred and twenty were missing, leaving eleven hundred and forty-seven in camp. Of course they were mad, but they could only call it "a d——d Yankee trick." They afterwards made us all

stand in line until counted, but this did not stop our officers from running the dead line and the risk of being shot, for nearly every night two or more would escape. Quite a number were hit, but I have no record of any one being killed or mortally wounded. Many of those who had been recaptured made their escape again, some not remaining inside the camp more than one night. My friend, Lieut. D. C. Edwards of the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, and O. M. McCall of the Second Maryland, with pieces of blanket tied on their feet in place of shoes, were among the lucky ones. I was too ill to even make the attempt, but listened to many thrilling adventures of those who had tried and been recaptured. Generally the escapers fared better outside the prison than they did inside, for the colored people were always ready to divide their last morsel of food, and ran great risk of losing their own lives in procuring food and in piloting the fugitives to safe hiding-places.

No more loyal people ever lived than these same colored people who assisted Union officers in getting through to our lines. Although they had been in bondage as slaves since their birth, knowing little except to obey their masters, I have never learned of a single instance where they betrayed the trust reposed in them. When Union officers were secreted in their houses, which were usually located near those of their masters, they would, when threatened, deny all knowledge of any strangers being about their premises. I will relate only one instance to show their devotion to our cause :

A party of escaped prisoners had reached a town not safe to pass through, and hemmed in on either side by a dense forest and swamp. They could hear the barking of the bloodhounds who were following on their tracks,

and presently they saw a colored man approaching them, bridle in hand, to catch a horse. They were on the edge of the woods, and as they gave a low whistle to him, he first looked cautiously around to see if any one were in sight, and then came to them. "Law sakes, massa!" he exclaimed, "De whole town be out huntin' you-uns, and massa done send me arter this 'ere hoss so he kin go too. Duz you hear them 'ere hounds? Well, them be fer you. Massa kill me, shuah, if I don' fetch this 'ere hoss quick, but I 'se gwine ter show you where ter go ter fin' 'nother cullud man [giving his name] on t'other side the swamp, an' he'll show you-uns funder on." He piloted them through the swamp, and then returned for the horse. The party was afterwards overtaken, but the officer who related to myself and others this instance of the fidelity of our colored allies said, "I have always been a Democrat, and naturally a nigger-hater, but henceforth I will allow no one to abuse him by word or deed in my presence, for no white man has dared to do or sacrifice more for his brother than these colored people who have fed and protected us."

On the 7th fifteen of the recaptured officers were brought in, some of them barefooted, and with what little clothing they had on in rags. They said, however, that they fared better outside than inside the prison. On the 12th three hundred boxes of clothing and eatables, and fifty letters which had contained money, were received. Many of the boxes had been robbed, but not quite as many as before. Captain Manley, of our mess, received a small box of underclothing, which was a great help to him, and incidentally to us. All the money had been taken out of the letters by the Confederates. Captain Manley should have received ten dollars in gold, by

express, but instead of delivering it to him, the authorities gave him an order on the sutler for three hundred and thirty-three dollars worth of goods. The reader may inquire why the rebels did not deliver the money. The answer is that there may have been more than one reason, but the most potent one was the fear of our bribing the guards. On the 15th I find recorded in my diary our great sufferings from cold and hunger, ice forming in the water-buckets half an inch thick, and no rations, not even our usual standby of corn-meal and sorghum, being issued on that day or the next. Besides, there was our common enemy, the body lice, the fighting of which took most of our leisure time. Job's comforters and ground itch were also added. Could Job of old have suffered more?

On the 16th of November our mess commenced building a log house, 10 x 7 x 4 feet, with a pitched roof covered with long split-pine shingles. We had on the outside at one end a fire-place, made of sticks and mud. There was a small hole in the opposite end through which we crawled in and out. Our strength would not allow us to work long at a time, and, moreover, we could have the ax only by turns, one ax doing duty for a hundred men. We finished the building, and moved in December 4. What luxury and comfort that poor substitute for a house afforded us in our weakened condition, none but those who have had a similar experience will ever know. On the 15th of November we received news of Lincoln's election, and there was great rejoicing throughout the camp. Our pitiable condition was for a moment forgotten, while cheer after cheer went up for "President Abraham Lincoln!" "Old Glory!" and "Our cause!" Not so, however, with our rebel guard. They looked

sullen and mad, and our rations after this were smaller and poorer, if possible, than before.

December 3, Lieutenant Turbayne of the Sixty-sixth New York was shot dead by one of the guards without the least provocation. He was walking along the promenade, with an ax on his shoulder, towards the west side of the camp where we all went for wood, when one of the guard in his rear ordered him to halt. The lieutenant halted at once, and turned around. As he turned, the guard, a Mr. Williams of Newbury Court-house, South Carolina, shot him, the ball passing through his lungs. The lieutenant staggered, fell, and died in a few minutes. Many others as well as myself saw the shooting, but not only did Major Griswold, the rebel commandant, refuse to investigate the matter, but after the murderer had been relieved by the officer of the day, he sent him back the same afternoon to do duty on the front line. The next morning he came into camp surrounded by a strong body-guard, for fear that our officers would do violence to him. This kind of shooting occurred all too often, and no one knew whose life was next to be sacrificed to satisfy the greed of bloodthirsty devils. The next day, December 4, orders were issued that there would be no more going outside after wood, either under guard or with a parole of honor, and what little wood we had after that was brought in by colored men.

As stated above, no meat of any kind was issued, but there were two occasions on which a small quantity was received without rebel orders. Once was when two of their fine bloodhounds, used in chasing negroes and Yankees, happened to run in between the guard into camp. Although the most diligent search was made by the rebel authorities, with cursing and threats, neither

hide, hair, nor bones of those dogs could ever be found. The other time was soon after this occurrence, when an old, wild, black hog, in first-class running order, crossed the guard and that fatal dead line into camp. What a rush a hundred or more famished men made after that wild hog! Former or present military rank had no distinction, and in less time than it takes to write it that "porker" had been cut into small pieces and was being cooked. Every part, even to the entrails, was cleaned and utilized for food. The following was written and posted up by our "wandering poet of New Hampshire:"

"The black hog was seen when running through camp,
Each man forgetting starvation and cramp.
Grunts of the hog and its running were vain,
Never will he be on that camp-ground again."

On the 9th of December some two hundred left for exchange, including seventy-five special exchanges, the rest being sick or wounded. Among the number who left was one of our messmates, Capt. J. A. Manley, also Capt. S. F. Murray, Second United States sharpshooters of New Hampshire, and Col. H. R. Stoughton, Second United States sharpshooters of Vermont. By the latter I sent letters home which I am sure would not have gone through the rebel mail inspection, but would have been retained as contraband of war.

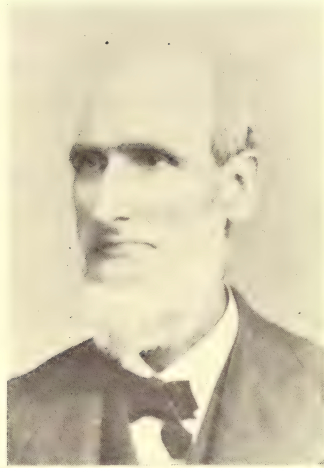
The 12th of December, a cold, cheerless day, we received orders to pack, and were marched to the yard of the insane asylum, which was situated on the east side of the city of Columbia, South Carolina. The yard was on the east side of the asylum, and was surrounded on three sides by a brick wall twelve feet high, inclosing about one acre. A staging was built on the outside

of this wall, where the guard were posted. There was no means of escape here except by tunnelling, which was tried without success. The mad-house, used by us as a hospital, was the only building inside this yard, except a mere shell in the north-east corner, twenty-four feet square and divided into two rooms. This was a model from which others were to have been built, to accommodate all the prisoners, but the lack of lumber prevented. We lived there two months in the coldest weather, not one third of the men having quarters. Some old tents and pieces of tents were brought in, which served to cover the mouth of a hole made in the ground. It was my fortune, with seventeen other comrades, to assist in completing a building, constructed after the plan of the above-mentioned model, in the north-east corner of the yard. With a double fire-place in the centre, built of sticks and mud, we could have been quite comfortable had we had plenty of fuel. One small stick of pine wood, about the length and size of your arm, was a day's allowance per man, and some days no wood was issued. The only luxury that we enjoyed here was plenty of good, pure water, from a hydrant located within the yard.

On the same day that we came here, December 12, we were joined by seventy-five more officers, who had been confined in the city jail. Lieut. George H. Drew, of Company A of my own regiment, who was captured at the Petersburg mine explosion, was among the number, also Lieut. and Adj. J. H. Gallagher of the Fourth Vermont, an old acquaintance and an employé of my father before the war. As we now recall it, it seems tame to say that our meeting and handshake were cordial.

Our rations here were the same as at Camp Sorghum. They consisted of corn-meal and a small quantity of sorghum—no meat of any kind. On the 23d of December Colonel Shedd of the Thirteenth Illinois, at that time our senior officer, petitioned our rebel commander, Colonel Griswold, to provide something better for a general Christmas dinner. Of course the request was not granted. Our mess, however, was more fortunate than many, for, having a little Confederate money left, we decided to celebrate Christmas with a good dinner of beefsteak, sweet potatoes, onions, and butter. As we could not obtain United States coffee, we provided in its stead coffee made from burnt corn-meal, the flavor of which you will never appreciate until you try it. The expense account in my diary states that the dinner for our mess of five cost twenty-five dollars, Confederate money. Lieut. G. W. Chandler of the First West Virginia cavalry, and Maj. J. E. Pratt of the Fourth Vermont, succeeded in obtaining two violins, a bass viol, and a flute, and with this band of music in the afternoon and evening we had a Christmas greeting never to be forgotten by those present.

I had been suffering much from chills and fever, and on January 2, 1865, was taken to the mad-house used then as a hospital for sick and disabled Union officers. I was fortunate in securing a bunk next to the wall at one end of the second story, where I could put my feet against the chimney, in which there was a fire-place. A fire in this furnished the only warmth in the room, and much of the time we were without fuel. There were about twenty-five patients on that floor, and as many more in the room below. The surgeon in charge was Dr. A. R. Rouzie, from Tappahannock, Essex county,



SERGT. CHARLES H. LITTLE, CO. K.



SERGT. JOHN R. HALL, CO. K.



SERGT. JOHN R. RUNNALS, CO. E.

Virginia, a rank rebel, but very much of a gentleman and having a kindly nature. He had very little medicine except boneset, made from thoroughwort, but he made up for this lack by telling stories, at which he was an adept. He spent an hour or more each day in this occupation, and left us with more smiles than tears, and with our aches and pains for the time forgotten. Either I was a special favorite, or the doctor did not want it known that they had any whiskey; at any rate, I accepted his own proposition that I needed the stimulant, and he brought me up a small vial on condition that I use it unknown to the other patients. This resulted in my taking several small drinks all by myself each day. I have always kept a warm spot in my heart for the doctor, and it has been my privilege and pleasure to correspond with him since the war.

On January 4 we were paid for the extra sorghum molasses which we had not drawn. The amount was between four and five thousand dollars at rebel prices, and we received beef and potatoes for the same, causing many who had almost given up the hope of living to see home and friends again, to take on a new lease of life. On the 7th rebel troops passed through the city. We were informed by the guard and by colored men that they were Kenshaw's brigade, Longstreet's corps, Lee's army, and were on their way to re-enforce General Hardee.

Sundays passed about the same as is usual in military camp life, but without the morning inspection and afternoon dress parade. This day was always more quiet than others, and there were preaching services by the chaplains, or by some of the city ministers, when the weather would permit. A Rev. Mr. Dow, Episcopa-

lian, of Columbia, preached to us on the 15th. On the 17th I paid thirty dollars in rebel money for having my shoes repaired. On the 18th we learned that Fort Fisher had been captured by our forces—news which caused great rejoicing. On the 25th, Lieutenant Henderson, whose bunk was near my own, died of typhoid pneumonia, of which there were many cases.

On the 26th gold in New York was quoted at 187½, and on the same date I gave a bill of exchange to the rebel sutler, John A. Bowen, for fifty dollars, made payable at the Northfield (Vt.) bank by my brother, Stephen P. Wilcox. My memorandum does not give the amount of Confederate money received, but I think it was five dollars for one gold dollar, a total of two hundred and fifty dollars. On the 28th it was reported that one dollar in gold, in Richmond, brought twenty in Confederate money. On the 7th of February the rebel General Winder died. He was born and lived in Baltimore, Md., before the war, and was at one time our commander—a most cruel one. We put on no badges of mourning on that occasion.

February 13, at six o'clock in the afternoon, we received orders to be ready to leave the next day. The next afternoon 600 were marched to the depot to take the train. A large number of these, however, the guard had to return, on account of the crowd of citizens who were anxious to leave before General Sherman's troops captured the city, and who took possession of the cars in defiance of the military force at hand. The next afternoon (the 15th) those of us in the hospital were marched to the depot. Before leaving, several officers were helped up through a small opening in the ceiling into the attic of the hospital, where they secreted themselves, and

where they intended to remain until General Sherman, whose cavalry was reported to be only fifteen miles away, captured the city. Whether or not they succeeded in their venture, I never learned.

The wildest excitement prevailed, and when we finally reached the depot, it seemed to us that the whole population of the city, men, women, and children, was there, each loaded with gripsacks and bundles, and making a mad rush for the long train of cars. It was an amusing sight to us, and feeling sure that it was no false alarm, we were more willing to remain than to board the train. But more troops had arrived, and we were soon marched to the cars through the crowd, and started for Charlotte, N. C. We had little to eat, and were packed with less care than would be used in shipping dumb beasts, but the thought of the possibility of Sherman's cavalry cutting the railroad before we should reach North Carolina caused us to almost forget our sufferings. We had proceeded about forty miles when the train ran into a large herd of cattle which was being driven northward to escape Sherman's cavalry. The engine was thrown from the track, and the colored fireman and two cows were killed. Our guard dressed the beef, giving us what they could not use. We did not start again until the next afternoon at two o'clock. Four long, heavily-loaded trains were waiting behind us, and a more panic-stricken crowd of soldiers and citizens you could not imagine. Not so with us; we had not been so happy for months. It was a regular picnic, with a free ride towards liberty and "God's country." We could not refrain from bantering our guards on the situation.

We arrived at Charlotte that evening, remaining on the cars until the next morning, when we were marched

to a camp about a half mile west of the city. Our rebel commander, Major Griswold, received a despatch that morning, stating that we were all to be exchanged at once. There were many, however, who took no stock in that kind of news, saying it was the same old gag to keep us quiet and to hold us easily with their small force of old men and boys, and before we reached camp over one hundred made their escape by running the guard. My long-time bed-fellow, Lieutenant Duren, and Lieutenant Drew of my own regiment, were among the number. Many shots were fired by the guard, but my diary records but one hit—Lieut. T. E. Evans was shot in the leg.

We received a large mail that morning. Letters from relatives and friends were hailed with greater pleasure than words can express. Nothing could stimulate the sick and discouraged more than these communications from home, although some of them had been months on the way. A letter received that morning from my mother was dated November 22, 1864.

The weather was cold. Snow-banks could be seen on the higher ground, and we walked all that night to keep warm. The next day (February 19) Lieutenants Duren and Drew, with many others, were brought in, having been recaptured at a bridge about twelve miles from the city. Capt. W. D. Lucas, of the Fifth New York cavalry, gave me one hundred and seventy-six dollars in Confederate bills, and my record also states that I gave him my note for thirteen dollars, payable in gold. This could not last long, but furnished our mess with meat and vegetables for a few days.

At three o'clock that afternoon three hundred of us were put on the cars, and arrived at Greensboro, N. C.,

at five o'clock the next morning. Here we saw the first installment of our paroled enlisted men, about one thousand passing us on flat-bottomed cars. Our guards protested and threatened, but they could not prevent the exchange of cheer after cheer for "Our flag!" "Our cause!" and "President Lincoln!" We arrived, about noon of the 21st, at Morrisville, where we remained in the cars until two o'clock the next morning. While waiting here some one managed to obtain some apple brandy, or "apple-jack," as it was better known in war times. Stimulants of any kind had long been strangers to the most ardent imbiber, and we were not, physically, in a condition to stand up against that kind of fluid. It was wonderful how little of that "jack" it took to make a man appear to feel as though he owned the whole earth and all there was in it.

We arrived at Raleigh, N. C., that same forenoon, remaining on the cars until the next day, the 23d, when we signed our paroles. On the 24th, while en route to a camp three miles out from the city, the engine ran off the track. We were on platform cars, and the track ran along a high bank, but fortunately the train was running slowly and stopped before going off the bank, though several of our number were injured by jumping off. Lieutenant McCutcheon, of our mess, sprained his ankle badly. His misfortune, however, proved to be more of a blessing than otherwise, both to him and the mess, for, while the rest had to march nearly two miles to camp, we were allowed to lodge in a cabin occupied by a colored family. With us, also, were Lieutenants Jones and Belcher, sick with fever. How ready the poor colored people were to give everything they had to make us comfortable, none but those who shared the hospitality of

the race under like circumstances can ever know! They were always willing and glad to make any sacrifice for the Union soldiers and their cause.

I went to the city one day after medicine for the sick ones, in company with the rebel lieutenant of the guard, Lieutenant Hull, and was fortunate in obtaining my first good square meal of fried ham and eggs, sweet potatoes, rolls, and pure Yankee coffee. That dinner will never be forgotten.

On the 25th, all of us except the two sick officers, Jones and Belcher, went to camp in company with the rebel surgeon, Dr. Rouzie. On the 27th we were again on the cars, arriving at Goldsboro the same afternoon, where we camped. Near by was a much larger detachment of our enlisted men, who also had but just arrived. Soon after our arrival the citizens brought in a large quantity of provisions, many of which were turned over to the starved and emaciated comrades from Andersonville and other prisons. All the blankets that could possibly be spared were disposed of in a like manner. The citizens of Goldsboro may not have all been Union people, but their sympathies were so touched by the awful condition of the human beings whom they saw in that camp that they rendered such aid as they could while we were there. On the 28th we signed another parole, the first having been incorrect, or, as the rebels put it, not binding enough. Possibly it was not, but the meeting of Grant and Lee at Appomattox, only a few weeks afterwards, resulted in their not having occasion to enforce that or any other parole.

Time will never efface our thoughts of home as we boarded the train for Wilmington, at five o'clock in the afternoon of February 28. We arrived at Rocky Point

station the next morning. At ten o'clock we passed by twos between a file of Union and Confederate soldiers, and were counted. What a pleasure it was to look upon the blue uniform and equipments of our own soldiers once more! Assistant Commissioner Hatch of the Confederate States of America, General Abbott of the United States of America, and Colonel Rawlins of the Seventh regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, were present and superintended the counting.

After marching about two miles, we were halted, and partook of our first regular army rations of hard bread, boiled beef, and coffee, which I assure you never had tasted as good before. Resuming our march, we soon reached a large camp of Federal soldiers just outside the city. We caught the first view of this as we emerged from the woods about five hundred yards distant, and it is impossible to describe our enthusiasm as our eyes once more gazed on the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. Many had not looked on the flag for more than two years. Not a dry eye could be seen, and not a few sat down in their tracks and, like children, had a good cry. It was one of the most touching scenes of the war. The encampment was of colored troops, and they had erected a large arch of evergreen and United States flags for us to pass under as we entered their camp. Many of the darkies came out on the road to meet us, and taking the most feeble on their backs, carried them through the camp to the city. I regret that I cannot give the name or number of this regiment.

One hundred of us were quartered in a church that night. The pews were cushioned, blankets had been issued to us, and no one was kept awake by others marching around to keep warm, or to see how long they

could sit up, smoke, and tell stories. I doubt if more fervent silent prayers ever went up in that church before or since. That same afternoon we met Sergt. William H. Hartwell of Company I, George H. Brown of Company F, and several other comrades of our regiment, who were quartered in a big cotton warehouse with a large number of other prisoners who had just arrived from Florence and Andersonville. From these I learned the sad fate of many comrades who had died from starvation and exposure, and who had been captured on the same day as myself at Spottsylvania Court-house. I very much regret that I did not record the facts and data in regard to them, but in the hurry of the moment, coupled with the pleasure of seeing those living, I failed to do so.

The next day, which was March 2, 600 of us went on board the steam propeller *Eutrope*. While waiting on the wharf, we saw going aboard another steamer the enlisted men from Florence and Andersonville. A very large number of them had to be carried on stretchers; others walked, supported by two colored soldiers. Agents of the United States Sanitary commission were there, stationed on either side with barrels of milk punch, each one as he passed receiving a cupful. The terrible scenes of suffering humanity that we witnessed on that occasion will ever linger in memory. The piteous moans, meant to express thanks and thoughts of home and friends, uttered by those poor comrades were enough to break the stoutest heart. All were half naked, and what clothing they had on was in rags, and filthy from dirt, vermin, and their own excrement. They were mere skeletons, covered by a thin skin which was pierced with running sores alive with maggots. Their faces were black with smoke and exposure incident to camp life in



HENRY O. SARGENT, Co. E.



LIEUT. JOHN C. SAMPSON, Co. E.



EDWIN F. FOSTER, Co. E.



ALBERT H. DAVIS, Co. E.

a tropical climate, and altogether they were changed beyond recognition by their nearest of kin.

We asked ourselves then, as we do now, Is it possible that a civilized and Christian people could allow such torture of human flesh and blood, and commit such a sin against God and man, for the malevolent purpose of perpetuating negro slavery? Thirty years have passed and gone since the war, and we long ago forgave our then mortal enemies, but we believe that our posterity and coming generations should know something of what suffering, starvation, and torture it cost to overthrow slavery and secession. Some may accuse us of "flaunting the bloody shirt," but if the telling or writing of these historical facts is unpatriotic, then those who took part in that great war for the Union are not, and never have been, patriots.

That afternoon we steamed down the river, and anchored for the night opposite Fort Fisher. Going over the bar next morning at high tide, we were soon out at sea. The voyage around Cape Hatteras was rough. Nearly all were seasick, and the accommodations for that or any other illness were not adequate for the number on board. Fortunately Lieutenant Duren and myself were among the well ones this time, and helped care for others. Delayed by storm and fog, we did not reach Annapolis, Md., until Sunday, March 5, at noon. We marched through the streets just as the residents of the city were returning from church service.

The news of our arrival soon spread, and we shall never forget that crowd of men, women, and children who gathered around to greet us. Barefooted, ragged, hatless though we were, none ever received a more cordial welcome. We reported at once to Captain Davis

of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, commanding College Green hospital. At that hospital we signed our pay-rolls and applications for a leave of absence, then reported to Dr. Vanderkeift, the surgeon in charge of the hospital. The experience of the first night in that hospital was a novel one. We tried to sleep on a soft cot between clean white sheets, but finally had to spread blankets on the hard pine floor in order to obtain a night's rest. The next day, March 6, we were given two months pay by Major Wilson, he being the first United States paymaster I had seen since Maj. Henry W. Scoville had paid off our regiment at Cumberland Gap, Kentucky, in March, 1863.

I reported at Annapolis at the expiration of my leave, with the intention and expectation of rejoining my regiment; but in the mean time Generals Lee and Johnston had surrendered, the war was over, and the war department at Washington had issued General Order No. 82, discharging all prisoners-of-war. It would have been a great pleasure to me to have rejoined my regiment and to have returned to New Hampshire with it, but under the above order we were obliged to accept our discharge from the United States service on the 15th day of May, 1865. It was my fortune and pleasure, however, to witness soon after in Washington the review and parade of that grand old army of veterans who had won the victory and saved the nation. It was also my privilege, while in Washington settling up my accounts with the United States government, to obtain a card of admittance to the trial of Mrs. Surratt and her fellow-conspirators in the assassination of President Lincoln.

The greatest of civil wars, ancient or modern, has passed into history. We do not forget its terrible cruel-

ties, nor the death and destruction wrought by those who would have destroyed the nation; but we forgive. In the words of that great commander of the Union army, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, "Let us have peace;" and may this continue until this nation shall stand as a monument for all other nations to gaze upon with wonder and admiration.

The reader cannot imagine the welcome home that we received from our family and friends, and none but those who had the same experience can realize the great change from the life we had been living.

LIST OF PRISONERS CAPTURED MAY 12, 1864, NINTH
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, SECOND BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS.

| | NAMES. | Sergeants. | Corporals. | Privates. | |
|-------|----------------------------------|------------|------------|-----------|-----------------|
| Co. A | E. W. Archer | | I | | Wounded. |
| " | A. McKusick | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | J. L. Archer | | | I | Died Sept. 1. |
| " | L. Myers | | | I | |
| " | Pat Reynolds | | | I | |
| " | John McCoy | | | I | |
| Co. B | A. Paul Horne | | I | | Wounded. |
| Co. C | O. Hutchinson | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | B. C. Buswell | I | | | |
| " | S. Allen | | | I | Died July. |
| " | T. P. Conrey | | | I | Died September. |
| " | S. S. Simes | | | I | Died July. |
| Co. D | P. McDonald | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | S. M. Piersons | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | G. A. Ginnis | | I | | |
| " | L. Mitchel | | | I | Took oath. |
| " | M. F. Phelps | | | I | Died September. |
| Co. E | F. O. Riley | | I | | |
| " | Charles S. Stevens | | I | | |
| " | E. Bragg | | I | | |
| " | Isaac Wooster | | | I | |
| " | Single | | | I | |
| Co. F | Lieut. Chas. W. Wilcox | | | | |
| " | George Brown | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | T. W. Emerson | | | I | |
| " | O. Flanders | | | I | Died Sept. 1. |
| " | George H. Brown | | | I | |
| Co. G | H. Page | | I | | Took oath. |
| Co. H | C. B. Hussey | | I | | Wounded. |
| " | Peter Dirrin | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | O. B. Warren | I | | | |
| " | A. Davis | | I | | |
| " | A. W. Hartwell | | I | | |

LIST OF PRISONERS CAPTURED MAY 12, 1864, NINTH
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, SECOND BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS.

| | NAMES. | Sergeants. | Corporals. | Privates. | |
|-------|---------------------------------|------------|------------|-----------|-------------------|
| Co. H | C. W. Morse | | | I | |
| " | A. W. Pearl | | | I | |
| " | H. H. Moulton | | | I | |
| Co. K | Hall | I | | | Wounded severely. |
| " | P. A. Smith | | I | | Wounded. |
| " | A. S. Brown | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | S. C. Chisley | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | A. R. Davis | | I | | |
| " | A. A. Young | | I | | |
| " | D. Lenox | | | I | |
| " | H. P. Kingsbury | | | I | |
| " | William Smith | | | I | Deserter. |
| " | Alex. Thompson | | | I | |
| " | John Jones | | | I | |
| Co. L | Thomas Murphy | I | | | Wounded. |
| " | B. Robertson | | | I | Wounded. |
| " | William F. White | | | I | |
| " | J. S. Pewtown | I | | | |
| " | William F. Miles | | I | | |
| " | J. Smith | | | I | |
| " | M. Whalen | | | I | |
| " | A. Meek | | | I | |
| " | J. Thompson | | | I | |
| " | G. Nollett | | | I | |
| " | G. Mendall | | | I | |
| " | Whitenhouser | | | I | |
| " | G. Hedrick | | | I | |
| " | William Troutman | | | I | |
| " | G. Bennewith | | | I | |
| " | Charles Huddle | | | I | |
| | Ninth Regiment proper | 3 | 13 | 30 | |
| | Company L | 2 | 1 | 13 | |
| | Total | 5 | 14 | 43 | One Lieutenant. |

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRISONERS-OF-WAR IN SALISBURY, ANDERSONVILLE, FLORENCE, AND BELLE ISLE.

SUFFERINGS AT SALISBURY.

By Sergt. W. A. McGarrett.

I was captured, with a number of others of the Ninth New Hampshire, on the 30th of September, 1864, at the Battle of the South Side Railroad, near Petersburg, Va. I was on the skirmish line, and we were ordered to advance to the road and hold the stone wall on the opposite side. We reached the road, and just then a line of rebels stood up on the other side of the wall and fired into our line of battle in our rear. Our skirmishers, on seeing this line, dropped, and the rebel bullets went whistling over our heads. The rebels then advanced against our line of battle, and captured all of the skirmishers and a part of the men in the line, the most of whom were wounded. A second line of rebels was concealed back of this wall, who immediately took charge of us, robbing us of our knapsacks, haversacks, shoes, and whatever suited their fancy. They charged five dollars for a canteen of water, and we were left in an exposed position until after the firing had ceased, during which time three of our men were severely wounded and one of the guards was shot from our batteries.

We were then taken to Petersburg jail, and had our names recorded, together with our rank, regiment, and corps. Then we were sent to Richmond and put in Libby prison. Here we stayed a week, and lived on pea soup. Then we were sent to Pemberton prison, where we were searched and all our money, and our overcoats as well, was taken away from us. We were then taken to Castle Thunder, where we were robbed again of everything that was of any value to our captors. From there we were sent to Danville, then to Goldsboro, Raleigh, and lastly to Salisbury, N. C., and here is where our real sufferings commenced. In October and the first half of November there were over twenty thousand prisoners-of-war corralled in the narrow limits of Salisbury prison, which could not reasonably accommodate over six hundred. It was converted into a scene of suffering and death which no pen can adequately describe, for every hour and day we were surrounded by horrors which burned into our memories and will never be forgotten.

The main building in Salisbury was the Confederate state penitentiary, one hundred feet by forty, and four stories in height. This and several smaller buildings were all filled with Confederate convicts, Yankee deserters, and southern Unionists, but the yard of four acres where the Union prisoners lived in holes in the ground, was the filthiest, most vermin-infested place in the world. I shared one of these holes with Sergt. William H. Hartwell of our regiment, and many a weary hour was whiled away listening to him reciting Poe's "Raven," and "Bingen on the Rhine." We were without coats and barefooted through that long and terrible winter. Every morning the dead-carts would come in

and carry out from one to five loads of men who had starved to death or died of exposure. All night long the screaming and ravings of many who had gone crazy from suffering could be heard. They would run through the yard yelling like fiends, and sometimes were shot down like dogs by the guards. It was thus that nine of our comrades died in that fearful place. Their names were,—Sergt. Maj. Franklin H. Foster, Company A; John G. Welch, Company A; Joseph Quinn, Company A; Asa A. McKusick, Company A; John D. Neller, Company A; Samuel D. Pearson, Company C; Frederick Morse, Company H; John Clark, Company H; William Thompson, Company A.

I want to speak here in particular of Sergt. Maj. Franklin H. Foster. His life in prison was one of extreme and long suffering. He loved his flag and country to the very last, and often told me that if it were God's will he should die there he was willing to go. Every sign of flesh had left his body. Only bones, with a dry, withered skin covering them, were left. His eyes were sunken, and every tooth in his mouth was visible. His fingers were long and ghastly. A shirt and a pair of ragged trousers were all that covered him. He was the worst sight in the whole prison, and every day was subjected to the jeers and insults of the rebel guard, who called him "Uncle Sam's patented Yank," and asked him to take off his skin and show what kind of a man he was.

The night he died I went to see him, and found him on his knees with his eyes shut and his long, bony arms extended at full length, praying for his loved ones at home, his starry flag he so dearly loved, his regiment, and his comrades in prison. Men dying on all sides

of him made their last effort in life to turn and hear his pathetic appeal.

I stood bareheaded through that dreadful scene until his peace was made with heaven, and then he opened his eyes; and oh, that long, sad, pleading look when he handed me his few effects to be given to his father! He grasped my hand, and bade me a last farewell until eternity. My heart sinks now when I recall that saddest night of all. Said he, "Tell my father I died for my country." I told his father that he starved to death, when he came to see me, but I could not tell him all.

On the 26th of November the prisoners made a break for liberty, and the scene was indescribable. At once every musket in the garrison was turned upon them, and two field-pieces opened with grape and canister. Sixteen prisoners were killed and sixty-three wounded, all of whom died; and after this horrible massacre cold-blooded murders were very frequent. Any guard standing upon the fence, at any hour of the day or night, could deliberately raise his musket and shoot into any group of prisoners, black or white, without the slightest rebuke from the authorities.

About the middle of December quite a squad of prisoners escaped, and among them were Charles Thurston, of the Sixth New Hampshire, and Albert Richardson, correspondent for the New York *Tribune*, both of whom were successful in reaching our lines at Knoxville, Tenn. Some of the others were hunted down by bloodhounds and brought back to Salisbury terribly torn by the dogs, and all of them died from their wounds.

From this time until we were released the snow was from one to six inches deep, and the prisoners were

barefooted and almost naked, some of them living in holes in the ground, and some without any shelter of any kind. The yard was covered every morning with dead men, who were thrown into the dead-carts like cordwood and carried out. And still new lots of prisoners were admitted almost every day.

Rebel officers came into the yard with a large guard nearly every day in November and December, and offered a nice, large loaf of bread to all able-bodied Yanks who would enlist into the Confederate service, and a large number of our recruits and bounty-jumpers accepted their offer. But not in one single instance did a loyal patriot of the Ninth ever leave his comrades for anything they could offer.

On the 22d day of February it was snowing hard, and the yard was filled with slush and filth, when we were counted off and paroled. Barefooted as we were, we marched that day and the next to Goldsboro, N. C., where we were put into cattle cars that were at least two inches deep with filth, and sent to Wilmington, N. C., where we were passed into our own lines. Here a large American flag had been stretched across the road, and every prisoner cried as only a true patriot can, after suffering what we did in Salisbury prison, when they saw the dear old flag at last. The Union soldiers immediately emptied their haversacks for us, and gave us their blankets, and even offered us their shoes; but shoes were of no use to us then, for our feet were swollen and almost ready to burst, while the rest of our bodies were almost skeletons. When we reached Annapolis I weighed ninety-four pounds, against one hundred and forty-eight pounds just before we were captured.

ANDERSONVILLE AND FLORENCE.

By Corp. A. P. Horne.

It is well I remember the first night the Ninth New Hampshire passed in the Wilderness, when myself and tent-mates, of Company B, were lying on the ground, listening to the groans and cries of our wounded comrades who were being carried to the rear. And we remarked, one to the other, that in all probability it was the last night we should be together; though we were happily disappointed in this respect, as none of us were injured the next day. But on the morning of the 12th of May came the Battle of Spottsylvania, and this history records the casualties which the Ninth New Hampshire sustained in that most heroic and desperate charge—the long list of dead and wounded, and of those nineteenth century martyrs who were consigned to a living death in the prison-pens of the South.

I was among the number taken prisoners at the “bloody angle,” and on passing through the rebel breastworks, what a sight met my eyes! The dead and wounded were lying in the mud and water, so many of them that it was difficult to pass along without stepping on some one, showing that if we had been hit hard, they had been treated to a dose of their own medicine.

On the morning of May 14 we were started on our way to the summer resort known in history as Andersonville—a name which makes me shudder to think of after more than thirty years have passed away, but as no tongue or pen can adequately describe its horrors I shall not make the attempt. We were three days in going fifteen miles, but at length arrived at Gordonsville, Va., both tired and hungry, as we had received but one

ration in the three days. The reason we were so long on the road was because the Union cavalry was bothering our guards, and every little while the scouts would come in to report. We would be halted for a time, then would make back tracks, and advance by another route.

Arrived at Gordonsville, we were searched for money, watches, knives, and what other valuables we might chance to possess; and we could not say with truth that those who stole our purses stole trash, for it did leave us very "poor indeed." Then we were packed into freight cars, sixty to a car, like sardines in a box, and were started on our way to Georgia. After passing through Lynchburg, Va., Charlotte, N. C., and Augusta and Macon, Ga., we arrived at Andersonville on the morning of May 25.

Our first salutation was from that Dutch pirate, Captain Wirtz: "What makes you all huddle up together, just like so many d—d old women? You Yankee ——!" he shouted, at the same instant drawing his pistol. "Scatter right smart into line, so you can be counted into hundreds!" After having been parcelled off into squads, some one of our number was put in charge and we were marched inside the stockade. Andersonville prison. What horrors it recalls, what sighs and groans, what prayers and tears! What dying out of hope, what wasting away of body and mind, what nights of darkness settling down on human souls! Its doors an entrance to a living charnel-house, its iron-barred gates but the outlook of hell! It was the Inferno of the slave Confederacy, and well might have had written over its portal, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

What would the reader have thought, could he have looked inside, as we did, and seen the boys in blue



CORP. AUGUSTUS P. HORNE, CO. B.

strung up by the thumbs, with their toes just touching the ground, to make them reveal some plan of escape; or having their rations denied them for two and three days at a time, to make some half-starved and weak-minded man point out a hidden tunnel for a loaf of bread? The camp was alive with all kinds of vermin,—what wretchedness!—and on every hand were men without clothing, dependent on rags or anything that would serve to hide their nakedness and protect their emaciated and sore-eaten bodies from the burning sun. In those days we could only hope that somewhere there was a Gilead filled with healing balm, and that God's rainbow still arched the skies of calm.

Still the weak and suffering, maltreated and hunger-tortured men lived on, refusing with scorn the inducements presented to tempt them to take the oath of allegiance. They were offered plenty of food and clothing to work as shoemakers, carpenters, and overseers of plantations; but I am glad to say that only a very few ever went out in that way, and those who did were men that had enlisted for bounty, and had no real interest in the flag of the Union. Inside the stockade, our ears were greeted with cries of "Who'll swap a hard-tack for a pint of rice!" or "An ear of corn for a pint of beans!" "A bone for a piece of corn-bread!" like hucksters at a county fair or a circus. The poor fellows, in fact, had lived so long on one kind of rations, at Libby and other prisons, that anything for a change tasted good to them.

After wandering around for a while, looking for a place to camp, I finally found a spot just large enough to lie down on, near the south gate. Here I established my "quarters," and held them until the grounds were enlarged on the farther side of the creek. After being

enlarged there were but thirty-two acres, and on the first day of July, 1864, there were no less than thirty thousand of the boys in blue starving and dying in that hell upon earth! Four out of the thirty-two acres were a swamp, with a creek running through it, and there we got our water to wash with and to drink, and as the work-house and camp of our rebel guard lay just outside, they had the privilege of bathing in it and watering their horses and mules before we got it to drink.

Morning after morning, while we were there, we would see from forty to fifty dead bodies laid out side by side near the prison gate,—men who had died all alone in the darkness, and had been brought by their comrades to be carried out by the carts that came in with our rations. They were piled into the carts, one on top of another, like so much cordwood, to be buried in long trenches, heads to heels, with only a thin covering of mother earth. Such was the sad fate of fifteen thousand brave and true-hearted men, who suffered and died, only to be buried in an unknown grave! What a burden of sorrows, disappointments, hopes, and miseries lies embodied in that one word, unknown! Those noble, heroic souls, dying among comparative strangers, had lost their names, their individual histories. Some fond wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart mourns them, or vainly waits for their coming. Each sound of footsteps at the door causes heart-throbs of expectancy, but no more in life shall they behold those faces which once gladdened the household. Sick, and in prison, they lingered and died unknown!

So we lived on, waiting for the day to come that should open wide our prison door. The hollow eyes grew bright when we heard the boom of Sherman's guns at

Atlanta, and some one would say—"Boys, they are coming to set us free!" Then the wind would shift, and perhaps we would hear nothing for several days. Sometimes it seemed as though we could hear the crack of the Springfield rifles, and the boys would go so wild with joy that at last the rebels caused poles with white cloth on the top to be placed thirty-five feet from the "dead line," and no gatherings were allowed outside of these for fear we would break through.

We had all sorts of men inside those wooden walls, from the preacher of the Gospel to a highway robber or murderer, and the camp got so permeated with crime that we had to organize a "vigilance committee," which made short work of those suspected of desperate crimes. Finally we formed a gantlet, and with the permission of the rebel commander drove quite a number of "suspects" outside. On searching their quarters, dead men were found buried in the ground. One of these wretches was convicted and hanged, and after that we had peace and order. We had a police court, and tried and punished our prisoners in due form. A man convicted of stealing rations, clothing, or anything of value from another, was consigned not to the whipping-post but to the whipping-barrel. The offender was laid across the barrel, hands and feet were secured to pegs driven into the ground, and he was then given from one to twenty lashes on the bare back, which was usually a sure cure.

It rained almost every day while I was in Andersonville, either a storm or a thunder-shower, and one afternoon in the latter part of July we had the most terrific thunder-shower I ever heard. It rained so hard that a part of the stockade was washed away, but the Johnnies "got a move on," and quickly established a heavy

guard. But even if it did not bring us our freedom, the shower was a blessing in one respect—it opened for our needs “Providence spring.” Before it came all the place we had to get our water to drink was from the creek I have already spoken of, but the next morning, inside the dead line, a spring of pure, cool water was flowing out of the sand. Whether it was the hand of God, as when Moses smote the rock in the wilderness, or a freak of nature, I can only say, like Esek Harden, “God knows, not I;” but the spring continued to flow as long as I remained.

All those long, weary days and months thousands of prayers went up to God from inside those dreary walls. Homesick and suffering, sick and in prison, still they prayed—boys for their mothers, husbands for their wives and children, and all that they might see home once more. “Nearer, my God, to thee,” “Just as I am,” “Home, sweet home,” and kindred songs rose and fell on the evening breeze, and there were services on the Sabbath and prayer-meetings during the week. So one can see that we were not all bad, in spite of our surroundings.

About the time that Sherman was breaking through at Atlanta, the news came that we were to be exchanged, and all who were able to move or crawl were put into freight cars, both open and closed, and started for Savannah. On arriving there we were confined in the jail yard, along with the black and white men who had been put in there for crimes; but it was only a few days before we were again loaded into the cars. This time our destination was Charleston, S. C., where we camped on the old fair-grounds for about two weeks, while the rebels were trying to find a place for us. By night we

watched the burning fuses from the big guns, and sometimes could even hear the whistling of the shells as they flew through the air.

At length a vacancy was found at Florence, S. C., ninety-six miles from Charleston, and this was our abiding-place until January 1, 1865. There were 10,000 of us at Florence, and as the weather was getting quite cold we had to burrow in the ground like rabbits. Having dug as deep a hole as we could, we would crouch in it during the long, cold nights, with no blankets or covering of any kind, and try to sleep. So the time wore away, the men growing weaker and weaker and dying faster and faster, fading and falling like the leaves of autumn; but the day came at last when we started for "God's country." We were sent from Florence to Annapolis, Md., and on arriving there were given a bath and the first clean clothes we had had for eight months. At the time I was taken prisoner I weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds, but at Annapolis tipped the scales at ninety-six; and speaking of clothes, you should see the suit I wore at Florence—made from meal-bags, the trousers cut out with a knife and a shirt made by cutting slits for the head and arms, with no sleeves.

The night before we left Florence, just at dark, a new batch of prisoners was put inside the stockade. One of them was a German who could speak but little English, and he, knowing nothing of the rules, stepped inside the dead line, and was promptly shot down by one of the guards. The poor fellow lay on the ground all night, and we listened to his cries for help, but were not permitted to do anything to relieve his sufferings; as the guard who had done the cruel deed would not let us remove him, lest he lose the furlough which was the standing

reward for the putting to death of a "Yank." Such an incident as I have related was of too frequent an occurrence to excite much comment among us, but pages on pages might be filled with stories of the deprivations and sufferings endured by northern men in the prison-pens of the South, without conveying any adequate idea of the terrible reality.

CLOSE TO BELLE ISLE.

By J. Frank Foster.

We all remember that beautiful day, September 30, 1864, the day we undertook to capture the Weldon railroad. We charged the rebel works, and were driven back. As we were falling back Sergeant Partridge, of Company I, was wounded, and as I was near by I took hold of him to give him a lift, and while doing this was stopped by an officer who was trying to rally the men. During this time the rebels were advancing, and the bullets were flying nearer than was comfortable.

I covered myself the best I could in the angle of a fence, but before I was aware of it the rebels were upon us, and I was captured with a lot of others. Their first salutation was, "Give me your pocket-book, you Yankee — — —!" Another rebel took my new hat and put his old one, which was alive with vermin, on my head. But the rebels soon fell back with their prisoners, for they were glad to get back away from our bullets.

In passing the buildings on the Pegram farm a comrade named Gibson, who had been wounded, called to me, and I left the lines to speak to him. This incident undoubtedly saved my life, as I remained with the wounded until the next Sunday, when they took us in ambulances

and carried us through Petersburg, across the river to a hospital. All this time nothing had been done for the wounded, except what I did. We all had our haversacks, so we were not hungry. A number of our men died and were immediately stripped of their clothing, and the rebels put it on. Next day they took us on flat cars to Richmond, and as we were crossing the James river we could look down upon Belle Isle and see the prisoners there. We then expected to join them, but on arriving in Richmond those who could not walk were taken in ambulances and carried to a hospital, and the rest of us walked. Those of us not wounded were detailed as nurses.

On October 8 some of us were exchanged, and I felt fortunate to be among the number. We steamed down the river by Fort Darling, and the poor, starved comrades felt as though new life was put into them, but some of these skeletons never reached home alive.

CHAPTER XIX.

REGIMENTAL HOSPITALS—THE BRIGADE BAND.

The regimental hospitals of 1862 and 1863 were not the most cheerful places in the world for sick soldiers who longed for home and mother's care, and who were isolated to a great degree from their comrades. The experience of a Ninth New Hampshire man in one of these during the winter of 1862-3, is told as follows :

“ My first serious sickness commenced in December, 1862, and kept me from duty till the last of March, 1863. The hospital of the Ninth at that time consisted of two hospital tents, pitched with their rear ends near each other, a large mud and wood chimney running up between the two, from which a fire-place opened into each. Like our camp, they were located in a mud-hole, and no pains were taken to drain off the ground, though it could have been done easily. In the tents the mud was very deep, and upon it pine boughs were spread, which furnished the bed of the patient ; the bedding was whatever each happened to have, with perhaps an extra hospital blanket.

“ Four of my comrades put me on a blanket and carried me to the hospital. The tent was found to be crowded with patients, some sick with fevers, some with measles, —all mixed in promiscuously. They made room for me by ‘thickening up’ the others. I spread a rubber blanket on the boughs, above that an overcoat, and this formed my bed. I was fortunate in having two blankets

to spread over me, having brought an extra one from the Fredericksburg battle-field. I was as helpless as a little infant for several days; was obliged to call upon the nurse to turn me over when my bones ached so I could stand it no longer. I have very little recollection of what occurred the first three or four days. I remember that one day Taft of my company came in as a measles patient, and I knew just enough to feel pleased that he was there with me.

“On the 2d of January our box came,—the one which had been so long expected from Meriden. Its arrival just then was most opportune, for I was almost destitute of underclothes, and it contained some nice ones for me. I can't remember much about it,—only that some of the Company E boys, who were very kind to me all the way through, brought them in, took off those which I had on, and put on some clean ones. Those taken off were washed and put in my knapsack. I forgot to mention that my knapsack was my pillow. The box contained a nice pair of mittens, also a knit cap, and these were a great comfort during my long sickness in those cold tents. Sometimes the fires would smoke badly, sometimes go out entirely, for there was only green pine wood to burn.

“After a few days a bright thought struck the surgeons,—to separate the fever and measles patients. So I and the others sick with fever were carried into the other tent, and all the measly ones were put in where I had been. Much of the time the only food brought into the hospital was army hard-tack and coffee or tea. The first was perfectly nauseating to a very sick man. Those of us who had any money could buy apples and soda crackers from the sutler, and get the apples roasted in the ashes. Occasionally we got an onion or potato. Many

of the men were almost destitute of underclothing, not having a change, and perhaps they would lie two weeks in the same clothing, and then if they happened to die, as most of them did, they were buried in the same. But I had it afterwards from undoubted authority that some of those in charge had an abundance of soft bread, sauce of various kinds, etc., much of which was furnished by the Sanitary and Christian commissions; and I know they wore drawers and shirts sent to the hospital by these commissions for the use of patients.

“The nurses were generally kind, and did as well as they could with their means, but they had nothing to do with. A half-candle was allowed for both tents per night, but was not lighted except to give the regular doses of quinine. It was not uncommon for a patient to die in the night, and for no one to know it till morning. Yet it has been claimed that there were plenty of candles among the surgeons, and that they often had euchre parties in their tents till after midnight. We were, moreover, only a short distance from Washington, whence all kinds of supplies might have been obtained for the asking. I believe that some of the patients almost starved to death for want of something palatable, and many became covered with vermin for want of a change of clothing.

“After I had been for some time in the hospital, the beds were somewhat improved by driving down little crotches at the head and foot, laying some sticks from one to the other, and covering these with small poles, which were spread two or three inches thick with boughs; or, in some instances, with hay mattresses, improvised for the occasion.

“I remember a man from Company D came in the

hospital one cold, stormy night (he had been there before, but had been sent back to duty before fully recovered), having just then come from the picket line. They gave him a place next to me. This was before our beds were raised on poles, and when I awoke next morning one of his hands lay uncovered near my face. As it looked cold I thought I would put it back under his blanket, but on touching it, I found the body cold and stiff in death. He had died there in the cold and darkness, and no one knew it. Presently the nurse discovered it, and a little while after, when the surgeon came in to look us over and order new doses of quinine, he said, as he saw the body, 'By G—d, is that man dead!' I do not know whether any other funeral sermon was preached or not. I believe they called the disease with which many died, 'pneumonia.' I noticed that as soon as the victims became 'flighty' they sank right away. I used to watch myself, and try to ascertain whether I was in my right mind.

"One day a corporal of Company A was brought in and placed beside me. It seemed as if some one were always dying beside me, so that a new one was placed near me almost every day. This corporal had been on duty with me at Willcox's head-quarters. At first he was not very sick, and we talked a little as I felt able. He told me about his wife and little girl, and seemed to think about them almost all the time; said his wife was a Christian, and that he desired to be. I advised and encouraged him as well as I knew how. He frequently prayed for himself and family. In a few days he began to get crazy, and his mind was on home all the time. He would call for his wife, then would jump from his hard bed, and sometimes act very wild. One stormy

night he started up, crying for his wife, and made for the tent door. The nurse caught him just as he was going out, got him back on his pole bed (which seemed to me like putting him on a rack), and strapped him down. He now failed rapidly, but became very troublesome to me, as he was most of the time out of his head. He would attempt to pull off my blankets, and as I had no strength to hold them, I would yell out to the nurse, who would come to my assistance. Soon they moved me onto another bed.

“The corporal continued to wear himself out by thrashing around, and they were frequently obliged to strap him down. One morning, after a terrible night in which he had completely exhausted his strength, I saw by his groaning and the rattle in his throat that it was nearly over with him. I shall never forget how dreadfully he looked, as in his restlessness his head would drop frequently over the side of his narrow, pole bedstead, while his eyes glared wildly about, and his long, matted, and dishevelled hair made him the very picture of a wild maniac breathing his last. At length he seemed calmer, and appeared to be hunting for something.

“I called the nurse, who looked in his pockets and found in one of the inner ones an envelope containing some pictures. They were of a nice looking lady and a beautiful little girl, and the nurse asked the corporal if those were what he was searching for. The poor fellow was too far gone to speak, but he took the pictures in his hand, the wildness left his eyes, he gazed on them with a pleasant smile, and thus passed away, holding them tightly in his hand. About a year after I wrote to his wife an account of his death, or rather of his very last moments, omitting everything which would be shocking

for her to know, for which I received a letter overflowing with thankful expressions.

“ I have said that the nurses in the hospital were efficient and kind. There was one old fellow from Company A, an Englishman, who usually had charge part of the night, and who never could remember one man’s medicine from another. The last two weeks I was there, every evening after the surgeon went out he would say to me, ‘ Say, do you remember how is this? I gits the midicine all mixed up in me mind.’ As I had nothing else to think of, and there were precious few kinds of medicines administered, I usually took pains to notice what the doctor said, and after telling the old nurse about three times over, he would usually get it through his head.

“ I met with one great misfortune here which I could never account for. I lost my pocket-book, and with it all my money, about seven dollars. It had been in a pocket of my trousers. I could never think that any of the nurses or doctors took it, and yet it must have been stolen. The boys of my company and two or three of the nurses very kindly made it up to me, and more too. Tracy, Pulsifer, Bragg, George, and many others were always very kind to me, and but for them I could not have been washed for three or four weeks, while lying there with all my clothing on.

“ My mother and sisters often inquired about my comforts,—if I was supplied with clean bed-linen, etc. I always preferred for them to remain in blissful ignorance of my true situation. As soon as I could write legibly, I used to scrawl a few lines with a pencil almost every day, telling them that I was gaining, that the nurses were kind and did everything they could for me, etc. I

verily believe my mother would have worried herself to death had she known of my situation.

“At the time Burnside attempted his great move and got stuck in the mud, there was an order to send the sick to Aquia Creek. The night before we were to leave, there came a cold, driving storm of snow and rain, and the ambulances arrived for us before daylight, while it was still storming. I was not able to sit up, but was carried to an ambulance and packed in with some ten or a dozen others. Many of us were not strong enough to sit up alone, but we were packed so closely that we supported each other, and could not fall over. It had stormed into the ambulance, and the whole situation was as cold and dismal and uncomfortable as could well be imagined. We were about a mile and a half from the railroad station, and the road was simply a succession of slough-holes and mud-pits, varied by a plentiful sprinkling of logs and stumps. It seemed as though I had never suffered such pains as while being pitched and rolled and thrashed about on that drive, unable as I was to brace myself at all.

“Arriving at the station, we were placed in freight cars, on some wet hay which had lain out all the night before in a storm. After shivering here for four or five hours, an order was received that the hospitals at Aquia Creek were not ready to be occupied and that the patients must not come. We were all repacked into the ambulances and driven back to camp over the same bone-breaking road by which we had come. We arrived about sundown, only to find that our hospital tents had been thoroughly cleaned out, so that there was not even a pine bough bed to lie on. Of course there was a good deal of swearing by the surgeons, of growling by the men detailed to

bring more boughs for our beds to keep us out of the mud for the night, and of patient waiting by us poor 'sick devils,' who were the innocent cause of all this inconvenience to others.

"In about two weeks there came another order to send away the sick, but as I had then got so that I could stand by having a man get close behind me and support me under both arms, the surgeons thought I was about ready for duty and did not send me. I had now been in the hospital nearly four weeks, and the doctor said he thought that was about as long as I was entitled to stay, and that I had better go back to my company and give the hospital room to others. I would gladly have gone if I had had a tent in the company, but having come to the hospital from head-quarters, and having no tent, I disliked to crowd in upon the other boys where I knew I could only be a burden.

"January 26, 1863, I sent down to my ever true friend, Tracy, and told him how matters stood. Presently he came up with another man, picked up my things, and I waddled down to their tent, one of them holding me up on either side. There were in the tent Burnham, Tracy, and Charley Duncan, the latter just recovering from measles. It seemed like going out of a tomb when I left the old hospital tent, and I think I was a fair representative of a corpse. The above named comrades had a little double shelter tent, stockaded about ten inches at the bottom, with a small fire-place at one end. At this they took turns cooking their meat, and in the coldest days we also took turns at warming ourselves. I was unable to do anything, even to get out of the tent, and they with almost no conveniences were obliged to wait on me. February 1 was a pleasant day, I was able to crawl out

of the 'kennel,' and leaning on Tracy to walk about camp a little, but everything looked so unnatural and bewildering that I was glad to get back and lie down.

"About February 6 the Ninth corps was ordered to Newport News, and again the sick, or those not able to do duty, were ordered to Washington. Our surgeons had omitted my name in making out the list, though I was still unable to walk without help. Nevertheless, I packed my knapsack, and the boys helped me along to the hospital tents at the place from which they were sending the sick. The ambulances were soon to come back for their last load. I looked into the old hospital tent which was still standing. There were one or two dead men there as usual,—those who had died the night previous. The father of one of them had just arrived that morning, and had put on his dead son some clean clothes and on his feet a nice pair of slippers. The body looked comfortable, and the dead soldier seemed more fortunate than some of the neglected wretches waiting to be transported alive.

"The ambulances soon returned, and the rest of us were placed aboard. As we drove along the break-neck road over which we had been driven twice before to the station, and had left that old camp-ground and those 'dead-houses' called hospitals, and were passing the long rows of new-made graves where so many of our comrades had been buried, I felt a kind of insipid pleasure, for I was too weak to be enthusiastic over anything. Those loathsome scenes were growing more distant, and if any of the rest of us should die presently we would be buried somewhere else than in that detested place. Poor Kempton, however, of my company, died in an ambulance on his way to the station. They took his

body back to camp, and the boys furnished the best substitute they could for a coffin, which was done by nailing some barrel staves and bits of hard-tack boxes to some poles; and thus they performed their last duty on Stafford Heights by interring one of our number under its cursed soil.

“February 7 we were loaded into freight cars and conveyed to Aquia Creek, where we arrived about sundown. Taft and Charlie Duncan were recovering from measles and were quite strong compared with myself, so they carried my knapsack and helped me besides. At Aquia Creek we remained on the wharf some time, and I got very cold, but many much sicker than I were in the same condition. We were at length taken on a sort of tug or ferry-boat and conveyed to an old transport, the *George Weems*, lying a little way from shore. There was on this one large room, like a cabin, where there was a fire, but this was occupied by those on stretchers, so that the great majority of the patients slept on the open boat, between the deck and hurricane deck, without a fire.

“Taft discovered a place where a man could be ‘tucked away’ over the boiler, and where it would be warm. He helped me to get into it, and I slept warmly and sweetly till morning, in spite of the aching of my abscess.

“The sick were all aboard the next morning, and the steamer moved up the river to Washington, where we arrived in the night. The day was quite pleasant, and we enjoyed sitting on deck in the sun. I saw, lying on a stretcher, a sick boy, apparently not more than eighteen years old, very much emaciated, and looking as if he were ‘just about gone.’ A second glance showed me

that it was a boy who two or three weeks before had lain beside me in the hospital—at that time much stronger than I was. Sitting beside him was a man in citizen's clothes, who seemed to be his father. I remarked to him that I had lain beside this boy in the hospital. 'Did you know his brother?' said he. I told him I had frequently seen the brother come into the hospital to bring little dainties to this one, read his letters to him, wash him, etc. 'Well,' said the old man, 'he was afterwards taken sick, and I now have him along in a coffin.' Before we reached Washington that night, the sick one was a corpse, and the old man started for home with both his sons in coffins.

"I afterwards learned that the shock proved too much for the mother of the boys, who was expecting her sick sons to come home to be nursed. She was taken insane and soon died, and the old man, broken down with grief, committed suicide. I cannot personally vouch for the statement in regard to the parents, but presume it is correct, for I had it from a soldier quartered with the boys.

"Such was my experience with the regimental hospital, and yet, so little do we know in the army of anything beyond what specially concerns ourselves, that had I never been an inmate of one I should never have known anything of the wretched manner in which their affairs were conducted, unless, perchance, I had had occasion to visit sick comrades.

"We arrived at Washington in the night, and lay at the wharf till morning, when we were loaded into ambulances and driven to the hospitals about the city. The ambulance in which were Taft, Duncan, Sweat, and myself, was driven to Mount Pleasant hospital. This was capable of accommodating something more than a

thousand soldiers. The sicker ones were placed in the wards, and the convalescents in tents.

I can never forget the change that came over me when I went into the main building, or hall, and thence into my ward. The wards were scrupulously neat, large, and well lighted, a row of tidy looking cot beds ranged on either side (over thirty in all), and the apartments were warmed with well heated coal stoves. Mottoes and evergreens adorned the walls, and when I stepped inside, it seemed at first as if I had no right there, looking grimy and dirty as I did. Indeed it would have seemed a luxury to lie down by the stove in the outer hall. I had been so long used to seeing sick men less cared for than mules, that in my helplessness I had come almost to think myself of less account than that interesting quadruped.

“ We were taken to the bath-room, where we stripped off all our clothes and put them in our knapsacks. Then we washed in tepid water in a large bath-tub, after which we were supplied with clean cotton shirts and drawers from the hospital laundry. These were a little damp, and seemed rather thin after taking off woollen, but the warmth of the apartment more than made up for it, so that I do n't know as any of us took cold. We were then shown to our several beds, mattresses, pillows, and clean sheets, and as I lay down, free from the ‘ entangling alliances ’ of coat and trousers, for the first time since the commencement of my sickness, I almost wondered whether Heaven would be a more delightful place than that hospital, and certainly I thanked my Heavenly Father from the bottom of my heart that I was permitted to enjoy such luxuries.

“ The hospital was admirably managed in every re-

spect, and among the nurses and attendants I formed some very pleasant acquaintances in the four weeks I was there. I was happily surprised to see Barber come into my ward one day. He had received his discharge and would soon go home. I gave him the trinkets which he had left with me before I was taken sick, not one of which I had lost.

“One thing was curiously shown in our general hospitals, viz., how all nationalities were represented. Of the thirty patients in my ward, No. 4, there were Yankees, Germans, Irish, French, Swedes, and a Norwegian. I remember the Norwegian could not speak a word of English, and when he lay dying, he would talk so earnestly that I felt as though I would give anything to know what he said, for it seemed he must be leaving messages to friends, who I felt sure would never know anything of his fate.

“March 31 I left Washington in the morning, and rode to Camp Convalescent, near Alexandria, on open cars; arrived about noon. It was a muddy, disagreeable, desolate looking place, and apparently very loosely managed. The barracks, however, were comfortable and the rations fair. I do n't know as any one pretends to know how many thousand soldiers there were here, and in fact no one that I talked with knew anything definite about the camp or how it was managed.

“April 30 I was detailed to take charge of a squad of men on fatigue duty; tried to work a little myself, but much labor seemed to prostrate me. Hundreds were detailed every day for labor which they were by no means able to perform, for many of them were just up from fevers and were still weak. But on the other hand there were thousands of ‘hospital bummers,’ whose only idea was to



SERGT. JOSEPH C. CHAPMAN, CO. G.



SERGT. GEORGE H. DODGE, CO. G.



ALMON J. FLETCHER, CO. G.



JASON K. WEBSTER, CO. G.

get a discharge, or in case they could not do that, to hold their quarters as long as possible.

“I learned on April 11 that a lot of ‘convalescents’ were to be started for the Ninth corps the next day, and being thoroughly disgusted with the men and management in this camp, I applied to the surgeon for permission to be sent to Camp Distribution, not far away, from which place they were to set out. Obtained the permission readily, and started for Camp Distribution. Found it a most lawless, disorderly, demoralizing, God-forsaken place. Men of all corps and regiments were huddled into a camp promiscuously, without any commanding officers except those in charge of the guard and camp in general. The drawing of rations and wood was little else than a kind of grab game.

“Marched from the camp to Alexandria on the morning of April 12, where the cars were taken for Washington. The men were not as orderly as they might have been in passing through the city of Washington. We were taken to the Soldiers’ Retreat, where we remained over night. Our men had some trouble with the guard. It was cutting for old soldiers to be guarded by new men, who had never seen the front.

“The First Division soldiers started on April 14, in the morning, and at 6:30 p. m. our Second Division men left Washington. Amid song and laughter and the clatter of the railroad train, I lost sight of the dome of the Capitol as it was lighted almost to a flame by the rays of the setting sun.

“I arrived at Lexington, Ky., on April 18, about noon; ‘slipped the guard,’ and at 3 p. m. was in the cemetery near the city, a most lovely place, in which much money and labor have been expended to testify to

the regard for the memory of the loved and lost. In the central part of the ground, towering high above all others, is the stately monument of Henry Clay, surmounted by a statue of that great statesman. In a marble sarcophagus within the base, repose the ashes of Kentucky's noblest son, and upon this is inscribed the following, the last words of the noble patriot concerning his country:

“‘I can with unshaken confidence appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive, have sought no personal aggrandizement, but that in all my public acts I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm, devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what in my best judgment I believe to be the true interests of the country.’

“‘On the 19th of April we reached our regiment at Richmond, Ky. We got in a little after dark, with lame ankles, peeled toes, skinned heels, having marched twenty-five miles through a beautiful territory—in fact all the way from Covington to Richmond we were traversing a magnificent farming country.’”

THE REGIMENTAL AND BRIGADE BAND.

By Musician J. B. Bailey.

The Nashua Cornet band was organized in that city in April, 1861, under the leadership of Hezekiah P. Hamblett, who was also their instructor. The organization was continued till August 7, 1862, when the following members enlisted in the United States service for three years: H. P. Hamblett, William H. Graves, J. B. Bailey, J. A. Hamblett, G. A. Andrews, G. H. Lovejoy, N. W. Marshall, Beniah Moreland, Edward St. Francis, Lewis Simonds, J. C. Bennett, S. H. Howe, William Manning, W. A. Peabody, J. R. Wyman, J. H. Moore, A. R. Gleason, and E. M. Marble. That same afternoon these recruits were sent to the rendezvous of the Ninth New Hampshire at Concord, where they were joined by F. V. Marshall, a member of the same band who had previously enlisted.

Every man passed the surgeon's examination, and after the examination played for dress parade. August 9 they were mustered in, and assigned to companies with the understanding that they should be detailed as a regimental band. The drum-major was Sylvanus Adams, a native of New London, who had enlisted at Milford, June 11. On August 18, Aaron Chase of Sanbornton, H. G. Chase of Lancaster, and Prentiss C. Hutchinson of Newport were detailed as musicians, so that the band had twenty-three playing members. Francis Morse of Nashua was detailed as cook. The days from August 8 to 24, inclusive, were passed at Camp Colby, furnishing the necessary martial music and becoming acquainted with new associates, with the exception of a brief trip home to settle business affairs and say good-bye. From

Concord to South Mountain the band performed no unusual duties, except on September 8, 9, and 10, when, the regiment having been ordered to the front, the musicians guarded the camp under command of the quartermaster. On the afternoon of the 10th the band set out to rejoin the regiment, and found it on the banks of the Monocacy river. At South Mountain and Antietam effective and merciful service was done in bringing back the wounded of the Ninth and other regiments, and occasionally a suffering "Johnny," to the hospitals.

General Sturgis, commanding the division, had been entertained September 19 by the Ninth Regiment band, and he and other field and staff officers were so friendly that the question of being made a brigade band became a frequent topic of conversation, and September 30 the following circular was issued from brigade head-quarters :

HEAD-QUARTERS, FIRST BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS,
ANTIETAM, September 30, 1862.

CIRCULAR.

The following privates of the Ninth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, have been detailed from service in their regiment, by their desire, and detailed for service in this Brigade, to form and constitute a "Brigade Band": H. P. Hamblett, Wm. H. Graves, J. A. Hamblett, John B. Bailey, Stephen H. Howe, N. W. Marshall, A. B. Chase, Beniah Moreland, Lewis Simonds, George H. Lovejoy, Warren A. Peabody, J. R. Wyman, Eben M. Marble, E. St. Francis, Wm. Manning, Abel R. Gleason, and F. V. Marshall.

Also that the following privates of Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers are hereby detailed from service, to serve as musicians in said "Brigade Band": George H. Andrews, H. G. Chase, J. C. Bennett, James H. Moore, P. C. Hutchinson, and Francis Morse.

By order Brigadier-General James Nagle.

JNO. EDWIN MASON, *A. A. A. G.*

The circular was followed October 1 by this general order :

HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS,
ANTIETAM, October 1, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS,

No. 26.

The Regimental Band of the Ninth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, consisting of seventeen musicians and six privates from the same regiment detailed to serve as musicians, have this day been mustered in, to form and constitute the *Brigade Band*.

They will be acknowledged and respected accordingly.

By order Brigadier-General James Nagle.

JNO. EDW. MASON, *A. A. A. G.*

Up to that time the men of the Ninth detailed as musicians had been under the command and subject to the direction of Drum-Major Adams of that regiment, but thereafter were to receive orders from the brigade commander or his adjutant-general, and they no longer had any fear of being put in the ranks. The detailed privates were as much benefited as any, except in the matter of salary.

At Antietam Iron Works, South Antietam, Pleasant Valley, and in the march across northern Virginia, there was little which could be done to vary each day's routine, but of that little the band boys did their share. They had to be present at guard mounting and dress parade, and attended a few rehearsals. They played at general inspections, at brigade drills, at the several head-quarters, and at Sunday services. On November 27, Thanksgiving day, Chaplain Gushee of the Ninth conducted a service at General Nagle's quarters. The band was there, and rendered appropriate selections to supplement the devout chaplain's eloquent words, and when the day was over one of them remarked, "The

services are all right to break the monotony of camp life, *but the grub remains the same as other days.*"

On December 12, in anticipation of the Battle of Fredricksburg, the bands of the First and Second brigades were ordered to report to Division Surgeon Cutter for instructions. That evening the Nashua boys serenaded Colonel Stevens and Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers of the Thirteenth New Hampshire, both of whom were residents of their city. December 11, the two brigade bands worked all day in the rear of Stafford Heights, erecting hospital tents. On the 12th, they cut pine and cedar twigs to make beds for the wounded, though but few had as yet been brought in. On the 13th, seven men from each band went to the city with Dr. Cutter, and established hospitals in the deserted residences and in the Baptist meeting-house. December 14 they were busy at the same places. On the 15th, they were on guard at the church, but that night were ordered to the north side of the river, where a good night's rest was obtained after sixty hours' consecutive labor.

December 16, one band was ordered to cook for the wounded during the day; the other at night. The musicians of the Second brigade got the day service, and General Nagle's protegés the night work. But the boys made themselves as comfortable as possible, and did their best for their suffering comrades. As this labor grew lighter the usual camp duties were resumed. On December 23 the First Brigade band played for a division review by General Sumner, and on the 25th for Christmas services at head-quarters. Francis Morse was discharged on the 29th—"the first man gone." January 6, 1863, there was a corps review by General Burnside, on the 7th a division drill, on the 8th a bri-

gade drill. Colonel Griffin of the Sixth returned January 19 from a visit home, and was serenaded. He returned the compliment by sending to the band's quarters a barrel of apples, which yielded eighteen to a man, and were a great treat.

Aaron Chase received his discharge January 25—"the second man gone." February 9 the start was made for Newport News, where the parade ground was the finest on which the band ever played. On the 19th, Colonel Bowman of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts was serenaded; the 25th was notable for a review of the entire corps by Generals Dix and Smith; the 26th for a brigade drill. March 8 was a happy and sad day—happy for Bandmaster Hamblett and his son J. A., as well as for William Manning, all of whom started for home; sad for those left behind, who were to miss their old associates. William H. Graves succeeded H. P. Hamblett as bandmaster. On the 11th the boys wore, for the first time, uniforms which had been purchased of the Hawkin's Zouaves band on the previous day. The price paid was eighteen dollars each. The new uniforms were well christened by General Sturgis, who kept the band playing at his quarters from eight o'clock that night until two o'clock the next morning.

The trip from Virginia to Kentucky was made very pleasant by the Unionists along the route, but especially so at Pittsburgh, Pa., where the brigade was given a collation at the opera house. The band played while their comrades were eating, and had a special supper served later in the green-room, where they were "waited on by ten of the handsomest ladies in the country," who filled their haversacks with cold meats, bread, etc., and their canteens with hot coffee. The boys played two pieces

for their fair hostesses, gave them three cheers, and voted Pittsburgh the "banner city." The cattle car on which they were shipped westward formed a strong contrast to their surroundings in the "Smoky city."

The first campaign in Kentucky was as pleasant to the band as it was to the other Union soldiers quartered there. Three incidents will be especially remembered by the band boys. First, their reception and entertainment by hospitable musicians of Lexington. One of these, a Mr. Saxton, born in New Hampshire but for twenty years a resident of Lexington, invited a party to see "Colleen Bawn" at the opera house where his orchestra was playing; another, Mr. Stivers, a native of Lexington, presented Bandmaster Graves with two pieces of music, "Kentucky Quickstep" and "Ellsworth Funeral March," both of which were pronounced "good." The second incident occurred at Winchester, April 15. In the afternoon came a brigade drill, then review by General Sturgis, after which the band played by invitation at the Ninth New Hampshire head-quarters, and after the concert received from the officers of that regiment one hundred and seventy-seven dollars towards paying for uniforms. This presentation was a complete and delightful surprise. The third incident evoked feelings of a different character. It was the resignation of General James Nagle, commanding the brigade. His farewell address was read at dress parade on the afternoon of May 21. After supper the band played for him for the last time. He listened attentively, made "a nice little speech," complimented the boys on their improvement and good behavior, and shook each by the hand and bade him good-bye. A member of the band said, "He has been a dear good friend to us, and will not soon be forgotten,"

and the remark was echoed and endorsed by every one in hearing. The general left that night for his home in Pennsylvania.

During the Vicksburg campaign the usual amount of hospital work was performed by those of the band who were on duty, but several of them were on the sick-list. Every one was glad when the city was taken and all except "the loved ones gone before" were back in Kentucky once more. At Milldale, Mississippi, the sick members, Howe, Andrews, Gleason, and Wyman, had come back to duty and were cordially welcomed, but nearly every one had contracted so much malaria in the swamps of the Yazoo that they continued to "shake" even in the genial Kentucky climate, and whisky and quinine in large doses were a common necessity. Before September 6, three—Moreland, St. Francis, and George Stevens—had died. Others were seriously ill, but had recovered sufficiently by October to enable the band to appear at guard mount with twelve men, boots blacked, buttons bright, and white gloves. This was their first appearance after the return, and it "pleased the officers and surprised the natives." October 9 a smart looking negro was engaged as cook. On the same date Wyman and Bandmaster Graves received furloughs. Graves returned from New Hampshire November 14, and soon after came three new members, Harvey M. Hall, J. E. Hobson, and Charles Bohonan; but instruments were lacking, and so many were sick again that little routine work was performed. Some serenading was done, as for instance, when Lieutenant Quimby of the Ninth was presented by the conscripts with a gold watch, and the members of the band who were well enough were introduced to General Ammen, who was in command of Central Kentucky, and

were complimented for their good work in the hospitals. A sad feature of the stay in Kentucky was the large number of funerals at which the band officiated. January 17, A. R. Gleason died at the post hospital in Paris, and on March 21 the news of the death of George H. Andrews was received.

During the latter part of March rumors were rife that the Ninth corps would soon be ordered east, and they proved true, for on April 2 the First brigade was played to the station at Nicholasville, and with its band took cars for Annapolis, which was reached on the 7th.

On the 14th, J. R. Wyman died in his tent. His body was sent to Nashua, under care of Howe. Previous losses had been partially made up by the new arrivals in Kentucky and by details from the Sixth New Hampshire. May 4, three more were detailed, this time from the Seventeenth Vermont, viz., G. H. Swift, A. M. Johnson, and H. W. Walker. May 6, the band reported to the division surgeon near the Wilderness battle-field, and from then till June 18 each man was on the jump all the time, either caring for the wounded or trying to find brigade head-quarters, which were changed so frequently from Spottsylvania to Petersburg that those in the rear could not always find them when their special work was done. By June 21 the boys had found each other again, and on the 22d a comfortable camp was made not far from General Potter's head-quarters before Petersburg. Then began a series of guard mountings, dress parades, head-quarters and miscellaneous serenades, and private rehearsals, which continued without much interruption until the explosion of the mine, July 30. On that morning the band boys were out early, and went to the left, where a good view of the explosion was had. August

15 the division moved two miles to the left, and the boys lost their pleasant quarters. On the 19th the division was moved still farther to the left, and again the band went with it. October 5, news was received of the death of H. M. Hall. At the Pegram House fight, September 30, the band became scattered, but soon got together again, and after the movement on Hatcher's Run every one was glad to get back to the old quarters. On November 29 orders to move were received, and a march of five miles was made to Hancock Station, where winter quarters were established. The band built three log houses. The largest had a room for rehearsals, and bunks for Hutchinson, Bailey, Chase, Lovejoy, and Moore. The two smaller ones were occupied by Howe, Bennett, Hobson, Bohonan, F. V. Marshall, N. W. Marshall, Swift, and Johnson, four in each house. Graves and Simonds had a small wall tent.

A feature of the winter's encampment was the frequent playing of the brigade to executions of deserters. Rehearsals were kept up religiously,—for instance, on December 14 the general gave directions that after guard mount in the morning each man should practise by himself for one hour, that at two o'clock the full band should play at head-quarters for one and a half hours, and at four o'clock be at Fort Davis for dress parade, that after the parade a few pieces should be rendered in front of the colonel's quarters, and that the evening rehearsals should last from six to eight o'clock, making a total of seven and a half hours per day for each man. On the 19th, Governor and Mrs. Gilmore of New Hampshire were at the general's head-quarters, and received a three hours serenade. Bandmaster Graves started for home February 12, 1865, and there was no playing for

a while. He returned March 10, and held a rehearsal that same evening—the boys had had enough of loafing just then.

On the 25th the Fort Stedman affair broke the quiet of the Union soldiers' life, and the 2,100 prisoners taken from the Confederates were marched by division headquarters. March 28 three new members arrived from Newport, N. H., viz., D. W. Allen, C. C. Webber, and M. H. Whitcomb. April 2 the Ninth corps advanced, carrying forts and fortifications, capturing cannon and prisoners, and on the 3d the band marched through Petersburg at the head of its division and just before President Lincoln, playing the "Faust Quickstep." The feeling then was that Lee would have to be chased all over the Southern Confederacy, but the boys were glad to get him started. On the 4th the belief that the war was nearly over increased. On the 5th the band camped at Millville Station. Nottoway Court-house was reached on the 6th, where a halt was ordered till five o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th, when a further advance was made to Burkesville Junction. Sheridan's capture of 12,000 prisoners, with cannon, wagon trains, etc., was announced on the 7th. On the rainy morning of the 10th, just as the band were trying to decide whether to play or not, an aide dashed up to General Potter's quarters bringing the glorious news of Lee's surrender, and called out, "Boys, can't you give us a little music!" The boys rather thought they could, and amid cheers, din, and confusion indescribable, played for two solid hours, winding up with the national airs and "Yankee Doodle." The "Johnnies," many of whom were prisoners near by, were no less glad that peace had come than were their former foes.

At last the war was over, and on April 20 the march towards Petersburg began. We arrived at that place on the 23d, and were given an opportunity to view the fortifications. City Point was reached that afternoon, and on the 27th we were at Alexandria, where we remained until the grand review, May 21. On that occasion we united with the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts band, as we had many times before when our own numbers were few, and marching at the head of our division, played the "Faust Quickstep" as we passed in review. We had intended to use the noisy "Door-Latch Quickstep," and discount all the other bands, but we arrived at the reviewing stand so suddenly that the opportunity was lost, a great disappointment to all the boys. The band reached Concord June 13, and joined in the formalities and festivities of that and the following days. We played together for the last time on the 14th. On the 15th, when the soldiers were paid off, the band's discharge papers had not arrived, and the boys had to leave for home without their pay. On June 22 we were notified to be at the Capital city on the 24th. We were all on hand and received our money, and said a last good-bye to Uncle Sam.

Following is a table of facts relating to the band which will be found of interest:

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Term of enlistment | 3 years |
| Term of service | 34 months |
| Whole number of members during term of service | 33 |
| Original members | 22 |
| Mustered as musicians October 1, 1862 | 17 |
| Detailed as musicians October 1, 1862 | 5 |
| Afterwards detailed as musicians | 8 |
| Afterwards enlisted as musicians | 3 |
| Discharged during term of service | 6 |
| Died during term of service | 7 |
| Returned in 1865, with the regiment | 15 |
| Original members returning with regiment | 11 |
| Left in service | 8 |
| Deserted | 1 |





JAMES H. ALDRICH, Co. B.

CHAPTER XX.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES H. ALDRICH.

Comrade James H. Aldrich, who was born in Lisbon in 1838, was the son of Jethro and Mehetabel (Moody) Aldrich, and is a resident of Dalton at the present time. He enlisted July 12, 1862, and was assigned to Company B of the Ninth regiment. At the Battle of Antietam he received a gunshot wound in the right leg and a bayonet thrust in the left knee, but was in the Battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, and participated in the Mississippi campaign the following summer. Perhaps no other incident of his soldier life made a more vivid impression on his memory than that connected with the death of Captain Alexander, which is given in his own words as follows :

“ It was in July, 1863, and we were in the vicinity of Jackson, Miss. After marching all day we had been ordered on picket to relieve a colored regiment. Captain Alexander had been posting the pickets, and in returning to give the countersign was mistaken for a rebel and mortally wounded by one of his men. Thomas Bond and myself carried him to the rear, and then returned to our posts. The enemy were creeping up on us all night. Dustin, the man below me, was murdered, and then my turn came to be attacked. It was a severe struggle, but I finally came off conqueror with only a

sword wound in the groin. We were relieved the next morning, and I was detailed to help carry Captain Alexander back to Milldale, which was a four days march. Shortly after reaching Milldale the captain died, and I was then detailed to take his body to Vicksburg and attend to the burial. On my return to Milldale I was taken down with inflammation of the bowels, and lay on the ground for two weeks. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently I was detailed to go with the quartermaster, and remained with the regiment until the end."

S. JUDSON ALEXANDER.

Capt. S. Judson Alexander was a native of Hopkinton, but his father removing to Concord when Judson was but two years of age, that city was the scene of his short but happy life. He was born June 23, 1837, and died July 23, 1863, from the effects of a wound received while on picket duty near Jackson, Miss. He was a member of Dartmouth college, and had he continued his studies would have completed the course with the class of 1863. The diary which Captain Alexander kept during his war service has been preserved, and its first entry, June 23, 1862, his twenty-fifth birthday, bespeaks the high purpose which animated his heroic soul: "For the past three years I have been at 'Old Dartmouth,' but have left my class, with many regrets, to help put down the unholy rebellion waged by traitors against our noble country. For the past three weeks I have been recruiting in Concord, and have enlisted fifteen men. I hope soon the Ninth regiment will be in the field, ready to do its duty."

The last entry is under date of July 13, 1863, and that very night Captain Alexander was mortally wounded. The following day he was removed in an ambulance

back to the Yazoo river, and died at Milldale, near Haines's Bluff. Only one short year had elapsed since he had exchanged the book for the sword, and laid his strong young life, so full of promise of future excellence, both in military and literary lines, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of the country he loved so well.

The body of Captain Alexander, which had been interred at Vicksburg, was brought to Concord, January 11, 1864, and the following day was buried with civil and military honors. Private services were held at his late home, conducted by Rev. Dr. E. E. Cummings, after which the remains were borne to the Pleasant street Baptist church, of which the deceased was a member, escorted by a company of the Invalid corps and the Concord Brigade band. Tender and affectionate tributes of respect were paid to the memory of the gallant young captain by Dr. Cummings and associate pastors, and the body of the earnest, conscientious Christian soldier was followed to its last, long rest by a large concourse of mourning friends and citizens.

BENJAMIN R. ALLEN.

Benjamin R. Allen is a native of Newport, and was born May 26, 1833. As the son of a farmer he enjoyed the usual advantages in schooling and training, and later on learned the trade of a carpenter. From a boy he manifested a strong liking for music, and at the time the war broke out was director of music at the South Congregational church, Newport, and also leader of the Newport Cornet band. Enlisting in August, 1862, he was mustered in as first sergeant of Company K. His record as a soldier won for him by successive promotions the

position of captain of Company H, early in 1865. He was wounded but once, at the Battle of Poplar Springs Church, September 30, 1864, and was mustered out with the regiment at Concord.

Since the war Captain Allen has resided most of the time at Newport. Besides following his trade he has been an instructor of vocal music, enjoys a wide reputation as a teacher in singing schools, and still retains his position as director of music. He represented his native town in the legislature of 1891, and has been chairman of the board of supervisors of Newport for the past ten years. His home life has been a most pleasant one. He was married August 8, 1857, to Miss Mary H. Gilmore of Newport, and has five children. The oldest child, and only son, Fred J., married Miss Carrie Martin, and lives in Atlanta, Ga. Dora A. married Charles F. Bingham, and has her home in Brattleboro, Vt.; a second daughter, Addie Florence, married William H. Corser, and is also a resident of Brattleboro. The two unmarried daughters, Mary Blanche and Minnie Myrtle, reside respectively at Newport and Brattleboro.

JAMES C. AYER.

Sergeant Ayer was born in Deerfield in 1823, but was living with his family in Somersworth, when in April, 1861, he enlisted in a three months company under Capt. Ichabod Pearl. He was sent to Fort Constitution, and served his time out there, re-enlisting the same day of his discharge for three years in the heavy artillery under Colonel Kent. Here he remained until April 1, 1862, when he was discharged, and immediately re-enlisted

under Captain Davidson. In August of that year he was transferred to Company E of the Ninth New Hampshire, and was promoted to be sergeant. For more than a year he had been in the service of his country, and as he had received no bounty, and no state aid, he soon found it difficult to support his family of seven children, the oldest but fifteen years of age and the youngest only three, on his scanty pay of seventeen dollars per month, so he was finally obliged to mortgage his comfortable home to keep the wolf from the door. At the Battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, Sergeant Ayer, with Sergt. Henry O. Sargent, was ordered to the rear to guard the prisoners which were brought in. They were stationed at the well remembered "brick house," on the west side of the road, and by the time night came on had a total of fifty-seven prisoners. The following day Sergeant Ayer received orders to deliver his charges to Colonel Wood, and thereupon marched them to the camp of that officer, about a mile to the east. After turning over his prisoners, the sergeant asked the officer of the day, Lieut. S. S. Culburton, for a receipt, which was given him. For a disability resulting from wounds received in battle, which rendered him unfit for further active service, he was sent to the general hospital at Middletown. From there he was carried to Frederick, and thence to Washington, receiving his discharge December 16, 1863. Though he has never recovered from the disability incurred by his injuries, and will be a cripple for life, the receipt for his prisoners-of-war, together with the original list of their names and addresses, is still cherished as one of Sergeant Ayer's choicest possessions.

EDWIN C. BABB.

The subject of this sketch was born in Westbrook, Maine, February 1, 1834. His mother, Mary Winslow, was a lineal descendant of Governor Winslow of Massachusetts. He was educated in the common and grammar schools of his native town, and in the common schools of Bridgeton, Maine, where he also taught for a short time. Later, he learned the marble-cutting trade, which he followed for a few years, and then rejoined his father's family in Berlin Falls, New Hampshire, where he was engaged in the lumbering business for a number of years.

During the dark days of the Rebellion, when McClellan had been defeated on the Peninsula, and the call came for more troops, he left the profitable business in which he was engaged, and went to Concord and enlisted as a private soldier in the Ninth regiment, in which, at that time, he did not know a single man. He was made second sergeant, before leaving the state, in Company F. He was soon promoted to be first sergeant of the same company, and a short time later to be second lieutenant of Company H. Another promotion carried him back to Company F as first lieutenant, and later still, he was made captain of Company G.

His history written in full would be much the same as that of any other soldier who participated in all the battles in which the regiment was engaged. At the Battle of Spottsylvania, where the regiment made its greatest loss, the subject of this sketch commanded Company F, which was on the extreme right of the regiment and joined the extreme left of Hancock's corps. He was assisted by Lieut. C. W. Wilcox, who, with many others,

was captured. The extreme left of the regiment was unprotected, and two columns of rebels, whose numbers were at least ten to one, moved quickly around the left flank. One half of the regiment was killed, wounded, and captured, and the remnant fell back and sought to rejoin the remainder of the corps. During this march toward the left of the line, Captain Babb was detailed by the regimental commander to march with his company in advance of the regiment, and a long distance toward the enemy, to prevent surprises or an ambushade. The right of the corps line, however, was safely reached, where the regiment was engaged with the enemy during the remainder of that day.

After his discharge from the army he went to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he engaged in the lumber business, which he followed for a few years, and then commenced dealing in real estate and in many other kinds of property, in all of which he has been financially successful.

When the National encampment of the Grand Army decided at Denver to hold its next meeting at Minneapolis, he was chosen department commander and chairman of committee for that year. He served as alderman in 1886 and 1887, declining a re-election in 1888. He was elected mayor of the city in 1889 and 1890, and has been prominent among the business men who have built up that wonderful metropolis.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in Keene, June 12, 1835. His early life was spent in his native town, where he was educated in the excellent schools

for which the town and subsequent city has ever been noted. At the breaking out of the Rebellion young Babbitt was living the city of Bloomington, Ill. His patriotic spirit was at once aroused by the wicked outbreak, and he was one of the first to enlist in defence of his country. He enlisted April 19, 1861, in a regiment formed for three months' service, during which time he was promoted to the position of sergeant. At the expiration of his term of service he joined the Fifty-eighth Illinois, was commissioned second lieutenant in that gallant corps of soldiers, December 24, 1861, and on the 26th of the following March was promoted to the captaincy of Company B in the same regiment. At the siege of Fort Donelson his regiment was assigned a conspicuous position, and in one of the assaults on that rebel stronghold he was wounded, but not so severely as to prevent his continuing in the service. In the Battle of Shiloh, and again at Corinth, Miss., he was severely wounded, necessitating his discharge, which was given him July 3, 1862, when he returned to his home in Keene to recuperate. At that time recruiting for the Ninth New Hampshire was going on, and as soon as he was able to get about, Captain Babbitt offered his services to the governor of New Hampshire, in whatever capacity he saw fit to engage him. The governor recognized in Captain Babbitt not only an experienced organizer, but a brave and enthusiastic soldier, and he at once assigned him to duty as captain of Company I, Ninth New Hampshire, his commission being dated August 10, 1862. In this capacity he served until November 22 following, when he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. This position he held until May 7, 1864, when he was ordered to take command of the Thirty-sec-

ond Maine. The Battle of Spottsylvania Court-House, in which this regiment was hotly engaged, occurred May 12, the same year, and in that engagement Colonel Babbitt was again severely wounded, and was removed to the officers' hospital at Annapolis, Md., for surgical treatment. Partially recovering from his wounds, he was detailed from the hospital to serve on general court-martial and military commission at Baltimore, Md., where he remained nearly six months, or until December 5, 1864, when he was discharged from the service for disability.

During Colonel Babbitt's long service as an officer in the Union army it is believed that he never incurred the ill-will of a single soldier under his command. He was immensely popular in the organizations with which he was connected, and was held in high esteem by his superiors. Since the war Colonel Babbitt has held many responsible and honorable positions in civil life, and at the present time enjoys fairly good health, although never fully recovering from the honorable wounds received when battling for his country.

ALDEN B. BENNETT.

Alden Bradford Bennett was born at Dunstable, Mass., in 1816. In 1839 he enlisted on the United States ship *Ohio* as ship fifer. He served three years, most of the time sailing on the Mediterranean. At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion he was the third man to enlist from New Hampshire, and did three months' service in the First regiment. He re-enlisted in the Ninth July 3, 1862, and August 6 was mustered in as principal musician in the regimental band. He was given a dis-

charge at Falmouth, and shortly after was again doing service as fife-major in the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts. The last sixteen months of his service were spent in the hospital at Washington, whither he was ordered as the result of a fall received while marching. He was there, awaiting his discharge for disability, when the volunteer service was mustered out at the close of the war. Comrade Bennett was a genial, free-hearted man, of quick impulses and a generous nature. His jovial good humor made him popular among his comrades during the war, and in later years his fund of reminiscence and gift at story-telling made him the welcome centre of any group. He was a shoemaker by trade, and followed this occupation during the years he resided at Amherst. He died of apoplexy May 15, 1895, leaving a widow and two children, Mrs. Oscar Shaffer of Amherst and Mrs. Dr. McLeod of New Bedford, Mass., and was buried under the auspices of Post Phelps.

CHARLES M. BLAISDELL.

Charles M. Blaisdell was born in Somersworth, in 1843. He was a clerk in Boston at the time of his enlistment in the navy, early in 1861. Here he served one year, and was discharged in March, 1862, on account of small-pox. He went home, intending to continue his education at the Great Falls high school, but public sentiment was at fever heat, and he had been at home but a few weeks when he was carried away by enthusiasm and enlisted in Company F of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers. He followed the fortunes of the regiment during its entire service, participating in all the battles, marches, and hardships, and was absent only during the

march from Knoxville to Covington, Ky., acting as assistant commissary sergeant from July to October, 1863.

Comrade Blaisdell was but eighteen years old when he shouldered his musket and did a man's duty in the ranks. He was a modest, true, and brave soldier, always at his post, no matter how hazardous, and never flinching or complaining. He is another example of the high class of young men that left school, home, friends, and future prospects and laid his life on the altar of his country, as his success in later life has fully testified.

The summer following the war he went to Boston, and was employed by the Boston & Providence railroad as clerk. In the fall of 1865 he received an offer from Florida, and for three years was engaged in raising cotton in that state. At the end of that time he returned North, and went into business with his brothers, S. Blaisdell, Jr., & Co., of Chicopee, Mass., dealers in cotton and wool. Owing to his superior business abilities he has been largely instrumental in laying the foundations of one of the largest cotton houses in this country, and in establishing a large foreign trade, and since 1888 has been at the head of the firm. His pleasing address and sterling business qualities have won for the firm an enviable international reputation, and for himself many pleasant trips across the ocean and many friends in foreign countries. Mr. Blaisdell and his accomplished and talented wife (born Mary H. Starr, of Deerfield, Mass.) have rare taste and capacity for the beautiful in art, and in their extensive travels through this and foreign countries have gathered many choice paintings and curios with which to adorn the pleasant home where they both delight to entertain their friends, and where every comrade may be sure of a hearty welcome.

HENRY J. BOOTHBY.

Henry J. Boothby was a native of Conway, and had but just attained his majority when he enlisted from that town, as a private in Company D, July 19, 1862. On the organization of the company he was mustered in as corporal. At the Battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, Corporal Boothby was wounded in the arm, disabling him from active service for some time, but bringing to him the well-deserved promotion to first sergeant of the company. While serving in the trenches before Petersburg, July 23, 1864, Sergeant Boothby was again severely wounded. He was commissioned as second lieutenant in November of that year, but not having fully recovered from his wound was unable to serve, and was finally discharged on account of permanent disability, January 13, 1865. He died at Garfield, Ark., January 13, 1888, but through the kindness of his sister, Mrs. H. A. Herrick, of Marlborough, a photograph of Sergeant Boothby, taken during his term of service, was secured for this volume.

ELMER BRAGG.

Elsewhere in the history Sergt. N. T. Dutton pays a tender and appreciative tribute to the memory of his friend and comrade, Corp. Elmer Bragg. It is noticeable, indeed, that whenever Corporal Bragg is mentioned in the diaries and letters of his comrades-in-arms it is in terms of the deepest respect. His life was only too brief, as numbered by years, yet who can measure the influence wrought by the strength of character which he ever displayed, even under the most trying circumstances, or by the Christian fortitude with which he endured the terrible



SERGT. HENRY J. BOOTHBY, CO. D.



CORP. EDWARD D. LATHROP, CO. D.



FRANK H. KENNARD, CO. D.



GEORGE WEEKS, CO. D.

sufferings that filled the last three months of his earthly pilgrimage. Death does not end all; and the world is better for the young hero who lived so well and perished so nobly.

LEWIS BROCKLEBANK.

Among the many Plainfield boys who helped to swell the ranks of Company E in the Ninth regiment, was Comrade Lewis Brocklebank. He was the son of Daniel and Lois D. (Heath) Brocklebank, and was born May 10, 1845. He was with the regiment during its entire term of service, and was appointed corporal of Company E, February 1, 1865. After the close of the war he returned to his home in Plainfield, and followed the occupation of farming. In 1885 he removed to Newport, where he died October 28, 1889, of bronchial and catarrhal trouble, leaving a widow, born Miss Belle Wilber, but no children. He was a loyal member of Post William H. Tracy, of Windsor, Vt. Though quiet and unassuming in manner, Comrade Brocklebank had made many friends at Newport, and resolutions commendatory of his character as a soldier and citizen were spread upon the records of the local G. A. R. post.

WILLIAM IDE BROWN.

William Ide Brown, the son of John S. and Deborah (Ide) Brown, was born in Attleborough, Mass., August 27, 1839. In 1843 the family removed to Fisherville (now Penacook), N. H., which was his home from that time. In 1855 he entered the New London Literary

and Scientific institution, and there fitted for college. While there he made a public profession of religion, uniting with the Baptist church in Fisherville, and from that time prosecuted his studies with the intention of entering the ministry. Graduating at New London with distinction in 1858, he entered upon his collegiate course at Brown university, Providence, R. I. His rank there as a scholar was above the average, although he devoted more than the ordinary time to literary pursuits and to general reading outside the prescribed collegiate course. Among his fellow-students he won an enviable reputation as a genial companion and self-sacrificing friend, and during his last year he was honored with the perpetual presidency of his class.

In the early summer of 1862 he left Providence, his collegiate course completed—save the graduating exercises—with the intention of entering upon a theological course at Newton, Mass. About this date, writing of friends in the service, he says,—“I wish I could have the results in my character of such experience. That is what will toughen—will develop—will strain every energy of being—will make a man more a man. There is something so noble in this absorbing of little, selfish interests in one great one. Before a man can sincerely and intelligently give himself a ready sacrifice to his country, his whole nature must pass through an ordeal that cannot but raise him in the scale of being. I do not mean that a patriot will continue long to balance his own interests and his country's before he will decide for the latter, but that true patriotism is something more than mere impulse, mere ignorance of the cost, mere indifference—it is the result of a rational, settled conviction that the country needs great sacrifice and is worthy of it.”

The call for volunteers in the summer of 1862 was answered by him, and he immediately deferred the sacred duty of preaching Christ for what seemed to him the more sacred duty of defending the imperilled liberties of the nation. It was duty alone which impelled him to forsake the church for the camp. He had no fondness, no natural aptitude for a soldier's life. But he saw that certain vital principles of our free institutions were at stake, and he seized the sword with alacrity and wielded it manfully until death released him from the claims of duty. His character as a soldier was in consonance with the motives which led him to take up arms and his natural preference for a quiet life. He lacked that dash and brilliancy which are essential to the popular ideal of a military leader. But wherever duty called him he was ready to go—whatever duty bade him do was done promptly and well.

Regarding the Emancipation Proclamation he writes,—“I still hold that the enforcement of the Constitution is the direct object for which we contend, but I should feel that peace would be premature if it should leave the slavery question as it now is. I should regard it as a calamity if the armed violence that threatens the Constitution should be removed without removing the underlying cause. I hope we are now doing the fighting for centuries to come.” And again, from another letter, as indicative of his spirit,—“No one would more gladly welcome an unconditional surrender on the part of the Confederacy than I would; but better a few more lives should be sacrificed than that the past sacrifice should be in vain. The length of life is not determined by our years, but by what we do. Death on the battle-field, with all its horrors, is preferable to slavery to unjust

principles—a short life of freedom and honor better than a long one of servitude and disgrace.”

After the Battle of Antietam he writes,—“Many a time during the past year, under the influence of excitement and inspiring music, I have thought I could march with fortitude up to the cannon’s mouth, but such feelings under such circumstances are not to be trusted. On the battle-field there is no music but the roar of cannons, the hissing of shells, and the hum of bullets. There is nothing very inspiring about this, I assure you. One must then draw upon the courage of principle, it must be the result of careful counting of the cost and a determination to meet the worst, and if it does not come, to count it all as so much gain,—as so much more than was to be expected.” And again, while in front of Petersburg,—“I have full as strong a desire to resume my studies as I had one year ago, but I cannot leave honorably while the campaign lasts. I will see the war through before I think of any other duty.”

Comrade Brown was commissioned second lieutenant in Company K, August 10, 1862, which company he assisted in recruiting. On March 1, 1863, he was promoted to be first lieutenant, and transferred to Company B. On November 1, 1863, he was commissioned as adjutant, a position for which he was well fitted and which he held while he remained with the regiment. His service with the Ninth New Hampshire was continuous from the date of its muster-in until the fall of 1864, when, on the organization of the Eighteenth regiment, he was tendered the position of major, his commission dating from October 13, 1864.

Major Brown was killed in action at Fort Stedman, in front of Petersburg, Va., March 29, 1865, and his

remains were interred in Woodlawn cemetery, at his home, April 7, 1865. His life was among the last sacrificed by the state in the Civil War, and his memory will be held in grateful remembrance by the patriotic citizens of New Hampshire.

FRANKLIN J. BURNHAM.

Franklin James Burnham was born December 31, 1842, at Norwich, Vt. His parents, James and Amelia (Whitman) Burnham, were both descendants of English emigrants who settled in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century. William Whitman, his mother's father, was a soldier of the Revolution, having served in a Massachusetts battalion during the later years of that war. James Burnham had been reared on a farm in Hanover, N. H., and his wife on one in Pomfret, Vt. James had made ready a pleasant abode of the same character among the Norwich hills before his marriage. Upon the happening of that event he and his bride at once took possession, and it continued to be their home for the remainder of their lives, and was left to the youngest son, by whom it is still occupied. They were worthy representatives of their class, and their children were carefully trained and instructed in the practical virtues and robust Christianity and patriotism for which the New England of their day was noted.

The subject of this sketch was their first-born. As a boy he rendered unusually efficient service on the farm in summer, and in winter attended the "district" school, until at fifteen he had completed its course of study. During the next two winters he was one of a small class taught by a retired clergyman at the neighboring village.

In the fall of 1860 he entered Kimball Union academy at Meriden, was graduated at that institution in July, 1862, and planned entering Dartmouth at the beginning of the next college year. Touched, however, by the wave of patriotic fervor and devotion that swept over the North in response to the call of President Lincoln after the disasters of the Peninsular campaign, he with seven classmates and several from other classes, joined a company then being recruited at Lebanon for the Ninth regiment, which became Company E in that organization. At first his parents withheld their consent to this step, but he pleaded the nation's need, and his own sense of duty to aid in her defence, so forcibly as to eventually win their approval and blessing.

His position during the first four months of his term of service was that of private "in the rear rank." At the Battle of Fredericksburg several of the color guard were killed or wounded, and a call was made for volunteers to take their places, and he was one of those who offered themselves and was accepted. Soon after this he was made a corporal, and regularly detailed as a member of the guard. He continued on duty with the colors until April, 1864, when he was given a warrant as sergeant and resumed duty with his company. Up to that time he had been continuously present for duty except about four months in the fall of 1863. He was one of the many members of the regiment who contracted malarial fever in the Mississippi campaign, and on the return of the command to Kentucky, in the latter part of August, he was placed in a hospital at Covington. His illness was severe, and it was nearly two months before he was strong enough to be transferred to Camp Dennison, Ohio, then occupied chiefly by convalescents. After a sojourn



LIEUT. FRANKLIN J. BURNHAM, Co. K.

there of a couple of months he was assigned to the Invalid corps, and with others sent to Cincinnati for organization as a company of the First battalion of the corps. To be corporal of the guard for the remainder of his military life was too dismal a prospect altogether, so he deserted at the first opportunity and rejoined the regiment, which was then scattered along the Kentucky Central railroad, Company E being at Kiser's Station.

In July, 1864, he was made first sergeant, and was commissioned second lieutenant in November following, and as first lieutenant February 1, 1865, being in command of his company from October, 1864, until the regiment was disbanded at Concord in June, 1865. He was one of the very few members of the regiment that participated in every battle in which it was engaged. Although slightly wounded on three occasions during the siege of Petersburg, his injuries were not sufficient to require him to leave his command. He was fleet of foot, and to this fact owed his escape from capture, if not death, at Spottsylvania on May 12, Petersburg Mine, July 30, and Poplar Grove church, September 30, 1864. He regards as perhaps his most difficult and trying experience, his service as one of the volunteer detail that, at Spottsylvania, on the night of May 13 crept out between the lines and close up to the Confederate pickets, and found and brought in nearly a score of wounded comrades, who lay where they had fallen on the morning of the 12th; and on the night of the 14th went out again, and brought in nearly forty bodies of the slain.

On his return to civil life he determined to begin where he left off in 1862. With his classmate at the academy and comrade in the field, Capt. O. D. Robinson, he

entered Dartmouth, and pursued for the next four years the regular course of study in the classical department, graduating with the class of 1869. The next year he spent at Littleton, as principal of the high school in that place. Declining an offer of this position for another year, he went to Chicago, and began the study of law in the office of Hon. W. C. Goudy, and on the commencement of the school year joined the law class connected with Chicago university. From that institution he received a diploma and the degree of LL. B. in July, 1871. About the same time he was admitted to the bar by the supreme court of Illinois. In company with a classmate in the law school he secured an office adjoining that of a friendly city justice, and hung out a sign bearing the legend, "Burnham & Willard, Attorneys at Law." In the course of a few weeks Mr. Willard retired from the firm to accept a promising offer in another calling, and the remaining member continued the business single-handed. What might have been the result of this venture will never be known, for the famous kick of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, that started the great conflagration of October, 1871, cut short its history. Its proprietor saw it end in smoke with a sigh of relief. Within a few days he secured employment with the Relief and Aid Society which took charge of the distribution of the immense contributions in aid of the thousands left homeless and destitute by the fire. For this work his military training proved an excellent preparation. His executive ability was soon recognized, and he was rapidly promoted and finally made superintendent of the distribution of aid in the northern division of the city, and filled the position successfully until the conclusion of the work in April, 1872.

The Northern Pacific railroad had then just been completed to the western boundary of Minnesota, opening for settlement the famous valley of the Red river of the North. Some of his acquaintances were about to locate at Glyndon, ten miles east of that river and the junction point of the Northern Pacific with one of the lines of what is now the Great Northern system. Joining them, he became one of the first settlers of this place. He remained there three years, practising his profession and devoting his spare time to various business enterprises. In 1875 he removed to Moorhead, on the Red river, the capital and principal town of Clay county, Minnesota. This is still his home. It is now a thriving city of 3,500 population. He has been successful in his profession, and prominent in other business. In 1881 he helped organize the First National bank of Moorhead, and was its first vice-president. He succeeded to its presidency in 1882, and has held that position to the present time. He has filled with credit several municipal and county offices, was for nine years a member of the Moorhead board of education, and has been continuously an active promoter of the educational, moral, and religious interests of the community. He married, in 1873, Miss Harriet F. Laughton, of Chicago, a lady who has contributed in no small degree to her husband's success. Four children have been born to them, of whom two sons and a daughter survive. Comrade Burnham's first ballot was cast in 1864 for Abraham Lincoln, at the regimental polls before Petersburg, and he has ever since been an adherent of the Republican party. He is a member of the Grand Army and of the Loyal legion, and his love for the old flag and the comrades with whom he followed it through three long but glorious years, has suffered no abatement.

GEORGE H. CHANDLER.

George Henry Chandler, son of the late Nathan S. and Mary A. Chandler, was born in Concord, August 4, 1839. His education was obtained in the city schools, and at Dartmouth college, from which institution he graduated in the class of 1860. At the close of his college course he entered the law office of his brother, William E. Chandler, of Concord, with whom he read law until August, 1862, also holding the position of deputy secretary of state from June, 1861, until that time.

On the 18th of August, 1862, he became adjutant of the Ninth New Hampshire, and on October 11, 1863, was promoted to the rank of major. In the Battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, Major Chandler, while gallantly leading his regiment across the famous "bloody angle," received a musket ball through the flesh of his right thigh, but rejoined his command in the latter part of August. In November following, Major Chandler was made president of a court-martial at Washington, D. C., and after that, was detailed to aid the navy department in some investigations at Philadelphia.

In April, 1865, he returned to his regiment with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and with it was mustered out of the service shortly afterwards. Immediately thereafter he resumed his legal studies at the Harvard law school, from which he received the degree of LL. B. in 1867. Prior to taking his degree, however, he was appointed clerk of a commission at Washington, D. C., to codify the United States laws, and in January, 1867, went to England with Judge Isaac F. Redfield as junior counsel in some United States government causes for

the recovery of Confederate property abroad, which were then in suit.

Immediately after returning from Europe he took up his residence in Baltimore, Md., where he ever afterwards made his home, and began an honorable and successful professional career. He was a member of Wilson post, G. A. R., of Baltimore, one of the largest Grand Army posts in the South.

Major Chandler married Elvira S. Coffin, eldest daughter of the late Samuel S. Coffin, of Concord, December 29, 1870. She died November 21, 1875, leaving three children, only one of whom survives, a daughter, Kate. In the summer of 1883, Major Chandler was summoned to Concord by the illness of his mother, and spent several weeks in ministering to her wants before her death, which occurred July 14. Just a week after the funeral of his mother, while visiting his brother, John K. Chandler, of Boscawen, he had a severe attack of neuralgia of the heart and congestion of the brain, from which he gradually failed until death ensued, on August 12.

Major George H. Chandler was a most genial companion, a courteous and entertaining gentleman, a loyal and patriotic man, and a devoted friend, husband, and father. At his funeral, which was held in the Unitarian church at Concord, the Rev. Dr. Little of Chicago, a college classmate and close friend of the deceased, paid a tender and heartfelt tribute to his fidelity as a student, to his ardent patriotism in the War of the Rebellion, and to his fortitude and patient endurance under the severe wound he sustained in defence of the country and flag he so dearly loved.

GEORGE A. CHASE.

George A. Chase was a native of Newport, and one of the large number of patriotic young men enlisted by Captain Cooper in Company K. His own words most fitly express the nice sense of honor and patriotism which led him to enter the service of his country. He writes,—
“I wish I could send you something worthy of myself to put in the history of the grand old Ninth. I can simply say I enlisted to put down the Rebellion, and tried to do my duty while in the service. I was wounded at the Battle of Fredericksburg, was discharged, went home, and enlisted again, a few months later, in the New Hampshire Heavy artillery, Company H.”

HENRY W. CLARK.

Henry W. Clark, of Company I, was born at Walpole, June 11, 1842. At the age of fourteen years his parents moved to Winchendon, Mass., and he was educated in the public schools. In 1858 he entered the employment of the Cheshire Railroad company at Winchendon, as ticket agent and telegraph operator, and remained in that position until his enlistment in 1862. Most of the time during his three years service in the army he was on detached duty as chief clerk in the brigade quartermaster's department, under Geo. A. Zimmerman, captain and acting assistant quartermaster. On his discharge from the service in 1865, he again entered the employ of the Cheshire railroad, as general agent at Boston, and remained there until 1881, when he resigned to accept a position in the office of his uncle, William P. Clark, manufacturer and wholesale dealer in wooden



HENRY W. CLARK, Co. I.

ware, at Winchendon, Mass., where he now resides. In 1867 he joined Bunker Hill lodge of Odd Fellows at Charlestown, Mass., passed through the various chairs of the subordinate lodge, and in 1881 was elected grand master of the grand lodge of Massachusetts. In 1882 he was elected grand representative to the Sovereign grand lodge, I. O. O. F., which position he held for two years. He is also a member of Bunker Hill encampment, I. O. O. F., and of Paul Revere lodge, Knights of Honor.

HERMON A. CLEMENT.

Hermon A. Clement, of Company F, was one of five brothers who enlisted to help crush the Rebellion. He was born in Lowell, Mass., August 16, 1841, and ten days before reaching his majority enlisted as a private in the Ninth. He was twice wounded,—at the Battle of Fredericksburg and at the Mine explosion before Petersburg, but served until the final mustering-out of the regiment in June, 1865. Serving most faithfully under Captain Stone, to whom he was devotedly attached, young Clement was permitted to minister to the needs of the brave captain, when he fell leading his regiment at Spottsylvania, and to perform for him the last sad offices. Throughout his entire connection with the regiment Private Clement's service was characterized by faithful performance of daily duty,—one of those who “also serve that only stand and wait.”

SIMEON A. CLEMENT.

Simeon A. Clement was a younger brother of Hermon A. Clement. He was born in Holderness, and at the

age of nineteen enlisted in company with his brother. He served with the regiment up to the engagement at Poplar Springs church, September 30, 1864, when he was severely wounded, was captured on the field, and taken to Libby prison. After remaining there six weeks, he was paroled and sent to Annapolis. Some three months later he was sent to the hospital at Manchester, where he remained until he was discharged, at his own request, in May, 1865. Feeling that his days were fast being numbered, the young soldier returned to his home at Centre Harbor, and there, in April, 1866, after nineteen months of patient suffering, as a result of his wound, he passed peacefully away.

JOHN B. COOPER.

At Walpole, in the Connecticut valley, there was born in 1842, a boy who received the above name, and who at the nominal age of twenty-one years, though he was really but twenty, enlisted in Company D, First New Hampshire volunteers. After his term of service in that organization had expired he recruited at Newport a large number of the men who afterwards constituted Company K of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers, and the youthful recruiting officer was made captain of the men in whose enlistment he had been so largely instrumental. On the Saturday in August, 1861, before he left the state on Monday, Captain Cooper was married to Mary O. Moody of Newport. At the Antietam battle he was wounded, and afterwards furloughed, but only to rejoin his company and the regiment on December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, an hour before the charge on Marye's heights. During the second stay in Kentucky,

Captain Cooper was detailed for service as provost-marshal on General Frye's staff. His labor there lasted from February to June, 1864, when, on the third day of the month, he rejoined his regiment, of which he was in command a large part of the time from the Battle of the Mine until the following April. Since the war Captain Cooper has resided at Newport, with the exception of one year during which he managed a farm near Rappahannock Station, Va. No citizen of the shire town of Sullivan county is held in higher esteem than this officer of the Ninth New Hampshire. His careful judgment and known sincerity have been frequently demanded in the service of his townsmen. He has been selectman, representative, member of constitutional convention, and now, as executive member of the recently incorporated Newport water-works, is superintending the laying of pipes and building of the reservoir. In 1875-6 he was door-keeper of the New Hampshire house of representatives, and served a four years term under President Hayes as postmaster of Newport. Captain Cooper has one son, Mark O., born in 1866, and living with his parents.

CHARLES D. COPP.

Midway of Grafton county, and nestling in the shadow of grim Mount Moosilauke, is the little town of Warren, the birthplace of one of the Ninth's most gallant soldiers, Capt. Charles Dearborn Copp. Though born in a quiet country town, Captain Copp has ancestral claims that run back to King Eric of Sweden in the sixteenth century, and is equally proud of his descent from that brave old soldier of Revolutionary times, Gen. Israel Putnam.

When he was five years old his father moved the family to Nashua, where young Copp was in time duly enrolled as an attendant of the public schools.

He began selling the Boston daily papers, in connection with the local *Oasis*, *Gazette*, and *Telegraph*, at the age of eleven, and thereby gained the familiar cognomen which clung to him for many years, that of "The News-boy." When he was eighteen he bought out a paper agency, and soon after a book and stationery business, in which he was engaged at the breaking out of the Rebellion. In his boyhood days he had been an enthusiastic member of an embryo military company, and in later years had been prominent in the Granite State cadets, an independent military organization in Nashua, so the country's call found in him a ready response.

In the spring of 1862 he opened a recruiting office in Nashua, and in July, leaving his business with a brother, he went to Concord, where the recruits were assigned to the Ninth regiment. Here his knowledge of military tactics was soon brought into play, and he was commissioned as second lieutenant of Company C August 10, 1862. Strict in discipline, prompt to duty himself and justly requiring the same of his subordinates, the popular and efficient officer found full scope for his abilities while the organization and drilling of the raw troops was going on.

The history of his army life is practically that of the regiment, for he was with it almost continuously,—through its long marches in summer's heat and winter's cold, in camp and bivouac, in skirmishes and hard fought battles. Company C was the color company during the term of regimental service, and in it, through two successive deeds of daring, the young lieutenant rose

to be captain. If the color company held the place of honor, it was equally the post of danger and responsibility, and the command had devolved on Lieutenant Copp almost from the first, the captain being absent on detached duty and the first lieutenant so severely wounded at Antietam that he never returned.

The special duty of the color company was the guarding of the flag. On several occasions, when the color bearer had been killed or wounded in the heat of battle, amid shrieking, bursting shells, singing bullets, and rattling grape and canister, Lieutenant Copp was the first to seize the fallen flag, to spring to the front and lead the men forward or rally on a new line to check a retreat. Such was his heroic conduct at the Battle of Fredericksburg, that he was awarded the Medal of Honor presented by congress for acts of special bravery, a decoration of which he and his comrades may be justly proud.

In July, 1864, Captain Copp was in the hospital for a few weeks, his health being somewhat broken by the exposure and hard service which the regiment had undergone, though he was one of the very few officers who received no wounds. Yet he had many narrow escapes, for at South Mountain he was the first man to get a touch of the enemy's fire, one bullet striking the toe of his boot, while another brushed his hair just over the left ear. At Antietam a spent ball struck him on the arm, producing quite a sore spot, while at Petersburg a bullet struck a fence-rail against which his head was resting, exactly in line with his forehead, but did not come quite through.

In January, 1865, Captain Copp came home on a short leave of absence, during which he was married to Harriet E. Woods, of Lancaster, Mass. He was mustered

out with his company at Concord, June 10, 1865, and just before leaving for home was presented with a gold watch, every member of the company contributing to this token of their good-will and esteem. Returning to his business at Nashua, Captain Copp remained there until 1872, when he sold out to his brother and went into the furniture business with J. W. Howard. In April, 1878, he entered the employ of the Gibbs Loom Harness and Reed company, of Clinton, Mass., as travelling salesman, visiting cotton mills from Maine to Louisiana. In this business he is now engaged, having in the mean time spent three years in Burlington, Vt., in the bobbin and spool business, visiting the same trade. Captain Copp is a member of the Congregational church, also of the "Medal of Honor" legion, of the Massachusetts commandery of the Loyal legion, of the I. O. O. F., and of the G. A. R. His present home is in Clinton, Mass.

MARTIN T. CROWELL.

November 30, 1893, there died in Hopkinton, Martin T. Crowell, a member of Company B, who enlisted July 18, 1862, at the age of twenty-one. He was mustered in on the day of his enlistment, and remained with the regiment throughout its whole service, when he returned to his native town, where he continued to live till his decease. For fifteen years he had been in failing health, suffering greatly from asthma. He was a member of Putnam post, No. 5, G. A. R., and is survived by his widow. It does not appear that Comrade Crowell lost a day's service, either from sickness, wounds, capture, or furlough.



ANDREW CURRIER, Co. A.



JAMES B. KIMBALL, Co. A.



GEORGE W. BARNARD, Co. A.

ANDREW CURRIER.

Andrew Currier, the subject of this sketch, a private in Company A, was born in Newton, N. H., August 5, 1844. His early life was spent in his native town, attending the public schools, working on the farm, and in shoemaking. He enlisted July 7, 1862, and was immediately mustered into service. He participated in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. The winter following he contracted the measles, which, with the exposure he endured, left him in feeble health, and he received his discharge April 27, 1863, at Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Partially regaining his health, he re-enlisted, June, 1864, in the Veteran Reserve corps, joining the famous Black Horse cavalry, which comprised Lincoln's body-guard, and was doing duty at the time of the president's assassination. This organization was the first to surround Ford's theatre on that fatal night. Receiving his discharge at the close of the war, he returned to Newton and engaged in mercantile pursuits, and later in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in which business he remains at the present writing. Mr. Currier is a member of C. R. Mudge post, No. 114, G. A. R., of Merrimac, Mass., and of Twilight lodge, I. O. O. F., of Newton.

NATHAN CUSHING.

Private Nathan Cushing was born in Woodstock, Vt., in 1842, but afterwards became a resident of Plainfield. He enlisted at Lebanon in the latter part of July, 1862, under Capt. Daniel C. Buswell. On reaching the rendezvous at Concord, the company was increased by the

addition of about forty men who had been sent up from Portsmouth, and the complete organization became Company E of the Ninth New Hampshire. The night the regiment reached Washington on its way out, Private Cushing was one of the volunteer guard who served as sentinels while their comrades slept. At the Battle of Antietam, while serving on special detail, he narrowly escaped capture. He served with the regiment until early in December, when he was taken ill and sent to the hospital, and was finally discharged for disability, December 29, 1862.

LEWIS DWIGHT DARLING.

Lewis Dwight Darling was a native of Keene, and was but eighteen years old when he enlisted as a private in Company I. He won his promotion to corporal and sergeant by his faithful attention to duty, and shared the fortunes of the regiment through all the vicissitudes it experienced, participating in every engagement, from South Mountain to the fall of Petersburg. Sergeant Darling received a gunshot wound in the breast in the advance upon the enemy at Tolopotomoy Creek, and was again wounded in the knee at the explosion of the Mine, but kept with the regiment until he was finally mustered out at the close of the war.

ALVAH R. DAVIS.

The above named comrade was born in West Charlestown, Vt., but having taken up his residence in Croydon, this state, and engaged in farming, he enlisted in August, 1862, at the age of nineteen, and became a private of

Company K, of the Ninth. He followed the fortunes of the regiment until he was captured at Spottsylvania Court-house, May 12, 1864. The next seven months were passed in rebel prison-pens, four months at Andersonville and three at Florence. In December, 1864, he was exchanged and furloughed, but at the expiration of his furlough was found unable to perform duty in the field, and was ordered to the hospital at Annapolis, Md., where he remained until July, 1865, when he was able to return home and receive his discharge. Since that time Comrade Davis has been engaged in various lines of business life, and has received his share of success in each. Farming, tanning, teaming, have all been made to yield an income, but now the direction of a flourishing meat-market at Newport employs a large portion of his time and energy. In 1866 he married Mary E. Thompson of Antrim, by whom he is the father of three children. The eldest of these, Emma J., is the wife of William H. Wright of Concord. The others, George A. and Walter E., reside at Newport.

SANFORD DINSMORE.

“I enlisted July 4, 1862, in the town of Colebrook, where I was born. John G. Lewis was the recruiting officer. I was but seventeen years old, and the youngest in the company so far as I know. We went to Lancaster, and stayed through July and a part of August. Mr. Lewis got some twenty more recruits, and then we went to Concord and joined the regiment. Our squad was made a part of Company H, with Capt. C. W. Edgerly as our senior officer and Mr. Lewis as first lieutenant. Our squad clubbed together and bought Lieutenant Lewis

a very handsome sword with a belt and a gold tassel ; but he would not wear the tassel, as he thought it was not suited to his rank. I remember that when we presented him the sword he shed tears and was much affected at our goodwill. As my parents were dead, I had chosen Lieutenant Lewis as my guardian, and so was somewhat more intimate with him than the other privates in our company. He was a grand, good man, and as brave as a lion.

“ From Concord I went with the regiment to the front, and was with it in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. In both of these engagements I tried to do my duty the best that I could. I was one that volunteered to go on the skirmish line at Antietam, after we crossed the stone bridge, and was one of the first to meet Longstreet’s troops when they came from Harper’s Ferry. I was with the regiment up to the time we started for the Rappahannock, but on that march I was taken down with diarrhea, and being unable to keep in the ranks was left behind. When the doctor came along and saw how weak I was he gave me a written permit for absence, and told me to report to my company as soon as I was able.

“ I followed the regiment as far as Fayetteville, when I could go no farther. A good woman took me in and cared for me until a squad of rebel cavalry came along and took me prisoner. Finding that I could not walk, they put me on parole, and took away my arms. I had some queer adventures while I was in the rebel lines, and as they would not let me go back to join my regiment, I had to make my way to Washington as best I could. I reported to the provost-marshal, and was sent to Camp Parole at Annapolis. After being there two months, and seeing no prospect of being exchanged, I

and another young fellow made up our minds to break our paroles and ship in the navy for a year, and then go back to the regiment.

“I was only seventeen years old, and did not think I was doing anything wrong to the government, but for that act I was marked on the roster as a deserter. I went to New York, and on January 16, 1863, enlisted in the navy for a year. I was put on the frigate *Colorado*, was at Mobile during the blockade, and did not get back to Boston until June 4, 1864. During my service in the navy I received an injury to my left knee that forever disabled me for infantry service. I tried to enlist in the artillery, but did not pass muster, and so went back to my home. I have an honorable discharge from the navy, and am drawing a pension of two dollars per month on account of the injury to my knee. I do not expect to have a very good record in the history of the Ninth New Hampshire, but if my old comrades can know all the circumstances of my service, I am willing they should judge how far I came short of doing my duty to my country.”

[After reading Comrade Dinsmore's statement of the facts connected with his apparent desertion, as recorded in the regimental roster, the Publishing Committee unanimously decided to give it a place in the history, that justice might be done so far as was possible at this late day.—*Editor.*]

NEWELL T. DUTTON.

Newell Tracy Dutton was born in Claremont, October 5, 1840. There his boyhood days were passed, and he was a regular attendant at the public schools and the

academy until he was seventeen. The next two years he lived with an uncle in Perry, Ohio. Work on the farm alternated with attendance at school, and in the winter of 1858-9 he taught his first term of school. Here, too, he was converted, and became connected with the Baptist church in 1858. Returning to Claremont in 1859, he went to New London the following year, and in 1861 began a regular course of study at the New London Literary and Scientific institution (now Colby academy).

When the call for troops came in 1861, he greatly desired to enlist, but two younger brothers had entered the service, and the idea generally prevailed that the Rebellion would be of short duration; so the student devoted himself to his books. After McClellan's defeat came Lincoln's call for 300,000 men, and feeling that the time had come when he could be of service, he determined to enlist. Learning that a number of students from Kimball Union academy, at Meriden, had enlisted in a body at Lebanon, he decided to put his name with theirs; and though all of them were entire strangers to him at the time, he never regretted his choice of companions. For Christian character, lofty aims, and pure patriotism, that little band of student volunteer soldiers could not be excelled. His enlistment as private was made at Lebanon, August 5, and that same day the men went to Concord. The following day saw them mustered in and assigned to Company E of the Ninth regiment.

For the nearly three years following his history was that of the regiment. With the exception of a twenty days furlough in February, 1865, he was not absent from its ranks, and excused from duty but six days on account of sickness. He was on every march the

regiment made, and in every engagement of the score or more fought. He did not see the inside of a hospital as a patient, and was never wounded, though his clothes were pierced and he was struck by spent balls. May 1, 1864, he was promoted to be corporal, and detailed as color guard. Within two weeks he was made color corporal, and given the State colors to carry. August 1 he was raised to the rank of color sergeant, and took the National colors, carrying them until October 1, when he was appointed acting sergeant-major, and received his commission as such in February, 1865. During the five months between May 1 and September 30, 1864, fifteen different men carried the other stand of colors, and over six hundred men were lost to the regiment, being either killed, wounded, or captured. Finally the State colors were captured, with the bearer, in the battle of the latter date, at Poplar Grove church, Va.; but Sergeant Dutton brought out the National colors, himself unscathed, together with the handful of men that remained to the regiment. When he had taken the flag its colors were fresh and its folds unmarred; he returned it stained with the blood of heroes, and mutely witnessing the storm of lead and iron through which it had been borne in the riddled and tattered fragment which still clung to the staff. If there is no mistake Sergeant Dutton was one of two men who saw all the service of the Ninth regiment during the last three years of the war in the land of "Dixie." A kind Providence cared for him in all the exigencies of camp, march, and battle, and brought him again to Concord in June, 1865, to be mustered out with the regiment.

After his return from the war Sergeant Dutton at once resumed his studies at New London, and as he had

decided to make the ministry his vocation, the following year saw him entered at Brown university, from which he graduated in 1870. Immediately continuing his preparation for the ministry at Newton Theological seminary, he graduated from this institution in 1873. August 19 of the same year he was ordained to the ministry as pastor of the Baptist church in Warren, Me. He remained with his first charge ten years. In August, 1883, he became pastor of the Baptist church in Houlton, Me., where another ten years pastorate bore witness to the faithfulness of the shepherd. August, 1893, saw him settled with the Baptist church in Fairfield, Me., where he has since made his home. In his chosen vocation he has borne the colors of the great Captain just as faithfully as he raised the standard of his state and country in the cause of Freedom, and the same kind Providence has abundantly blessed his labors. For twenty-three years he has been a trustee of the Maine Baptist Missionary convention. In 1883 he was made trustee of Ricker Classical institute, at Houlton, and in 1889 trustee of Colby university, at Waterville, Me., in both of which positions he still serves most acceptably. In all that pertains to the religious and educational affairs of the Baptist denomination in his adopted state, Comrade Dutton has had a growing interest, service, and usefulness.

MINOT ELLIS.

A native of Keene, and a resident of that bustling town during the years of his minority, it was but natural that Minot Ellis should be numbered among the young men who were so largely in proportion among the members of Company I. He was mustered in, and out, with

the regiment; never had a furlough or was sick in the hospital, and never was detailed away from the regiment. Though participating in every battle save one, when he was sick in camp, Comrade Ellis escaped injury, though on one occasion one man on his right and two on his left were shot down at the same time. Once he was taken prisoner, but managed to escape to the Union lines. He was promoted to be corporal November 1, 1864. Some one asked Corporal Ellis once if he ever "took" anything while he was in the army. "No, sir;" was the ready reply, "I never took anything but top rails, or whatever I could put my hands on."

GEORGE W. EVERETT.

On November 19, 1819, there was born at New London, amid the hills and mountains of western New Hampshire, a boy who was destined to be conspicuous in the history of his town and state because of his native ability and later acquirements, which gave him prominence in military as well as in civil life. His family name, Everett, is a familiar one in American history, and its representatives in New London had been highly respected, even from the very settlement of that town which has been so distinguished for good and patriotic citizens of commanding influence in the councils of the Granite state. To the lad then born his parents gave the name George, and the best education possible in the schools of the town and at the New London academy. He then studied law with Walter P. Flanders, Esq., and practised his profession in his native town, which he represented in the state legislature. He had also been solicitor for the county of Merrimack. He left all the emolu-

ments of his profession to accept the majority of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers, to which he was commissioned August 26, 1862. On the return from the Mississippi campaign he was seriously ill, and died August 27, 1863, at Cincinnati, Ohio, from poison administered by his body-servant, a young darkey, who was afterwards imprisoned for his crime. Major Everett left a widow (born Ellen Frances Lane, of Gloucester, Mass.,) and three children: George W. Everett, now of Danvers, Mass; Mrs. George M. Peabody, also of Danvers, and John R. Everett of Rockport, Mass.

ENOCH Q. FELLOWS.

Enoch Q. Fellows, the Ninth New Hampshire's first colonel, was a native of Sandwich, and was born June 20, 1825, the son of John and Mary J. Fellows. His maternal great-grandfather, Aaron Quimby, was a captain in the Revolution, and ensign in an alarm company in 1787, with the rank of major. His paternal grandfather, Stephen Fellows, was a butcher, and of Fremont (then Poplin), but when, during the Revolution, the rumor came that the British were landing at Hampton beach, he said he "run forty bullets as quick as ever forty bullets were run," and taking his gun, mounted his horse and started for the beach. Though the rumor proved to be only a rumor, yet the patriot farmer had manifested both zeal and courage.

Until he was seventeen the future colonel attended the district schools and town academy when not at work, but he had early determined to obtain a higher education, and step by step he earned his way until he finally secured an appointment at West Point. Entering on his

nineteenth birthday, he at once took a good standing in his class, ranking eighth at the time of his voluntary resignation in 1846, when, at the urgent solicitation of his father, he returned to his home at Sandwich. Among his schoolfellows at West Point were his later comrades-in-arms, Generals Burnside, McClellan, Couch, Reno, and "Stonewall" Jackson. Most of the time till 1854 he worked at home, holding several high positions in the state militia, and for four years serving as door-keeper in the New Hampshire senate.

From 1854 to 1857 he held the position of inspector in the Boston custom house, and the next four years were passed in Sandwich. In April, 1861, the moment he saw President Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops, he offered his services to the adjutant-general of the state, and was immediately ordered to report at Concord. He was at once employed in drilling recruits, and assisted in the organization of the First regiment, and was offered a captaincy in it. This he declined, though he immediately enlisted as a private, then was commissioned as first lieutenant of Company K, and was detailed as adjutant. He was mustered out with the regiment August 9, 1861, and the following day was commissioned colonel of the Third regiment, serving as ranking colonel in Sherman's expedition down the coast, in which the regiment participated. In the winter of 1861-2 he was stationed, with his regiment, at Hilton Head, S. C., and held the position of first commandant of the post.

When General Sherman was relieved in the spring of 1862, Colonel Fellows mentioned to him that he had been in the service continuously for a year, and had been intending to ask for a leave of absence General Sher-

man told him to make an application to his successor and he would indorse it, which he did in very flattering terms; and the leave of absence was speedily forthcoming. Just then, however, a movement was made on Fort Pulaski, and re-enforcements were needed at Edisto island, near Charlestown. The Third regiment was recommended for the position, so Colonel Fellows wrote to General Benham that if he could be of any assistance he would defer his leave of absence. General Benham accepted his offer, and put him in command of all the troops at Edisto. After Pulaski had fallen Colonel Fellows was relieved and came home. While at home he was requested by the governor to take command of the Ninth regiment, which was being organized at Concord, and needed the services of a skilled veteran like Colonel Fellows; so on the 26th of June, 1862, he resigned from the Third and took command of the Ninth.

It was under his leadership that the regiment won its appellation of the "Bloody Ninth." In November, after the Battle of Antietam, Colonel Fellows resigned rather than ask for another leave of absence. The regiment was then marching in Virginia, and the cold rains and occasional snows brought on the neuralgia so bad that it was impossible for him to remain with his regiment. He was recommended by the governor and council to President Lincoln for appointment as brigadier-general of the United States volunteers. His strong hereditary liking for the pomp of military life was the reason for his entering West Point, and his education there, combined with his natural tendencies, made him one of the best drill officers in the state.

Since the war Colonel Fellows has made his home in Sandwich, though his business interests have been mostly

in the West. He was a member of the legislature from Sandwich in 1868, 1869, and 1877, and served as a member of the military and railroad committees. The story of his life is that of a self-made, upright man, and like that of many others, is best known by his soldier comrades. He treated all of his men well, and was always ready to listen to any proper complaint and to right any wrong; while the soldier is yet to be found who cherishes a grievance against his old commander.

ALMON J. FLETCHER.

Comrade Almon J. Fletcher, Company G, was a native of Acworth, though residing in Lempster at the time of his enlistment, when he was twenty years of age. He was with the regiment but a few months, yet made a good record as a soldier. He participated in two battles, those of South Mountain and Antietam, and was wounded in the latter. While in the hospital he did everything in his power to aid his comrades less fortunate than himself, and it was by lifting a helpless soldier that Comrade Fletcher received the injury to his back which disabled him for active service, and for which he was discharged February 28, 1863. Since that time he has been unable to do any hard work, suffering pain constantly, and being compelled to wear a stiff corset to support his injured spine.

J. FRANK FOSTER.

This comrade was a member of Company I. He enlisted from Nelson, August 11, 1862, left Camp Colby with the regiment, and was in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Spottsyl-

vania, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, the Mine, Weldon Railroad, and Poplar Springs Church. At the last place, September 30, 1864, he was taken prisoner, and underwent the tortures of prospective and long continued captivity, described by himself in Chapter XVIII, but on October 8 was fortunate enough to be paroled. He was taken to Annapolis, and in March, 1865, received a furlough that he might go home and vote. While on his way to exercise the much prized right of suffrage he was severely injured in a railway accident at Bristol, Pa., and did not return to his regiment. Comrade Foster was wounded in a raid from Newport News, Va., in February, 1863, and was in the hospital at Baltimore when the regiment was ordered to Kentucky, so that he lost the first experiences in the Blue Grass region and the Mississippi campaign. He is now engaged in manufacturing wedding and fancy cake specialties at 709 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

EDWARD M. GUSHEE.

The Rev. Edward M. Gushee, at the time he was commissioned, was rector of St. Thomas's church, Dover. He joined the regiment at Concord, and was with it continuously until his resignation, at the expiration of one year, this being the time he had been given a vacation by his parish. The chaplain was with the regiment at the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Jackson, Miss. At the time of battle he aided the surgeons in the selection and preparation of a building for a hospital, and in caring for the wounded as they were brought in. He was fond of the officers and men and of their society.

Notwithstanding that the regiment was so actively engaged, and so often on the march, many Sunday services were held that year. On several Sundays, at the request of General Nagle, Chaplain Gushee conducted services for the whole brigade. On one Sunday, after the Battle of Antietam, General McClellan sent for him to preach at his head-quarters. On two or three occasions Sunday services were held in churches offered to the chaplain for this purpose. This happened at Lexington and Nicholasville. In Mississippi, while encamped at Milldale, a sermon was delivered on the foolish habit of continually using oaths in conversation, which dealt with the matter in very plain language, that might have caused offence had there not been a very cordial relation between the speaker and his hearers. Besides this he was accustomed to accompany his regiment on dress parade, where he offered a prayer when the parade was formed. This he did with the approval of the officer in command, and the prayer being simply one of the short collects of the Episcopal church, the men were not wearied by the additional time spent on parade, while the day was fittingly brought to its close.

The chaplain had made a great many warm friends when the time came for his resignation and return to his parish, and since the war he has frequently met with the regiment at their annual reunion at The Weirs. The Rev. Edward M. Gushee, D. D., is now the rector of St. Phillip's church, Cambridge, Mass., in which city a large part of his ministry has been passed. He was born at Providence, R. I., and is a graduate of Brown university. He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and delivered an oration at Cambridge, Memorial Day, 1893. The following letter, of recent date, explains itself:

“I look back with great pleasure and with very tender feelings to the days when I was associated with the Ninth New Hampshire regiment, as chaplain. The friendships then formed and cemented have been cherished in my memory always. I think we had very excellent and very agreeable officers, and a large proportion of worthy men in the ranks. I do not remember an instance of anything but gentlemanly and cordial relations among the officers, a fact which I had occasion to know was remarked in other regiments. Certainly the record of the Ninth for bravery, from the time of their intrepid charge at South Mountain, to the end, is one to be proud of. I am glad to know that individual instances of prowess were recognized by congress.

“My own relations, as chaplain, were very grateful to me. I remember many kindnesses, both from officers and men. They were very companionable, and I enjoyed their society. Religious services cannot always be held in the army as often as one would desire, but when I consider how much campaigning was done by the Ninth the year I was with them, I sometimes wonder that we enjoyed as many religious services as we did. The scene recurs to me frequently, of some of those occasions when we were assembled for Divine worship, the extemporized desk—some hard-tack boxes covered with a flag, the band of the Ninth at hand to render some old and familiar sacred tunes, and the regiment, and sometimes the brigade, grouped around me. Then, again, I think of the sad scenes during a battle—the dead and the wounded—the sick and discouraged in the hospitals—and the sorrowful letters I had to write to bereaved friends.

“I was a young clergyman when commissioned,

almost the youngest officer, except perhaps the young lawyer, Adjutant Chandler, my friend. I was also a stranger to almost all. But the officers and men soon gave me their friendship and confidence, and made my position agreeable. It is difficult to realize that we were actors in those stirring times which have now passed into history. When we look back upon them it seems like a dream, save when we meet some members of the regiment and recall more vividly the old associations. It is pleasant to do this. I hope that many more reunions may be enjoyed here on earth, and fondly cherish the thought of the joyful reunion in the great hereafter.

“Very truly yours,

“EDWARD M. GUSHEE.”

WILLIAM H. HARTWELL.

At the explosion of the Mine, July 30, 1864, Sergt. Maj. Franklin H. Foster was seized by the Confederates and carried into fatal captivity at Salisbury, N. C. He was succeeded on the non-commissioned staff by Sergt. William H. Hartwell of Company I, who acted as sergeant-major until September 30, 1864, when he was captured at Poplar Springs church, Va. Sergeant Hartwell is a native of Langdon. He enlisted August 11, 1862, at the age of twenty-one years, and was assigned to Company I; was appointed corporal December 10, 1862, and promoted to be sergeant the following May. He was released from the rebel prison February 28, 1865, and discharged June 12, of that year, at Baltimore, Md. Since the war he has become a citizen of Warren county, Illinois, where he has taken a prominent place in business and political life. His successes have been a source of much pleasure to his comrades of the regiment.

A. PAUL HORNE.

Among the many efficient soldiers furnished from the farming regions of the Granite state is numbered A. Paul Horne, who was born in Alexandria, the son of Noah and Theresa A. (Bellows) Horne. In 1862 young Paul, then sixteen years of age, was tilling the soil in the town of Bristol, where he enlisted on May 4. He was mustered into the Ninth regiment July 22, and remained with it from then till the Battle of Fredericksburg, when he was wounded and sent to the hospital. Rejoining his regiment at Aquia Creek, he participated in the Mississippi campaign and the Kentucky experiences. He was one of the famous head-quarters guard of General Potter, but passed some weeks in the Camp Dennison (Ohio) hospital. Returning to Virginia he was captured at Spottsylvania, and had the misfortune to undergo the trials and suffering so graphically described by him in another chapter. He was released in December, 1864, and was mustered out with the regiment, after which, as the agent of a New York firm, he was employed for six months in the Pennsylvania oil region, and then in Boston as a clerk for Russell & Phelps, household furnishers. After this he was at Lowell, in the Lowell machine shop, and while in that city in 1866, found not only his wife, who was born in Monroe, Me., and whose maiden name was Frances B. Ricker, but also his life-work, when he entered the weaving department of the Appleton mills. This business he has followed ever since—not only at Lowell, but at Chicopee Falls, Chicopee, Holyoke, and New Bedford, Mass., and at Salmon Falls and Manchester, this state. In the last named city he now lives, the superintendent of weaving in the Amory and Langdon

mills, and a public-spirited and influential citizen. While at Salmon Falls, Comrade Horne was elected one of the selectmen of Rollinsford, and at Manchester he is a member of the city's board of education. He has been president of the Regimental association, in whose service he has never flagged. As a prominent resident of the Queen city, and a man of sound judgment, ever loyal to his party and friends, Comrade Horne's influence in the councils of the Republican party has been by no means inconsiderable. He has two children living: Adrian L., who occupies a responsible position in the Manchester National bank, and Lester Porter, who lives with his parents.

ANDREW J. HOUGH.

Andrew Jackson Hough was born in Dover, August 8, 1837. He was the son of English parents, who came to this country from Manchester, England, where the father had been employed as a calico printer, in 1827. He attended the public schools of Dover until thirteen years of age, when he went as apprentice designer and sketch-maker into the Cocheco Print Works of that city. After serving his apprenticeship he married, February 22, 1858, Miss Mary E., daughter of Alonzo and Mary Roberts, of Dover. When in May, 1862, the governor of New Hampshire was asked to raise an additional regiment of infantry, the sturdy young Briton was among the first to respond to the call. Enlisting as a private, on the organization of the Ninth regiment he was commissioned as first lieutenant of Company D, about forty Dover men being enrolled in the same company. After the second engagement of the regiment, which was the hard fought Battle of Antietam, the young lieutenant,

greatly to his own surprise, was promoted to be captain of Company I, receiving his commission as such November 2, 1862.

Then came the terrible contest that was waged on the slopes of Fredericksburg, the hardships of the winter of 1862-3, and the fatal Mississippi campaign, in all of which Captain "Jack" was ever to be found at the post of duty, with always a cheery word of encouragement for his men. They were proud of a leader who when there was danger to be faced simply said "Come on, boys!" and himself headed the assaulting column. On the return of the regiment to Kentucky he was detailed as aide and provost-marshal on the staff of General Frye, whose head-quarters were at Nicholasville, but rejoined his regiment when it set out for Knoxville in February, 1864.

In the fierce and bloody battles that characterized the campaign of the Army of the Potomac during the spring and summer of 1864, Captain Hough won fresh laurels in the service of his country, the command of the regiment devolving upon him, by order of General Griffin, May 18, 1864. The campaign culminated in the Battle of the Mine, before Petersburg, July 30. Through the frightful scenes of the early morning Captain Hough was perfectly self-possessed, and so fearless of danger that his comrades begged of him again and again not to expose himself so recklessly. When the colored troops came crowding into the crater, closely followed by the enemy, Captain Hough made a last desperate effort to rally the disorganized body of men around him, but was struck down by a Minié ball through the throat and head just as he had called to the men to rally on the colors; and in the rush and confusion which followed, and the final aban-

donment of the ground then held, his fall gave rise to the report that the gallant captain had been instantly killed.

Not every man has the good fortune to be able to pass judgment on the obituaries which his friends prepare after his supposed decease; but Captain "Jack" was deserving of all the good words penned by comrades and friends in honor of the man whom they sincerely mourned. After lying on the field for thirty-six hours he was removed to Libby prison, where he remained for six months. He was paroled in December, 1864, and discharged, on account of the frightful wound he had received, June 22, 1865. After his return home he was brevetted major for his gallant conduct on the field. He resumed his former position in the Cocheco printery, but in 1867 accepted an offer from Providence, R. I. In 1872 he entered the employ of the Hamilton mills at Lowell, Mass., and ten years later removed to North Adams, Mass., where he still pursues his trade of designer and sketch-maker in the Freeman Print Works. He is a member of Strafford lodge, F. and A. M., of Dover; past noble grand of Merrimac lodge, I. O. O. F., and past chief patriarch of Neonomake encampment, I. O. O. F. In 1889 he was appointed commander of the C. D. Sanford post, G. A. R., and has served three terms in that capacity.

Major Hough, as he is familiarly known, is a man of fine personal appearance and physique, standing nearly six feet high and having an erect bearing which plainly marks him as a military man. He is one who has made many friends wherever he is known, and possesses a cordial and genial manner which would at once impress one with respect and confidence. As a citizen he is unusually admired for his many fine and manly qualities.

LEVI HOWARD.

Comrade Howard was a native of Rochester, born February 25, 1829. He enlisted in that town July 23, 1862, was assigned to Company H, and was captured at South Mountain, September 14, 1862. He was discharged July 10, 1865, at Concord, thirty-two of his thirty-six months' service having been passed in Andersonville and Libby prisons. Weighing ordinarily one hundred and sixty-five pounds, his friends at Rochester were horrified at his appearance when he returned weighing only ninety-six pounds, and so weak physically and mentally that he could not tell the year, month, or day of the month. He recovered, however, and was able to follow his trade, carpentering. On August 12, 1890, he died at Augusta, Me., leaving a widow and three children. He is buried at South Berwick, Me.

DANIEL E. HURD.

D. Emerson Hurd, as that comrade usually writes his name, was born in Lempster, and on August 19, 1862, at the age of eighteen, enlisted for three years and became a member of Company G. He was with the regiment at South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, but on February 7, 1863, was sent to Eckington hospital, Washington, very sick with camp fever and chronic diarrhea. The following April he was furloughed for forty days, and at the end of that time reported at Concord; but instead of being sent to the front, was so enfeebled that he was ordered to the hospital in that city, where he remained till August 10, a part of the time officiating as nurse. He then became orderly for recruiting officer Maj. J. H. Whittlesey, until October 17, when he was discharged for general

disability. In 1864 he married Ruth M. Bruce, sister of George O. Bruce of Company G, and in 1865 began blacksmithing at Warner, which trade he followed, there and at Fisherville (now Penacook), and at Topsfield, Mass., until 1882, with the exception of two years, 1870-2, when he was turnkey in the Essex County (Mass.) house of correction. On account of increasing illness he was obliged to quit working at his trade, so bought a farm near Westminster Depot, Mass., where he now resides. At Topsfield, Mass., Comrade Hurd served his town on the school committee, and has performed the same public service at Westminster for several successive years. He is a deacon of the Congregational church, and a prominent Odd Fellow, having passed all the chairs in the subordinate lodge and performed official duties in the grand lodge. He has four children. The oldest, Arno E., has been captain of Camp 101, S. of V., at Westminster. The second, Albert G., has studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and the others, a boy and a girl, are at home.

CHARLES O. HURLBUTT.

Charles O. Hurlbutt of Lebanon was born on a Grafton county farm in the town of Hanover, September 22, 1844. His parents were Elihu and Emeline L. (Goodell) Hurlbutt. His education was obtained in the public schools of his native town, at the Newbury (Vt.) academy, and at Meriden. He was one of the "Kimball Union squad," and enlisted, at the age of sixteen, in Company E of the Ninth New Hampshire, following its fortunes until the close of the war. At the Battle of South Mountain, though a mere lad, he took single-handed, in the midst

of a dense growth of laurel, the first prisoner ever taken by his regiment.

After the expiration of his time of service, he engaged in lumber business at Lyme, and upon the burning of his mill took charge of important milling interests in Deerfield, Mass. About 1870 he removed to Lebanon, and has since resided there, for thirteen years being engaged in the lumber business. He represented Lebanon in the legislatures of 1878 and 1879, serving in both upon the railroad committee and being a practical, working member. During President Harrison's administration he was deputy collector of internal revenue for the district of New Hampshire, and was quartermaster-general on the staff of Gov. David H. Goodell. In 1892, General Hurlbutt, who had previously served two terms as deputy and one as high sheriff, was elected to the shrievalty of Grafton county, to which position he was re-elected in 1894. It was he who performed the execution of the notorious criminal, Frank C. Almy. His official duties have been performed at all times quietly, promptly, wisely, and economically. Personally, General Hurlbutt is a very genial and companionable gentleman, whose unfailing kindness of heart and helping hand make hosts of friends who stay.

JAMES B. KIMBALL.

There died at Newton, December 14, 1888, a comrade of Company A whose war record was of the best, and whose subsequent career in civil life was marked by faithful service in many capacities. His name was James B. Kimball. Born at Newton, and enlisting June

16, 1862, at the age of eighteen, he was in the service of the regiment, as private, corporal, and sergeant, until June 10, 1865. At Spottsylvania he was wounded. After the Rebellion he returned to Newton, and engaged in the wood and lumber business, and sometimes bought apples in that section of Rockingham county as the agent of a Boston firm. He had held nearly every elective and appointive office in his native town, and at the time of his death had just been elected to a two years term as the town's representative to the state legislature. A member of the Christian church and of the local G. A. R. post, a prominent Odd Fellow, and alive to every good work, his loss has told heavily on the Newton people. He left a widow and five children.

JAMES W. LATHE.

There lived in 1837, at Coventry, Vt., a farmer and cooper, Aaron Lathe, who had formerly been a lumberman along the St. Lawrence, although he was born at Petersham, Mass. During his stay in Canada he met and married Esther Fordyce, of Dunham, in the present province of Quebec. This worthy couple had three sons, Freeman L., James W., and Hiram S., who were in Manchester in 1862, and in July of that year enlisted in the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers. Of them Dr. Webster, the surgeon, said after his examination, that they were "the three best-bodied men in the regiment." One of them, Freeman L., was captured at South Mountain, but was afterwards exchanged, and rejoined the regiment at Falmouth, remaining with it during the rest of its service.

Another of these sons, Hiram S., was shot through

the patella, at South Mountain, being the first man wounded in the regiment, and was in the hospital at Frederick, Md., until February 25, 1863, when he was discharged.

The other brother, James W., was with the regiment from the beginning until he was severely wounded in the left hand at the Mine, July 30, 1864, and sent to Mount Pleasant hospital, Washington, where he was discharged disabled the following December.

James was largely instrumental in the recruiting of Company F, and at Camp Colby was appointed one of its corporals. On January 1, 1863, he was appointed sergeant, and he was from the beginning one of the sturdiest and truest among his sturdy and true comrades, and one of the most influential men in the regiment. Colonel Titus has repeatedly told the story of how, inquiring of the adjutant who was the most trustworthy sergeant in the regiment, that officer replied without hesitation, "Sergeant Lathe." On account of this remark, and his known fidelity, Sergeant Lathe was frequently detailed for specially arduous and dangerous service.

His war record is best given in a recommendation for promotion which he received from Captain Case, December 5, 1864. It reads as follows :

CAMP 9TH REGIMENT, N. H. VOL. INFANTRY.

NEAR WELDON R. R., VA., December 5, 1866.

To whom it may concern :

I have the honor to certify that Sergt. J. W. Lathe has been a member of my company since its organization, at Concord, N. H., in August, 1862, and it affords me pleasure to bear witness to his uniform good habits and efficiency as a non-commissioned officer, as well as his coolness and bravery in action. He has done duty with his company most of the time since its formation, and has participated with it in



CAPT. LUDO B. LITTLE, CO. A.

some ten battles, in all of which he has won the respect of his superior officers by his energy and gallantry.

He was wounded in action near Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, while commanding his company, and for his marked bravery on that occasion was highly complimented by the commanding officer of his regiment.

I take pleasure in recommending him for promotion, as I consider him worthy.

Very respectfully,

E. T. CASE,

Capt. Co. F, 9th N. H. V.

For a year or two after the war Comrade Lathe was able to do very little work, because of his wounded hand, but for the next twenty years was employed by the corporations of Manchester in various capacities. During the last eight years he has retired from active service for others, and devoted his time to the management of his own somewhat extensive real estate interests at the Queen city, which he has served in various offices. In 1887 he represented his ward in the legislature. He has been a prominent figure in the affairs of the Regimental association.

On January 21, 1860, Mr. Lathe married Laura Morse, a native of Londonderry. They have had three children. A daughter, Hattie, died in 1886, in her sixteenth year. Their two sons, aged seventeen and fourteen, live at home. The elder, Ernest W., is a clerk at the Manchester freight station of the Boston & Maine railroad; the younger, J. Arthur, is attending school.

LUDO B. LITTLE.

Ludo Burrill Little was born in the town of Lyman, Grafton county, in October, 1838. He was the son of Joseph and Mary (Cobleigh) Little. At the age of

seventeen he enlisted in the United States Marine corps as a private, for the period of four years. July 16, 1861, his term of service having expired, he was discharged as a corporal at the Philadelphia navy yard, and a year later enlisted as a private in Company B of the Ninth regiment. Mustered in as sergeant, he shared the fortunes of the Ninth through all its wanderings and vicissitudes. His daring and gallantry in the field raised him to the rank of captain of Company A, his commission as such dating from January 1, 1864. He was twice wounded while in the service, at Fredericksburg and in the trenches before Petersburg. The latter wound, a Minié ball striking the right foot and carrying away three toes and breaking a fourth, resulted in permanent disability.

Captain Little was discharged at Annapolis, October 24, 1864, and at once entered the law school at Ann Arbor, Michigan. After graduating, he began the practice of his profession at Albany, N. Y., and was admitted to the supreme court of that state in 1873. Some years later his health became so much impaired that he removed to Nebraska in the hope of securing relief. A bronchial trouble developed here, he was again compelled to move, and settled in Nevada City, Cal., in 1885. For five years he enjoyed an active and successful practice, and then the brave and loyal soldier, the able lawyer, the honored citizen, was called to his last, long home, March 2, 1890. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, past commander of Chattanooga post, G. A. R., and a zealous supporter of the auxiliary circle of the Ladies of the G. A. R. Captain Little left a widow, Mary E. (Shurtleff) Little, and one son, Hazen Jesse.

JOHN E. MASON.

John Edwin Mason was born at Petersham, Mass., but was a resident of Manchester in 1862, and on August 10 of that year was appointed second lieutenant of Company F. He was mustered in August 23, and remained in the service until March 9, 1865, when he was discharged on account of disability. He acted as assistant adjutant-general on the staff of Gen. S. D. Sturgis, and on November 22, 1862, was made first lieutenant of Company D. After the war, Comrade Mason studied medicine at Georgetown college, District of Columbia, from which he received the degree of M. D. He settled at Washington, and became prominent in Masonry and Odd Fellowship, as well as in the political life of the city. At the time of his sudden decease from heart trouble, March 5, 1892, he was a clerk in the United States Pension office, and one of the historians of the Ninth New Hampshire Regimental association, in which organization he had ever taken a deep interest, and whose members had held him in the highest regard ever since the day, on the westerly side of the Antietam, when he so gallantly discharged his duties as aide-de-camp amid a storm of Confederate shot and shell.

JAMES H. MATTHEWS.

James Henry Matthews, of Company I, was born at Swanzy, September 7, 1840, the son of John H. Matthews, a prominent farmer and brick-maker of that town. There the son grew up, and having received a common school education, engaged in lumbering until August 7, 1862, when he enlisted at Keene. On the 15th of the

same month he was mustered in as a private of Company I, Ninth New Hampshire volunteers, and entered the war with that regiment, with which he remained most of the time during its term of service. May 1, 1865, he was appointed corporal. At Poplar Springs church, September 30, 1864, he was wounded in the head, and sent for a while to the Ninth Corps hospital, at City Point, Va. After the war nearly all his life was passed as a landlord of hotels in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. For his chosen life-work he was eminently fitted, being an unassuming, courteous man, of pleasing address and affable manners, who kept a quiet, orderly house, set a good table, and made his hostelry a pleasant abiding-place for travellers. He was a model landlord, and consequently was able to acquire a competency where others failed.

His hotel life began at Marlow, and was continued at Hinsdale, at Brattleboro, Vt., and at Gardner and Milford, Mass. At the last named place the Hotel Willan was built for him. He went there in 1887, and remained until his decease in 1895.

On April 15, 1866, Comrade Matthews married Carrie L. Thomas, of Swanzey, who, with one son, Frank R. Matthews, of Bellows Falls, Vt., survives him. He was a member of Golden Rule lodge, F. and A. M., at Hinsdale, of Roman lodge, K. of P., and of Post 22, G. A. R., at Milford.

Soon after Comrade Matthews's decease the following resolutions were adopted by the surviving comrades of Company I:

WHEREAS, In the providence of God death has removed from our midst our well beloved comrade, J. H. Matthews, therefore be it

Resolved, That, as we glance over the list of names on the records of

our association, we find the ranks are fast being thinned. Soon we shall not be able to find even a few left that took part with us in the hardships of the camp and march, during the eventful period from 1862 to 1865.

Resolved, We will cherish his memory as one who loved his fellow-comrades and tried to assist the needy in times of distress and sorrow, always remembering "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Resolved, That our association contains but few members whose decease would cause a deeper sense of separation and loss than that of Comrade Matthews. He stood among us as one who was constant and unwavering in the service of his country. His character, marked in its traits, was seen and understood at first acquaintance, and time and intimacy simply strengthened the impression. He was frank, direct in speech, transparent in motive, consistent in action, in all to such a degree that his opinion and conduct could always be understood. He bestowed his friendship promptly and fully, and neither lapse of time nor absence would weaken it. His words were earnest, strong, and without disguise, but they were uttered in such kindness and sincerity of spirit that no offence or ill feeling could spring from them.

Resolved, That the character of our comrade, as it revealed itself among us, maintained its consistency in his public and social relations. He was upright, persistent, and practical, in daily duty; in public affairs and in citizenship, wherever he was trusted he was found faithful. His life has reached its end while he was still in the full enjoyment of the respect and confidence of the whole community, who knew him as an honest man.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved widow and son our warmest sympathies and deep-felt condolence in their affliction, and trust that they will receive from God our Heavenly Father that consolation and peace which he alone can give.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of our association, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the widow of our deceased comrade.

“ Life’s labor done,
Serenely to his final rest he passed,
While the soft memories of his virtues yet linger,
Like sunlight hues when that bright orb is set.”

WILLIAM MCGARRETT.

Sergt. William McGarrett was a native of Belleville, N. J., but at the age of twenty-three was a resident of Manchester, from which place he enlisted as private in July, 1862. He was wounded at Fredericksburg, and given a commission as sergeant. After the Mississippi campaign he was detailed, with others, as head-quarters guard for the Second division, and went down into Tennessee. In foraging along the south side of the Holston river for supplies for the army, the guard met with many exciting adventures, being often fired upon and sometimes wounded. He was at Lyon's Mills when Longstreet attacked, at the Battle of Fort Saunders, and the siege of Knoxville. After the siege he was transferred to Company K of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and had several skirmishes with the enemy at Strawberry Plains. At the Battle of Poplar Springs Church, September 30, 1864, Sergeant McGarrett was captured, and imprisoned at Salisbury. The graphic story of his prison life is given in Chapter XIX of this volume. His present home is at Cambridgeport, Mass.

EDWIN R. MILLER.

Edwin R. Miller was born at Bridgewater, Vt., November 12, 1839. His father was Nathaniel Miller, Jr., a colonel of the Vermont militia, and his mother was Nancy Paul. He enlisted under E. T. Case at Newport, in August, 1862, and was appointed color corporal for Company K at the organization of the regiment in Concord. After the Battle of Antietam, Corporal Miller was detailed to carry the State colors. At the Battle of Fredericksburg Corporal Miller's flag was made the signal

flag for the day by General Sumner. At night he brought both the State and National colors from the field, carried them into a brick slave-pen, and set them down in one corner. He had just bestowed himself on the floor, when a cannon ball struck the wall behind him, breaking out the side of the building and half burying the corporal in the fallen débris. When he recovered consciousness and tried to extricate himself, he, in the darkness, fell through to the basement, where he was found later on by Lieutenant Brown of Company K, who sent two comrades to carry him to the brigade hospital. He was afterwards removed to Washington, where he remained in the hospital until the spring of 1863, when he was sent to Portsmouth Grove hospital in Rhode Island, and in June to the hospital at Bedlow's island, New York. July 2 he started to rejoin his regiment, which was then at Vicksburg, when he was again taken ill and was an inmate of the hospital until the latter part of September. From that time until his discharge, June 10, 1865, he was at Madison, Ind., where he served in the hospital as ward-master, Sanitary and Christian commission agent, librarian, section-master, steward, and commissary clerk. On returning to New Hampshire, he married, August 10, Sarah J. Vose of Claremont. He carried on a farm at Newport until 1884, when he moved to Meriden, his present residence, where the comrades of the Ninth will always receive a hearty welcome.

JOHN MOONEY.

Lieut. John Mooney, of Company A, Ninth New Hampshire volunteers, was born in Holderness village (now Ashland), November 19, 1840. His real name

was Rufus M. Merrill. His father was John Mooney Merrill, also born in Holderness, and was in his time one of the most prominent business men in that town. His mother was the daughter of Deacon Moses Cheney, and a sister of Gov. P. C. Cheney. Young Merrill's father died in 1857, and a year or more later he went South, to Thomasville, Ga., where he was employed upon a railroad. There the Rebellion caught him. Not being able to get through the military lines, he was impressed into the Confederate army. His regiment was stationed for drill and guard duty at Fernandina, Fla.

Late in the autumn of 1861 he, with a friend named John I. McCarthy, of Philadelphia, who had also been impressed, stole a boat and put to sea. They had but little food and only a small supply of fresh water, and with no compass were soon out of sight of land. They drifted they knew not where. Their provisions and water were soon gone. After drifting in this manner for several days, and when nearly dead from hunger and thirst, a vessel came in sight of them, which they signalled. This proved to be a United States gunboat, in command of Captain Goodon, afterwards Commodore Goodon. They were taken aboard, carried to Hilton Head, and turned over to Gen. O. W. Mitchell, who, after questioning them as to the Confederate armies in South Carolina and Georgia, sent them to New York, each going from there to his home. Merrill reached his home, in his Confederate suit, about December 20, 1861, in a feeble condition.

The following summer, having partially regained his health, he enlisted in the Ninth New Hampshire under the name of John Mooney, was commissioned a lieutenant, and went to the front with his regiment. He

served with his regiment faithfully (being closely engaged at the Battle of Antietam with a Georgia regiment), until in 1863, when stationed at Newport News, Va., his health again failing, he resigned and returned to New Hampshire. He afterwards was employed as a clerk in Willard's hotel, Washington, D. C., until the summer of 1866, when he completely broke down in health and went to the old home, where on December 23 of that year he died of consumption. The foundation of his disease was undoubtedly laid in the sufferings incident to his bold escape from the Confederate service.

Lieutenant Mooney was a true patriot, a genial companion, and had friends wherever he was known. At Willard's hotel he often met Commodore Goodon, who was his friend during his life. He was never married, and his remains lie in Green Grove cemetery, at Ashland, beside those of his father and mother.

GEORGE W. MORTON.

“The little drummer of Company F” was the more familiar cognomen of George W. Morton during his term of service with the regiment. He was born in Gloucester, Mass., and was living in South Newmarket with his parents when the war broke out. Enthusiasm ran high in the village, until even mere boys began to feel that they, too, were needed for the defence of their country. It was not until the summer of 1862, however, that young Morton could gain his parents' consent to enlist. He was a little fellow, not quite five feet in height and tipping the scale at one hundred and one pounds. During the school vacation that year he was

working in a brass foundry, learning to make cores for castings. Having gained his father's consent, the next thing was to enlist, and one night after working hours were over he and an equally enthusiastic companion, George T. Armstrong, of Company D, walked to Exeter, a distance of five miles, where Captain Pillsbury had a recruiting office. Arriving late in the evening, they at once sought the captain; but what was their dismay when, after a brief inspection, they were pronounced "too small." However, they were permitted to share the comforts of a bare floor with a company of recruits that night, and the next morning walked home. Captain Pillsbury had spoken of a recruiting office which his brother, Lieutenant Pillsbury, was managing in Manchester, and the young enthusiasts resolved to make another try. They went to Manchester the following day, and Lieutenant Pillsbury stretched a point and enlisted them. About a week later the recruits were ordered to report at Manchester for duty, and Morton and Armstrong were turned over to Drum-Major Adams. Their first taste of military life was a march from Manchester to Milford, where they remained some four weeks before being ordered to Concord. Armstrong was with the regiment during its entire term of service, and died in Strafford, December 31, 1887. Morton was discharged for disability at Newport News, in February, 1863, and is now living at Berlin, Wis.

WILLIAM PITT MOSES.

As the son of Theodore B. and Mary S. Moses, the subject of this sketch became an inhabitant of the good old town of Exeter on the 15th of December, 1826.

Early in 1833 the family moved to Somersworth, where the father was in the employ of the Great Falls Manufacturing company, as chief clerk and paymaster. Young Pitt (as he was more familiarly known among his comrades) attended the public schools at Somersworth until he was fourteen, and then entered the counting-room under his father, there to fill, in the course of time, the respective positions of office boy, assistant clerk, and assistant paymaster, until the closing of the mills in the fall of 1861.

In May, 1862, he enlisted, and was assigned to the Ninth New Hampshire, then forming at Concord, being detailed as commissary of the camp. Quartermaster Moses went to the front with the Ninth, remained with it during its entire term of service, with the exception of one furlough of ten days, and was mustered out with the regiment at Concord, June 10, 1865. During his term of service at the front, he was several times detailed as acting brigade and division quartermaster in the absence of the duly commissioned officers, in every capacity winning the high commendations of his superiors by the energy and efficiency with which he executed the duties pertaining to his department. In the famous march of the regiment across the Cumberland mountains, in March, 1864, Quartermaster Moses accomplished what had been declared at head-quarters as an impossibility,—the safe transmission of his teams over the treacherous mountain roads of early spring.

At the close of the war he returned to Somersworth, and was chief clerk and paymaster of the Great Falls Manufacturing company until March, 1877. For a year he served as special justice of the Somersworth police court, resigning in 1878. He was collector of

taxes for Somersworth in 1877 and 1878, and represented the town in the state legislature for the same years. In 1878 he was one of the commissioners for Strafford county, but declined to make any effort looking to a renomination. At the annual town meetings he became a familiar figure, serving his fellow-townsmen as moderator fourteen times between 1858 and 1877. His name is recorded among the charter members of Littlefield post, No. 8, G. A. R., of Somersworth, and from 1868 to 1876 inclusive he served as its commander.

In 1879 he received an appointment as deputy under Sheriff John Greenfield of Rochester, and was reappointed in 1881. He was also engaged in the fire insurance business, in connection with Hon. William D. Knapp of Somersworth, during the years 1877 to 1882. In October, 1882, he was appointed captain of the watch at the Portsmouth navy yard, and served in that capacity two years, and two years as clerk in the commandant's office, when his resignation was asked for by Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney. The resignation was at once tendered and accepted, taking effect November 1, 1886.

From 1855, when he had married Miss Frances Ellen Blake of Somersworth, up to the time of his leaving the navy yard, Captain Moses had made his home in that town; but in December, 1886, he moved to Boston, Mass., and was employed as a clerk in the freight department of the western division of the Boston & Maine railroad. In May, 1893, he retired from active business, but still serves his old comrades of the Ninth New Hampshire as secretary and treasurer of the Regimental association.

JAMES NAGLE.

Brig. Gen. James Nagle was born in Reading, Pa., April 5, 1822. Even when a youth his tastes were military. In 1842 he organized, in Pottsville, Pa., where he resided, the Washington Artillery company. When war was declared against Mexico, he, among the first, tendered the services of his company. They were accepted. The company left Pottsville, December 5, 1846, for Pittsburgh, Pa., and was mustered into the United States service as Company B, First Pennsylvania regiment, or the second company for the Keystone state.

The regiment was among the first troops to land at Vera Cruz. The company was one of the four that first approached the city within a few hundred yards under cover of darkness, to clear away the chapparal and enable a naval battery to be planted. General Nagle was engaged during the entire siege and rendered efficient service. At the Battle of Cerro Gordo he acted as major of his regiment with distinguished ability, and received special mention from his superior officers. He advanced with the regiment to Perote Castle, where he was stationed with three other companies to preserve open communication between Vera Cruz and Pueblo, while the army under General Scott was advancing. June 20, 1847, he and his company were engaged at Lahoya in assisting General Cadwalader through the pass with re-enforcements and large army trains of stores and money. The pass was strongly fortified by guerrillas, but they were routed.

October 9, 1847, he and his company were engaged at Huamantla; on the 12th at Pueblo, and on the 19th at Atlixco. In each engagement the enemy was routed

with heavy loss. Subsequently he advanced with his regiment to the City of Mexico; remained there several weeks, and was finally stationed at San Angel until the close of the war. The company was mustered out of the service at Philadelphia, July 27, 1848, and reached Pottsville on the 28th, where it experienced an enthusiastic reception.

Soon after his return Captain Nagle was presented with a most handsome sword by the citizens of Schuylkill county for his gallant services in Mexico. In the autumn of 1852 he was elected sheriff of Schuylkill county (the centre of the Molly Maguire organization), and subsequently to brigade inspector and colonel. He kept up the organization of the Washington Artillerists until the commencement of the Rebellion in 1861, when his company was one of the first five companies to reach Washington for its defence (April 18), which gained for itself the name of "The First Defenders."

Captain Nagle was commissioned colonel of the Sixth Pennsylvania regiment by Governor Curtin, for three months. His regiment served in the brigade of Col. George H. Thomas, General Patterson's department. Colonel Nagle was engaged with his regiment in the skirmish at Falling Waters. He crossed the Potomac four times, and advanced beyond Martinsburg and Charlestown, Va. At the termination of his term of service he was highly complimented by General Patterson, and received a complimentary order (No. 16) from his brigade commander, Colonel Thomas.

In a fortnight after his return from the three months service, Colonel Nagle organized the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment for "three years or the war." He was commissioned colonel of it by Governor Curtin.



GEN. JAMES NAGLE.

He was ordered to Fortress Monroe, and shortly after his arrival there, was sent by General Wood to Hatteras island, after General Williams had been relieved. He was in command of the post four months. While at Fortress Monroe the officers and members of the late Sixth Pennsylvania regiment presented their old colonel with a very fine field-glass, appropriately inscribed. The following letter accompanied the glass :

POTTSVILLE, PA., October 8, 1861.

COLONEL JAMES NAGLE :

Dear Sir : A number of your friends, officers and privates of the late 6th Regt., P. V., commanded by you during the time it was in service, desire to present the accompanying field-glass for your acceptance, in token of our high personal esteem, and the exalted opinion we entertain of your military knowledge and capacity.

Though your characteristic modesty may shrink from any public eulogy of your conduct and services, our gratitude and admiration will not permit us to pass them by without this tribute of affection and respect.

For many years past the military spirit and organizations of Schuylkill County have been chiefly sustained by your exertions. When the Nation's honor was to be maintained on the plains of Mexico, you, with a well disciplined corps under your command, sprang to arms and hastened to the field of conflict ; in Cerro Gordo's terrific fight you stood calm and unmoved amid the leaden storm of death which fell on every side, and by your presence of mind and courage saved many gallant men from the fearful carnage.

During the long season of peace which followed the closing of that war, in your own quiet and happy home you faithfully discharged the duties of a husband, father, and citizen, endearing yourself both to your family and the community in which you dwelt.

But now the tocsin of war sounds through the land, and her valiant sons are called to defend her against foul rebellion's deadly blows. Speedily a regiment of your fellow-citizens take the field, and confer upon you the command. During the three months we served together, though inflexibly firm and persistently industrious in the performance

and requirements of every camp and field duty, yet such was the kindness of your demeanor, and your tender regard for the health, safety, and comfort of your men, that we regarded you rather as a friend and father, than as a mere military commander.

And now that you have, at the head of a Schuylkill County Regiment (Pennsylvania 48th), again taken the field at your country's call, and may soon be in the thickest of the most eventful battle the world has ever witnessed, on the issue of which the destiny of human freedom and progress is suspended, we present you with the accompanying glass, as well in token of our esteem and admiration, as that your eye, which never dimmed with fear as it gazed upon a foe, may more readily perceive his approach and prepare for victory.

Praying that the God of Battles may preserve you in the midst of danger, and return you unharmed to your family and friends, when our glorious Union shall be firmly re-established, and covered with still more illustrious renown.

We remain yours truly,

CAPT. C. TOWER,
LT. COL. JAS. J. SEIBERT,
MAJ. JOHN E. WYNKOOP,
CAPT. H. J. HENDLER,
LIEUT. THEO. MILLER,
LIEUT. D. P. BROWN,
and many others.

After the capture of Roanoke island, he, with a portion of his regiment, accompanied General Burnside's fleet, and was present at the capture of New Berne, N. C. Immediately afterwards he was assigned by Maj. Gen. Jesse L. Reno to the command of the First brigade, Second division, Ninth Army corps. The corps soon joined General Pope. General Nagle was engaged with his brigade in the Second Battle of Bull Run. In an assault upon the enemy, made in dense woods, when it was impossible to remain mounted he led his brigade on foot. His horse was captured after receiving eight wounds. At this battle General Nagle

greatly distinguished himself by his acts of personal bravery. He was everywhere, cheering on his men, and barely escaped capture. He was ordered to halt by the rebels several times, pursued and fired at, but escaped.

Soon after the battle General Reno recommended him to the president for promotion to brigadier-general. General Reno's letter was as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS 9TH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1862.

To His Excellency, the President of the United States:

SIR: I have the honor to recommend Col. James Nagle, 48th Regt., Pa. Volt., for promotion as Brigadier-General. Col. Nagle has served with me with fidelity and ability, as commander of a Brigade, since the Battle of New Berne, and in the recent battles conducted himself with gallantry, and led his command with judgment and discretion.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. L. RENO,

Maj. Genl. Commanding.

The appointment was made.

General Nagle was subsequently in the battles of Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam, where his brigade did good work. During the last named engagement General Nagle's brigade was the first to advance upon the enemy at the bridge over the Antietam, and when it had expended all its ammunition the Second brigade of the same division relieved it. Several more rounds were fired, when the enemy began to waver and the bridge was stormed and carried. The loss was heavy, but the gallant assault saved the day. At Amissville, in a skirmish, General Nagle, with his brigade, drove the rebels finely. They were also engaged in the First Battle of Fredericksburg. The brigade fought

bravely under its gallant commander, and sustained a heavy loss.

Subsequently the Ninth corps was detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to Newport News to recruit. They remained there for several weeks, and were then sent to Lexington, Ky., where General Nagle was in command of the post for a short time. He was then ordered to advance with his brigade to Winchester to watch the movements of the enemy. From there he went to Richmond, Ky., Paint Lick, and Lancaster. In May, 1863, General Nagle resigned on account of severe sufferings from angina pectoris. Upon tendering his resignation, it was received by Gen. S. D. Sturgis, then commanding the division, with regret, but was finally approved and accepted.

General Nagle issued a farewell address to his troops, and amid their regrets and with their earnest wishes for the speedy recovery of his health, returned to Pennsylvania. After having been at home about a month, rest and absence from the excitement and exposure of the field had a beneficial effect. His health became better, and when General Lee commenced his invasion of Pennsylvania in June, 1863, General Nagle organized the Thirty-ninth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, for the emergency, and was commissioned colonel by Governor Curtin. He was mustered into the service on July 4, 1863, and proceeded to the front at once. On his arrival there General Couch immediately assigned him to the command of a brigade composed of six regiments and one battery, numbering some 4,800 men. He was mustered out of the service August 2, 1863.

When, in 1864, a call was made for the hundred days service, General Nagle, with characteristic promptness

and energy, organized the One Hundred Ninety-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, of which he was commissioned colonel by Governor Curtin, July 21, 1864. He was ordered to Baltimore. On his arrival General Wallace directed him to report to General Lockwood, commander of the Third separate brigade, who assigned General Nagle to the command of all the troops at Mankin's Woods—about 8,000 men. He guarded some of the approaches to the city until the expiration of his term of service, when he was relieved and returned with his regiment to Harrisburg, and was mustered out November 5, 1864.

He died at Pottsville, Pa., August 22, 1866, forty-four years of age—a comparatively young man. General Nagle's services in the Rebellion will ever be remembered with gratitude, not only by the people of Schuylkill county, but by the state and nation at large, who owe the preservation of their liberties to the self-sacrificing devotion of men like him.

ENOCH C. PAIGE.

Born in Antrim, and always a resident of that flourishing town, Enoch C. Paige was mustered into Company G, August 14, 1862, and was discharged, on account of disability, at Camp Dennison, O., December, 1863. When he was sent to the hospital, expecting to die, he had been for some time acting as mounted orderly at the head-quarters of the First brigade, Second division, Ninth army corps. After leaving the service, Comrade Paige recovered his health, and became a manufacturer of rocking and swing cradles at Antrim.

MINOT R. PHILLIPS.

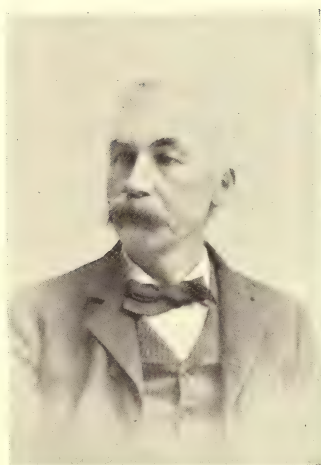
In Company I there was a private, Minot R. Phillips, who was one of five brothers who saw service in the Civil War,—two, Minot and Joseph, on the Union side; two, Rufus and Simeon, in the Confederate ranks; and one, Judson, as a “home guard” in Missouri. The last had not enlisted in either army. The two who went into the Confederate service were in Missouri regiments, and so was Joseph, though his was for the Union. These brothers were all born in Cheshire county, where they are still well remembered. Rufus is the only one now living. Minot R. was born in Roxbury, mustered in August 15, 1862, and died at Aquia Creek, Va., January 30, 1863.

LEONARD H. PILLSBURY.

Although in 1855, in the early settlement of Kansas, Leonard H. Pillsbury had carried one of “Beecher’s” rifles, fifty of which were donated by that eminent divine for the purpose of making Kansas a free state, yet he was more than anything else “a peace man.” Nothing but just such vital matters of principle as were in question in both the settlement of Kansas and in the struggle for the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery, could by any possibility have caused him to exchange the garb of a student for the uniform of a soldier. Indeed his experience in Kansas and on the frontier had caused the postponement of his efforts to obtain an academic education to a later period, so that the breaking out of the war found him earnestly struggling with the problems of Euclid and the roots of Greek verbs at Phillips Exeter academy.



CHARLES BOHONNAN, OF THE BAND.



COM. SERGT. HOWARD M. HANSON.



Q. M. SERGT. CHARLES P. HILL.



CAPT. LEONARD H. PILLSBURY, CO. A.

In May, 1862, young Pillsbury responded to President Lincoln's call "for three hundred thousand" by enlisting as a private and taking leave of the venerable Dr. Soule, who for fifty years had directed the great educational institution at Exeter. But he did not go unaccompanied, for from the 160 students pursuing the curriculum there, eight or ten soon joined their school-mate in the camp of volunteers at Concord. The Ninth regiment filled up very slowly, and it was not till August that the entire regiment was mustered into the service of the United States. It was during this interval that Governor Berry, probably by the advice of Adjutant-General Colby, issued a captain's commission to L. H. Pillsbury. It was the first issued to any line officer of the regiment, and he was placed in command of Company A. One of the Exeter students who accompanied him, L. H. Caldwell, became first sergeant, and Charles J. Simonds, now a physician in Chicago, second sergeant.

There is something anomalous about the *personnel* of the Union army. The talismanic words of its great chief, when he became president, "Let us have peace," mark a new era in the history of warfare. Captain Pillsbury was "a peace man" before he was a soldier, and any one can well understand that he is no less so now that the real character of war and its baneful influence on thousands of thoughtless minds is more perfectly known. Indeed, for twenty-five years he has been one of the vice-presidents of the American Peace society, and was for some time one of its western secretaries. His first remembered lyceum debate was on the question of the rightfulness of war, and he took the negative. When teaching a district school in the vicinity of the

academy at New London, he received an invitation, or challenge, to a debate before the students and faculty of that institution and the public, on the resolution "That all military establishments ought to be abolished." He took the affirmative, and J. Q. A. Brackett, since and for two terms the honored governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, had the negative. The affirmative was easily maintained at that time.

H. BAXTER QUIMBY.

Moses A. Quimby, a native and life-long resident of Lisbon, was the father of ten children, of whom the captain of Company B of the Ninth was one. Horace Baxter Quimby was born June 17, 1840, and enlisted at Lisbon, August 11, 1862. He was mustered in as first sergeant of Company H, on the following November was appointed second lieutenant of Company E, and received the first lieutenancy of Company B, January 1, 1864. At Poplar Springs Church he was made a prisoner and sent to Libby prison, but escaped after a four months incarceration. May 1, 1865, he was appointed captain, and was mustered out June 10, 1865. Except during his imprisonment by the Confederates, Comrade Quimby was absent from his regiment but once during its term of service, and at that time was on duty, for he went North to obtain recruits.

After the volunteer infantry had disbanded, Captain Quimby received an appointment as second lieutenant in the regular army; in 1867 was promoted to first lieutenant, and served as quartermaster of the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-ninth infantry from February 1, 1868, to September 1, 1877. On the last day of December, 1880,



CAPT. H. BAXTER QUIMBY, CO. B.

a captain's commission rewarded his faithful service, and he was selected for duty on the frontier as quartermaster of transportation for the Indian campaigns. Captain Quimby was an energetic, capable, and kind officer, devoted to the service, and possessed the confidence of his superiors to an unusual degree. He died suddenly at Fort Snelling, Minn., February 9, 1883, after serving his country continuously for twenty-one years. His widow now resides at Niles, Mich.

OSCAR D. ROBINSON.

Among the distinguished educators of the United States none is more wide-awake, industrious, and progressive than Oscar D. Robinson, Ph. D., principal of the Albany (N. Y.) high school. Comrade Robinson was born August 19, 1838, at Cornish. His father, William S. D. Robinson, and his grandfather, Everett Robinson, were natives of the same town. His great-grandfather, David Robinson, served in the Revolutionary War, and after living to a great age was laid to rest, about the year 1852, by his fellow-citizens of Cornish.

W. S. D. Robinson married Zelpha Clement, of the well known Clement family which held a reunion in Boston, Mass., some few years ago. Oscar D. Robinson's earliest years were passed on the homestead farm and in the district school. In 1859 he became a student of Kimball Union academy at Meriden, from which institution he was graduated in July, 1862, the valedictorian of his class. It had been his intention to continue his studies at college, but the urgent need of the Union for more troops at the front appealed to his patriotic impulses, and he was mustered into Company E as ser-

geant, August 6, 1862. By his own meritorious qualities as a true soldier Comrade Robinson rose by successive grades to the rank of captain, and was engaged with the regiment in all its battles, except one, down to the close of the war, but came out without receiving a wound.

The Rebellion finished, Captain Robinson returned to the prosecution of his literary course, which had been interrupted so suddenly, and in the autumn of 1865 entered Dartmouth college, from which he was graduated with honor four years later. That same year, 1869, he went to Albany, where for more than a quarter of a century he has lived, a useful citizen and an ornament to the cause of higher education. At first he was the professor of English literature and mathematics in the Albany academy, but the professorship of the natural sciences in the Free academy, now the high school, was offered to him less than a year later, which offer was accepted. This professorship was subsequently exchanged for that of Latin and Greek in the same institution. His excellent classical scholarship, and his rare faculty for imparting its rich lore to the minds of his pupils, made him very popular in the work of his chosen field, and there he continued to labor until 1886, when he was elected principal, a position which he fills with great acceptance and ability; and that, too, in a school with a faculty of thirty members, and standing in the very foremost rank of the high schools of the Empire state.

Oscar D. Robinson is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Masonic fraternity. He is associated with the Congregational church. In 1887 he received the degree of Ph. D. from Dartmouth col-

lege. In 1892 he was appointed by the National Educational association on the "Committee of Ten," of which the president of Harvard university was chairman. The report of this committee, which has been printed and distributed by the United States government, attracted wide notice in this country and in Europe. In 1870, Comrade Robinson married Miss Jennie M. Rawel, of Madison, Wis. They have one child, Mary, a graduate of the Albany high school.

HENRY O. SARGENT.

Henry O. Sargent, late lieutenant of Company E, was a native of Concord, where he was born in 1837. He learned his trade as a machinist in Manchester, and soon after his marriage to Miss Sophia T. Heath, which occurred early in 1860, he settled in Wilton. He answered the war call early, being among the first to enlist for three months. Later, when the Ninth was organized, he was commissioned second lieutenant of Company E, and served with his regiment in its terrible baptism of fire, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, in the Mississippi campaign, and at Knoxville; until December, 1863, when he resigned, having been obliged to succumb to the effects of the hardships and privations of the campaign. Returning to Wilton, and having partially recovered his health (he never did wholly), in 1866 he purchased a mill, and for years furnished turned wood supplies for the Briggs Piano Stool company of Peterborough. December 10, 1877, he was appointed postmaster, and filled the position to the entire satisfaction of the patrons of the office until his death,

April 24, 1893. He was a thorough student, and enjoyed keeping abreast with the progress of modern thought. A charter member of Post Abiel A. Livermore, he also served as its first adjutant. As a citizen he was faithful to what he believed his duty, constant to his home and friends, and truly loyal to the principles of the order in which he was proud to be numbered.

AARON W. SHEPARD.

A young man of twenty-one, with the above name, born at Biddeford, Me., though a resident of Nashua, went into the service with the Ninth as its hospital steward, but was discharged December 14, 1864, to accept promotion as assistant surgeon of the Eighteenth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers. His muster-in to the new position was opposed by some of the powers that were, on the ground that he was not a graduate in medicine, but the friends of Surgeon Shepard insisted so strongly upon his receiving what his ability and merit demanded, that the muster-in was finally permitted. This has been said to be the first instance of a non-graduate being mustered into the Army of the Potomac as surgeon or assistant surgeon.

Comrade Shepard was subsequently detached from the Eighteenth, and assigned to the sole medical charge of General Robertson's Flying Artillery brigade, where he was the only volunteer officer on the staff, all the others being regulars. At the close of the war he continued his studies, was graduated in 1866, and has been in active practice in Brooklyn, N. Y., ever since.



A. WARNER SHEPARD, M. D., HOSPITAL STEWARD.

LEWIS SIMONDS.

This member of the regimental and brigade band was born in Antrim. In 1862 he was residing in Nashua, where he enlisted as private, but was detailed as a musician, and served with great fidelity throughout the war. Returning to Antrim he lived there quietly, gaining the love and respect of all who knew him, but died suddenly, October 29, 1893, from paralysis, complicated by heart trouble and the malaria contracted during his army life. He left a widow, one son, and two daughters.

BAXTER P. SMITH.

Baxter Perry Smith, son of Moses and Mehitable (Ward) Smith, was born in Lyme, August 29, 1829. He fitted for college at the Thetford (Vt.) academy, and was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1854. From 1854 to 1861 he was a colporteur of the American Tract society. In 1861 and the early months of 1862 he assisted Rev. Dr. G. T. Chapman in the preparation of the latter's "Sketches of the Alumni" of Dartmouth, but left that work August 15, 1862, to be mustered in as a private of Company F. He remained with the regiment until February 6, 1863, when he was discharged at Falmouth on account of disability. From 1863 to 1867 he again assisted Dr. Chapman as much as his health permitted, and was afterwards in business at New York city as a collector and real estate agent. While at the metropolis he published a work of his own entitled "The Credit Guide." From 1875 he resided at

Brookline, Mass., engaged in varied literary work. In 1878 he brought out a "History of Dartmouth College." Comrade Smith died of pulmonary disease, February 6, 1884, at Washington, D. C. He was unmarried.

ORVILLE SMITH.

In the beautiful National cemetery at Marye's heights reposes everything material that remains of Captain Orville Smith and some of the brave men who followed him at Spottsylvania Court-house, May 12, 1864. But the deeds and sterling character of this courageous officer live in the memory of each one who knew him. Orville Smith was born in Lempster, March 11, 1832, the fifth son of Hon. Alvah Smith. Thirty years later he left a lucrative and congenial position as principal of Hopkinton academy to be mustered in August 18, 1862, as first lieutenant of Company G. November 1, 1863, he was appointed captain of Company B. It was he who was detailed to take the body of Major Everett from Cincinnati to New London, which task was performed in fifty hours. During his stay in Kentucky Captain Smith was often detailed on courts-martial, frequently as president.

ALBERT H. TAFT.

At the time of President Lincoln's first call for volunteers Albert H. Taft was a student at Kimball Union academy. His elder brother, Edward N. Taft, was then living in Keene, and feeling sure that he would be among the first to enlist, young Taft determined to keep



CORP. ALBERT H. TAFT, Co. E.

him company. Arriving at Keene, he found Capt. T. A. Barker of Westmoreland had enlisted and was drilling a company then known as the Cheshire Light guards, which was subsequently mustered into the service as Company A of the Second regiment. In this the elder brother had enlisted, but he strongly opposed Albert's going as a soldier, saying that one was enough to take from a family, and advised him to return to his studies. This he finally consented to do, but with his mind fully made up that if his brother's place ever became vacant he would go in his stead. He had only a year to wait, for at the Battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862, Edward N. Taft laid down his life on the battle-field, cut in two by a cannon shot. Writing to his father, Captain Barker said of him,—“ He was a noble man, a good soldier, and fought bravely to the last.”

July 29, 1862, Albert announced to his father his determination to enlist in the Ninth regiment. Believing him to be physically unable to endure the hardships of a soldier's life, the father at first withheld his consent, but finally said,—“ If you go I shall expect you to do your duty. I would rather know you had gone with your brother than that you should come back without an honorable record.” The young volunteer at once set out for Lebanon, where he promptly enrolled himself, and was greatly pleased to find that several of his schoolfellows from Meriden had enlisted in the same regiment. A few last days at home, and then the fortunes of the camp and field. As corporal of Company E, Comrade Taft rendered efficient service in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, but during the winter at Falmouth, when the measles made such havoc in the regiment, he was one of the first victims. He was ill for

months, and was finally discharged, November 13, 1863, broken down in health and suffering from a bad cough, but after a period of rest at home had recovered sufficiently so that he felt he might return and at least be able to do hospital work. He carried out his plan, and was engaged in this service until the close of the war.

In August, 1865, he entered the medical department of Dartmouth college. The two following years he attended lectures at Bowdoin college, graduating from that institution in 1867. For nearly thirty years he has followed his chosen profession, and the historian of Hancock, where he was located until 1872, speaks of him as "very successful." For the last twenty-three years he has been an honored resident of Winchester. He is a member of the state and local medical societies, has served on the board of education, both in Hancock and Winchester, and has been a member of the Masonic fraternity for some thirty years. He is also a comrade of Edward N. Taft post, No. 19, G. A. R., it having been so named in honor of his brother. In 1866 Comrade Taft married M. Lovett Atherton, of Winchester, and has had four sons born to him. The oldest, Albert A., followed in his father's footsteps, and is now house officer at St. Elizabeth's hospital, Boston, Mass. Two died in early childhood, and the youngest, DeForest R., is a student at the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

HERBERT B. TITUS.

Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Herbert B. Titus was residing in Chesterfield, his native town, at

the commencement of the war. He was the youngest son of Col. Ezra Titus, a farmer who got his title as colonel of a militia regiment, and as "once a colonel always a colonel," the son came to be familiarly known among his townsmen as "the young colonel." The father, though mainly self-taught, had been in his locality and his sphere the famous school-teacher of his time, both as a disciplinarian and instructor, and it is but just to say that to no teacher does the son acknowledge himself more indebted than to that father, who thoroughly grounded him, when twelve years old, in the principles of grammar and arithmetic, the instruction being given mainly when husking together in the barn, by the dim light of an old-time tin lantern.

Ezra Titus was the youngest of ten children of Deacon Joseph Titus, who came to Chesterfield from Douglas, Mass., in 1777, soon after his marriage there to Mary Bigelow, who was of the family of that name that has produced some eminent men in that state, including a chief-justice of her supreme court. Ezra was fourth in descent from Robert Titus, who came from Hertfordshire, Eng., in 1635, and from whom, so far as known, all of the name in this country are descended, except those from a Dutch ancestor of New Utrecht, L. I., who Anglicized his name from Tityus. The immigrant was a younger brother of the Colonel Titus of Cromwell's army, mentioned by Hume and Macaulay as prominent in the politics of those troublous times. This original Colonel Titus afterwards espoused the cause of King Charles II, and on the occasion of an attempt on the life of the Lord Protector wrote anonymously the famous tract entitled "Killing no Murder," which created such a sensation at the time, and is characterized in Howell's

“State Trials” as “that most able, logical, artificially constructed, and occasionally eloquent, treatise.” Col. Ezra Titus married Electa Kneeland, daughter of John Kneeland, Esq., also an early settler in Chesterfield. He came from Gardner, Mass., and was a brother of Abner Kneeland, the famous self-taught preacher, editor, and Bible translator.

At the age of fourteen Herbert B., who would then readily have passed for eighteen or more, taught his first school of forty scholars, sixteen of whom were older than himself, and with such success that his services were again sought for the same school. At sixteen he expressed a wish to go to Norwich university, the then well known military school at Norwich, Vt., to which his father’s reply was, “I’ve been through with a military experience. It takes time and money, and amounts to nothing in these times. We are never going to have any war,”—a refusal that both had occasion to remember and regret. Teaching and work upon the farm alternated with study at the academy at West Brattleboro, Vt., Chesterfield, and Meriden, where he graduated in 1854. He then entered Yale college, but again taught, after the close of the first term, in Palmyra, N. Y., where he remained until the fall of 1856, when he resigned his position to re-enter college, which he was prevented from doing by a severe attack of typhoid fever. He resumed teaching and farming, and, in 1859, was appointed county commissioner of common schools.

In this position he was holding a teachers’ institute in Keene, in April, 1861, when at a county mass meeting in the public square, called on receipt of the news of the firing on Sumter and the call for troops, in a brief address of impassioned eloquence he announced that in

response to the president's call he was going. He had already headed the list for a volunteer company, which became Company A, of the Second regiment, and of which he was chosen second lieutenant, the captain and the first lieutenant having had military experience. Lieutenant Titus's connection with the Second ended July 1, 1862, when he was discharged that he might accept the position of major in the Ninth, to which he had been appointed June 14, 1862. He was mustered in as major August 7, 1862, and appointed lieutenant-colonel on the 20th of the same month, and on the resignation of Col. E. Q. Fellows the following November, received the colonelcy, which place he held at the muster-out. March 13, 1865, Colonel Titus was brevetted a brigadier-general of United States volunteers for gallant and meritorious services during the war. He is now practising law in New York city.

GEORGE B. TRACY.

When, on Monday, June 6, 1864, George Boardman Tracy died, at Washington, D. C., from the effect of wounds received on the fatal 12th of May, at Spottsylvania, every officer and private of the Ninth New Hampshire sustained a personal loss. The silent influence of a quiet, courageous, loving man's presence among his fellows who happen to be deprived temporarily of the restraining forces of home life, or who are subjected to the demoralizing tendencies of battle and bloodshed, is more potent for right living and honorable conduct than volumes of general orders or pronouncements.

Comrade Tracy was a native of Cornish, but the years

of his manhood were passed mostly in Lebanon, where he enlisted when thirty-six years old. He was mustered in as a corporal of Company E, much against the wishes of his friends, who desired him to accept a commission, but their alluring proposals were rejected, because he believed that his inexperience in military affairs incapacitated him for commissioned office. As corporal and sergeant he went with his comrades into the thick of the fight at South Mountain and Antietam, and through the horrors of Fredericksburg and the doleful winter in Virginia. He was with them in the joys of Kentucky and the sorrows of the Mississippi campaign. With them he marched over the mountains to Knoxville, and in their ranks entered Virginia once more, to be numbered among the severely wounded at Spottsylvania. Left on the field when the regiment fell back, he was missed as soon as the confusion of battle was over, and four or five of his comrades, at the risk of their lives, sought him out among the dead and wounded, and carried him within the Union lines, where, supported by Charles O. Hurlbutt, of his company, he made this entry in his diary :

May 12, 1864. Rainy. Hardest day of the battle as yet. Went into battle early; was wounded at 6:15 a. m. A Minié ball passed through the middle of the bone just above my ankle, which shattered the bone. Our regiment fell back, and so ran over me first, and then the "rebs." Near where I fell were two or three knapsacks, which I used as breastworks to keep off the bullets flying thick and fast. The "rebs" gave me a couple more when they came after my ammunition, of which they seemed to be short, so that I had quite a little fort. It was not an agreeable position; but God mercifully preserved me. After lying forty hours on the same spot, I was hastily taken off on a blanket after dark.

It was characteristic of the man to say nothing of his sufferings. Even when in his diary he wrote of himself "sick," or "feeling very miserable," there was no thought of faltering. No complaining came from his lips. He always kept a cheerful spirit, and was ready to assist and cheer up the sick, the weary, and the down-hearted. He was "the father of the younger soldiers, and the faithful friend of all he could benefit." He was modest, too. Though among the bravest of the brave, this is the way he wrote of his first experience in battle: "I stood fire better than I expected."

From Spottsylvania he was moved to Fredericksburg, on the Tuesday after his foot had been amputated Saturday night, and from there to the hospital at Washington, whence he passed calmly, hopefully, peacefully, to the life beyond.

CHARLES W. UNDERHILL.

Charles W. Underhill, of Hopkinton, N. H., died of apoplexy, very suddenly, Friday, May 26, 1882, aged sixty-eight years, nine months, and seven days.

He was born at Chester, the son of Moses and Rachel (Lufkin) Underhill, and was one of a large family of children. When a young lad he went to East Concord, where he made his home with his sister, Mrs. Betsey (Underhill) Parker. He learned the trade of harness-maker and carriage trimmer with John Emerson of Concord. He worked at his trade with the late Timothy Chandler, of Hopkinton, but had been in business in Woonsocket, R. I., and Millville, Mass., for several years, when he removed to Concord, March 20, 1858. In 1862, though even then forty-nine years of age, he

demonstrated his patriotism by enlisting in Company F of the Ninth regiment, served through the war, and was honorably discharged June 3, 1865. He was severely wounded in his right arm at the Mine.

After leaving the service he removed his family to Hopkinton village, having purchased the farm formerly owned by Isaac H. Chandler. There he lived amid the pleasantest surroundings, his declining years being frequently cheered by the presence of his children and grandchildren.

Comrade Underhill's wife was Susan Eastman Kimball, of Fryeburg, Me. They had six children: Charles F., George F., Susan Maria, William P., a prosperous druggist of Concord, Ellen F., and Thomas B.

GEORGE L. WAKEFIELD.

George L. Wakefield, mustered out as sergeant of Company G, has a war record simultaneous with that of the regiment. Born in Plymouth, Vt., he enlisted at Claremont, July 26, 1862, at the age of fifteen, and as a private carried gun and knapsack with his company every day and in every engagement up to October 1, 1864, when he was wounded in the elbow at the Battle of Poplar Springs Church, and was ordered to the hospital. He returned to his company March 19, 1865, with which he did duty till June 10, 1865, having been appointed sergeant on May 1 of that year. During the war, young Wakefield had read medicine with Dr. A. J. Moulton, a private of Company G, and in 1866 went to Wisconsin to continue his studies with Dr. T. M. Simes of Durand. In 1870 he was graduated from the Hahnemann Medical college of Chicago, and pursued his

vocation in the West until 1888, when he returned to New Hampshire. He is now practising his profession at Manchester. As a soldier, George L. Wakefield was commended for his poise in emergencies, his bravery in action, and his rigid adherence to every demand of duty. He was often called to positions of trust by his superiors at critical times; he never complained, and though wounded several times, never missed a march or fight in which the Ninth took part. The same qualities of heart and mind which characterized him in the days of '61 to '65 have been shown prominently in his after life, and have made him unusually successful in his medical and surgical practice. To Dr. Wakefield the Regimental association owes the compilation of its very complete necrology, and his daughter, Miss Electa Wakefield, has been made a daughter of the association, for assistance rendered her father in performing his duties as necrologist and in presenting to the association a beautifully inscribed necrological volume.

GEORGE T. WARD.

George T. Ward, of Company G, was born in Washington, though credited to Charlestown. He enlisted August 8, 1862, as private, was mustered out June 10, 1865, and passed to the land beyond January 14, 1867, when only twenty-three years of age. He was the son of Joel and Mary J. Ward, who live in North Charlestown, where Comrade Ward died. His mother writes,—“George was a faithful soldier. He never left the regiment after he enlisted until he was mustered out; never tried to dodge a battle. He began to fail soon after he came home.”

OSMON B. WARREN.

Comrade Warren was born September 15, 1845, at Rochester. He enlisted August 1, 1862, in Company H, was appointed corporal January 24, 1864, first sergeant March 19, 1864. He engaged in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, was with the regiment in the Mississippi campaign, and was in all its engagements up to and including the Battle of Spottsylvania Court-house, when he was captured and taken to Andersonville, arriving there May 29. In the latter part of the following October he was taken to Charleston, S. C., and after that to Florence, S. C., remaining there until he was paroled, February 29, 1865. After the Battle of Spottsylvania he was reported killed, and the following notice appeared in the Rochester *Courier* May 20, 1864:

“Among the losses in the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers we notice the name of First Sergeant Osmon B. Warren as killed. The news of young Warren’s death will carry sadness to many hearts. He was a young man of worthy attainments, the son of Rev. James Warren, of this place, where his untimely loss will be regretted by a wide circle of relatives and friends. He was known and beloved as a brave and resolute soldier by all his comrades, and will be sadly missed by them. His death is a severe stroke to his parents, who have sent three sons into the army, and whose hearts are made heavy by this affliction.” A poem was also written on his death by Capt. C. W. Edgerly of his company.

After his return from the war, in March, 1865, Comrade Warren’s health was so broken that he was unable to engage in any business for a long time. He was

twice honored (sessions of 1875 and 1876) with a seat in the legislature, serving each year on the committee on military affairs. He has been commander of Sampson post, No. 22, G. A. R., of Rochester, for two years, and was appointed postmaster of Rochester in April, 1878, by President Hayes, and reappointed by President Arthur. He was made a revenue storekeeper at Portsmouth, in January, 1891.

WILLIAM A. WEBSTER.

William Ambrose Webster was the son of William G. and Susan F. Webster, born in Rochester, June 13, 1830. Soon after his birth his parents removed to Concord, where his childhood was passed. His father died when he was nine years old, and he was early dependent upon his own resources. He attended the public schools in New Hampshire, and subsequently fitted himself for teaching at the State Normal school at Bridgewater, Mass., where he was graduated with honor in 1850. In 1853 he was appointed principal of a grammar school in Manchester, and held such a position until 1861. In the mean time he had been engaged, during such time as was not occupied with his duties as a teacher, in reading medicine with Dr. William Buck, which he supplemented by a course in Long Island College hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Going back to Manchester in the summer of 1862, before engaging in practice, he was appointed, July 1, 1862, surgeon of the Ninth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers. Dr. Webster remained with the Ninth regiment until the spring of 1864, when he was

appointed chief surgeon of the Second division of the Ninth Army corps. He held this office for something like a year, when he was compelled by ill health to resign and return North. He received his discharge January 5, 1865. On his return to Manchester he was appointed surgeon in the military hospital there, where he remained until it was discontinued. He then located in Groton, Mass., where he practised for three years. From Groton he went to Westford, Mass., where he was for ten years. He returned to Manchester in 1878. The remainder of his life was spent in Manchester, in as active practice as his health would permit.

He was for several years a member of the board of United States pension examiners. He was a member of the school board in 1879, '80, '81, '82, '83, and upon the reorganization of the local board of health in 1885, he was appointed a member. At the time of his death he was connected with Lafayette lodge, F. and A. M., and Louis Bell post, G. A. R. Dr. Webster was twice married, and had three daughters, two of whom are living. His death occurred February 7, 1887, and resulted from malaria, which he contracted during his army service, and from which he had been an almost constant sufferer for twenty years.

JOHN P. WEBSTER.

This comrade, who was then a farmer, died at Penacook, December 9, 1888, when in his forty-fifth year. He was the son of Ben P. and Anna (Woods) Webster, and a private of Company G from the muster-in till January 15, 1864, when he was transferred to the Ninety-

fourth company, Second battalion, I. C. The cause of death was chronic bronchitis. Comrade Webster was a member of W. I. Brown post, No. 31, of Penacook, and of Contoocook lodge, No. 26, I. O. O. F. He left a widow and one child.

ALBERT R. WHEELER.

A. R. Wheeler enlisted in Capt. J. W. Babbitt's company (I) from Keene. He was in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. On the evening of the 16th of June, 1864, he was wounded in the left thigh, so badly that the doctors thought an amputation unnecessary, but he insisted upon it. After the operation he was removed to Washington, where he died about June 25. At the "bloody angle" Comrade Wheeler, while acting as color corporal, brought off the United States colors after the color bearer had been shot.

SMITH A. WHITFIELD.

Smith A. Whitfield was born in Francestown, March 24, 1844. Up to the breaking out of the war he was a student and teacher, having fitted for college at the academies at Francestown and Hancock, and during the winter taught school. He had passed his examination for entrance to Harvard college when, on April 19, 1861, his plans were interrupted by the call of duty, and he enlisted as private in Company I, Second New Hamp-

shire infantry, commanded by Capt. Edward L. Bailey of Manchester. With this regiment he went to the front, participating in the First Battle of Bull Run and in the movement to the Peninsula, where at the Battle of Williamsburg he was seriously wounded by a musket ball, which struck him at the bottom of the right ear and passing round lodged in the back of the neck. He was sent with other wounded to New Hampshire, and when the Ninth regiment was raised, on the recommendation of General Hooker, Colonel Marston, and Lieutenant-Colonel Titus, was assigned to the captaincy of Company G in that regiment. He assumed command of his company while still suffering from the wound in his head, and at the Battle of Antietam he was again badly wounded in the right foot and leg, while leading the skirmish line which was sent out to develop the position of the enemy after Burnside had carried the bridge on the left and gained the heights beyond. He rejoined his regiment upon partial recovery from this wound, and went with them to Kentucky.

When the advance to Knoxville was made Captain Whitfield was detailed as adjutant-general on the staff of Gen. Alfred S. Frye, but was subsequently relieved by General Boyle and placed in command of the distribution camp at Camp Nelson, then containing about 2,400 men collected from different regiments and awaiting transportation to the front. He remained in command of the camp until the regiment moved to Mississippi, when, owing to severe illness superinduced by impure vaccine matter, he was left in the hospital at Cincinnati. On his recovery he was induced by Adjutant-General Thomas to take an examination for promotion to the One Hundred and Twenty-third United States Colored infantry, then



CAPT. SMITH A. WHITFIELD Co. G.

being raised in Kentucky. He appeared before the regular army board at Lexington, and passed with such credit that he was at once commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of that regiment. He was subsequently made the superintendent of organization of colored troops for the state of Kentucky, and assisted in organizing, arming, and equipping a number of regiments afterwards distinguished in the field.

During the last few months of the war he was detailed as member of a general court-martial organized to try the notorious guerrillas who infested Kentucky at that period. He was honorably mustered out in October, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., having served a little over four years and six months. Upon being mustered out he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, after a year spent in the great distilling house of S. N. Pike & Co., he entered the United States Internal Revenue service. His promotion here was steady and rapid, and, having served through all the grades, he was in 1877 made a revenue agent and assigned to duty at Chicago and Milwaukee. He was subsequently placed in charge of the district of Kentucky, where he remained for nearly three years. His service there was varied by occasional details farther south, and much of this time was spent in the hazardous and exciting duty of hunting down and driving out the "moonshiners," who infested that great region embraced in the general terms the "mountain country" of the South.

At a later period he was assigned to the district embracing New York city and Brooklyn, where from his long experience and thorough knowledge he was employed in examining the officers of the revenue service, deputy collectors, gaugers, storekeepers, etc. He

was again assigned to duty in the South, and was in Kentucky when he was offered and accepted the position of assistant postmaster at Cincinnati, Ohio. This position he held for about one year, when, on the accession of President Arthur, he was appointed postmaster of that city. This office he held during the Republican administration, and was continued by President Cleveland for a period of nearly eighteen months after his inauguration. A short time after this he was appointed by the governor of Ohio one of a board of five charged with the administration of public affairs in Cincinnati. He remained a member of the board for about two years, when, immediately after the inauguration of President Harrison, he resigned to accept the office of second assistant postmaster-general of the United States. This office he held till the retirement of First Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson, when he was at once appointed to succeed him, retaining this position until a few months prior to the close of President Harrison's administration, when he resigned to engage in business in Chicago. Unfortunately his health, which had become seriously impaired by long and arduous public service, broke down, and he was compelled to give up all business for a time, and retired to his summer home in northern Michigan, where he has lived most of the time during the last two years. His health has greatly improved by recreation and entire rest from care and responsibility, and it now seems that he has still many years of useful activity before him.

Colonel Whitfield has been almost from the time of his leaving the service an active and zealous politician of the best type, believing that in this country of popular government no good citizen can afford to stand aloof from participation in public affairs. He has devoted a great

deal of time to platform work, and is well known throughout Ohio and other states as an eloquent and forcible speaker. As a speaker in Grand Army circles and on Memorial days his services have been in great demand throughout the West and North-west, where he is well and most favorably known.

He was married in 1882 to Miss Florence P. Morrison, a most charming and brilliant young lady of Cincinnati, Ohio. His family consists of his wife and two little girls of nine and five years, and it is in the home circle that the colonel finds his truest happiness in the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of the rest he has earned by years of responsible, arduous, and long continued public life. His record is a remarkable one in every way, and a friend, speaking of him recently, said admiringly,—“Colonel Whitfield has been thirty years in the military and civil service, and in all those years has never been called upon to refute a single charge nor meet one single complaint.” This of itself would constitute a fitting and memorable epitaph, when, in the fulness of time, one shall be placed over the comrade’s grave.¹

CHARLES W. WILCOX.

Charles W. Wilcox was born in Brookfield, Orange county, Vt., June 26, 1836, the son of Erastus and Electa (Brown) Wilcox, both natives of the good old college town of Hanover, N. H. His paternal grandfather (Elon Wilcox) was a native of Wethersfield,

¹ As these sheets were being prepared for the press, the news came of Colonel Whitfield’s sudden death, at Chicago, Ill., December 2, 1895.—*Editor*.

Conn. His maternal grandfather (Alba Brown) was a native of Hanover, N. H., and his maternal great-grandfather (Dr. Joel Brown), a noted physician of Hanover, was a direct descendant of one of the early promoters of the Massachusetts colony. Mr. Wilcox obtained his early education in the common schools, and attended one year at the Newbury (Vt.) academy. In 1857 he left the home farm to learn the jewelry business with Harvey Holton, in Wells River, Vt. Serving there two years, he then was employed by the old firm of Gray & Libby, in Boston, until the autumn of 1860, when he went to Keene, entering the employ of F. W. Cobb & Co. In the spring of 1861 Mr. Cobb enlisted under Capt. Tile A. Barker of Company A, Second regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, leaving Mr. Wilcox in charge of the business.

In the fall of 1861 the Sixth regiment, N. H. V., rendezvoused in Keene, preparatory to leaving for the front, and only the obligations which he felt himself to be under to his employer prevented Mr. Wilcox from entering the United States service in that regiment. When, however, at the open-air war meetings in the early summer of 1862, he listened to the eloquent speeches of that veteran statesman, Gen. James Wilson, of Lieut. H. B. Titus (afterward major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of the Ninth regiment), and others who were home on leave, Mr. Wilcox's patriotic blood could no longer withstand the pressure. Meeting, on the morning of August 5, near where the Keene soldiers' monument now stands, his most intimate friend, S. Henry Sprague, then book-keeper for C. C. Bridgman, after a few minutes' conversation they went at once to Capt. J. W. Babbitt's recruiting office and enrolled themselves in the service of

their country; and many an old comrade can realize the relief they experienced when the deed was finally done. They went, too, and tented together in Concord, until the fortunes of the service separated them. Mr. Sprague was promoted to be second lieutenant and commissary of the regiment, and afterwards to be first lieutenant and acting assistant commissary on General Burnside's staff; while Mr. Wilcox, too, won deserved promotion, and closely followed the fortunes of the regiment until his capture at Spottsylvania, in May, 1864. It was Lieutenant Wilcox's sad privilege to be with Lieutenant Sprague in Cincinnati, O., on his return from Vicksburg, Miss., in the summer of 1863, and to care for him during his short and fatal illness with malarial fever. Granted leave of absence by General Burnside, Lieutenant Wilcox accompanied the remains of his friend home to Keene, and then to Winchester, where the body of the brave, true-hearted young lieutenant, deeply mourned by his friends and all who knew him, was laid to rest with Masonic honors.

Mr. Wilcox had enlisted as private in Company I, of the Ninth New Hampshire, but was soon promoted to be first sergeant, and shared the fortunes of the regiment through the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. During the winter of 1862-3, while the regiment was in camp at Falmouth, Va., Sergeant Wilcox came near losing his life from black measles. In February, 1863, he was sent to Columbia College hospital, in Washington, D. C., then in charge of Dr. Crosby, of Hanover, N. H., rejoining his regiment at Cincinnati, O., March 29, 1863, when the Ninth was on its way from Newport News to Kentucky. May 1, 1863, Sergeant Wilcox was promoted to be second lieu-

tenant of Company F, but owing to a severe attack of pneumonia was unable to go with the regiment on the Mississippi campaign, doing duty, however, at the convalescent camp at Hickman's Bridge, Ky., and at Cincinnati, O., as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his own illness. Rejoining his regiment on its return from Vicksburg, Lieutenant Wilcox was assigned to the command of his company, and was stationed at Kimbrough's Bridge, Cynthiana, Ky., until September 22, when he was detailed to command Companies H and K, at Keller's Bridge, remaining there until December 4, when he was relieved, and returned to the command of his own company.

Lieutenant Wilcox retained this position while the regiment was stationed at Point Burnside, Ky., also on its memorable march from there, via Cumberland Gap, to Knoxville, Tenn., and the return march to Kentucky, until April, 1864, when the regiment and corps rejoined the Army of the Potomac, when Captain Stone and Lieutenant Babb, who had been on detailed service elsewhere, returned to the company. In the bloody battles of the Wilderness on May 5, and of Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 12, Lieutenant Wilcox was always at the front, seeming to fear no danger incurred in the performance of the duties assigned him, and was taken prisoner during the last-named battle. An interesting account of his capture and the sad scenes connected with his ten months life in southern prison-pens, will be found elsewhere in this volume.

Lieutenant Wilcox was unable to rejoin his regiment after his return from rebel prisons, in March, 1865, on account of General Orders issued from the war department, and he was honorably discharged from the United

States service, May 15, 1865. Soon after his discharge Mr. Wilcox was given a responsible position in the E. Howard & Co. watch factory, at Roxbury, Mass., remaining with them until taking up the watch and jewelry business on his own account, purchasing the business of Marshall Bros., in Milford, Mass., October, 1866. Here he has since resided, and has built up a substantial business for himself, besides being prominently identified with several other local financial enterprises. Always a staunch Republican in politics, and an active worker in his party's interest, although refusing rather than seeking public office, Mr. Wilcox was for several years a trustee of the town library, and for the past fifteen years has served as one of the park commissioners. He also represented the Second Worcester county representatives' district in the Massachusetts legislature of 1881.

Comrade Wilcox is a charter member of Post 22, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., and as one of its first officials served as chief mustering officer and member of council of administration of the department. He is also a member of the board of trustees of the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass., and was one of the original incorporators of the board. As chairman of the building committee to raise the necessary funds for the present beautiful and commodious Regimental head-quarters at The Weirs, Comrade Wilcox did yeoman service, and was president of the Regimental association in 1888, when the head-quarters building was dedicated. He married, September 25, 1867, Miss Ann M., daughter of Urial A. Clark, of Brookfield, Vt. One child has been born to them, a son, Clark H.

ALVIN A. YOUNG.

Alvin A. Young, of Company K, who was born in Newport, August 31, 1846, was twenty-seven days under sixteen years of age at the time of his enlistment. He was in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania. On March 1, 1864, he was appointed corporal. At Spottsylvania, just as the regiment was forced to fall back, Corporal Young stopped to fire at the Confederate colors, but a southern officer, seeing the act, sprang at him with a sabre, and he turned to follow his company; but a Confederate who was in advance turned and thrust a bayonet through the corporal's side. As he fell to the ground the southerners passed over him. After lying quiet for some time he was taken back through the woods to a large clearing, where there were quite a number of the Ninth Regiment boys who had been captured, among them Alvah R. Davis and Perley A. Smith, of Company K. They were soon separated, as all that were not wounded were marched off, while the disabled ones were carried back still farther. After nightfall an ambulance drove near, and another soldier was left, whose groans attracted Corporal Young's attention. Crawling to the place where the soldier lay, the comrade found to his surprise and great sorrow Sergt. Randolph Hall of Company K, wounded through the right lung. He laid down beside his comrade, spreading his own blanket over both, for it was raining hard. After about ten days of suffering from wounds, hunger, and lack of shelter, the two were placed in an army wagon and taken to a railroad station, then to Richmond, where they were placed

in an old tobacco factory, called No. 21. The hard journey, added to the exposure, proved too much for Sergeant Hall, who died soon after reaching the prison. After four months of prison life Corporal Young was paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md., and there was given a furlough of thirty days. He was then exchanged, and joined the regiment about the 15th of November at Petersburg, remaining with it until mustered out June 10, 1865.

ERRATA.

Pages 146-161. Read *October, 1862*, in running headlines, in place of "September, 1862."

Pages 345-346. It will be noticed that the anecdote relating to the presence of Captain Alexander at an auction sale of slaves, pertains to the first sojourn of the regiment in Kentucky, before the Mississippi campaign.

Page 504. In headline near foot of page, read *Private Barnes of Company F*, in place of "Private Barnes of Company B."

Page 531. A blank line ought not to separate the closing paragraph of Sergeant Burnham's letter, but should appear after the quotation.

Page 622. In line 7 read *cook-house*, not "work-house."

Page 623. In line 18 read *Six*, not "One."

APPENDIX.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN ROSTER.

| | | | |
|---------------|---|---|-------------------------------------|
| A. A. G. | Assistant Adjutant General. | L. | Light. |
| A. C. | Army Corps. | Lt. | Lieutenant. |
| Adjt. | Adjutant. | Maj. | Major. |
| A. G. O. | Adjutant General's Office. | Mis. | Missing. |
| App. | Appointed. | Miscel. | Miscellaneous. |
| Appreh. | Apprehended. | M. o. roll | Muster out roll. |
| A. Q. M. | Assistant Quartermaster. | Musc. | Musician. |
| Art. | Artillery. | Must. | Muster, mustered. |
| Asst. | Assistant. | N. f. r. A. G. O. | No further record |
| B (b.). | Born. | Adjutant General's Office, Wash- ington, D. C. | |
| Batt'l. | Battalion. | N. Y. H. | New York Harbor. |
| B. H. | Boston Harbor. | Non-Com. | Non-commissioned. |
| Brig. | Brigade, Brigadier. | Ord. Seaman | Ordinary seaman. |
| Bvt. | Brevet. | Par. | Paroled. |
| Capt. | Captain. | P. O. ad. | Post-office address, last known. |
| Capt'd. | Captured. | Prin. | Principal. |
| Cav. | Cavalry. | Priv. | Private. |
| Co. | Company. | Prom. | Promoted. |
| Col. | Colonel. | Q. M. | Quartermaster. |
| Com. | Commissary, Commission. | Re-enl. | Re-enlisted. |
| Com'd. | Commissioned. | Regt. | Regiment. |
| Corp. | Corporal. | Res. | Residence. |
| Cred. | Credited. | Sergt. | Sergeant. |
| C. S. | Commissary of Subsistence. | Sev. | Severely. |
| Dept. | Department. | S. O. | Special Orders. |
| Des. | Deserted. | Surg. | Surgeon. |
| Disab. | Disabled. | Tm. ex. | Term expired. |
| Disch. | Discharged. | Tr. | Transferred. |
| Dishon. | Dishonorably. | U. S. A. | United States Army. |
| Div. | Division. | U. S. S. | United States Ship. |
| Enl. | Enlisted. | Unas'd | Unassigned. |
| Exch. | Exchanged. | U. S. C. T. | United States Colored Troops. |
| F. and S. | Field and Staff. | U. S. Sig. Corps | United States Sig- nal Corps. |
| G. C. M. | General Court Martial. | U. S. S. S. | United States Sharp- shooters. |
| Gd. from mis. | Gained from missing. | V. | Volunteers. |
| Gen. | General. | V. R. C. | Veteran Reserve Corps. |
| G. O. | General Orders. | Wd. | Wounded. |
| H. | Heavy. | Wds. | Wounds. |
| Hosp. | Hospital. | | |
| I. C. | Invalid Corps; name changed to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 18, 1864. | | |
| Inf. | Infantry. | | |

NOTE.—When men served in two or more organizations, and the birthplace or age does not correspond, quotation marks are used.

COMPLETE ROSTER

OF THE

NINTH REGIMENT

NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

COMPLETE ROSTER

OF THE

NINTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

Each man was a volunteer, appointed or enlisted for three years, unless otherwise stated.

- Abanton, Ben.** Co. I; substitute; b. Norway; age 22; cred. Jaffrey; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; disch. Aug. 5, '65, Concord.
- Abbot, Charles H.** Co. F; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 29; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Abbott, Ira S.** Co. A; b. Lemington, Vt.; age 35; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt.; tr. to 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 14, '64; disch. Sept. 12, '65, Concord, tm. ex.
- Abbott, Jacob.** Co. K; b. Ossipee; age 33; res. Ossipee; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 22, '62, New York city. See I N. H. H. Art.
- Abbott, Orrin S.** Co. D; b. Ossipee; age 25; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv.; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Adams, Alphonso.** Co. A; b. Sharon, Vt.; age 18; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; des. June, '64, London, Ky.
- Adams, Ara W.** Co. F; b. Orange; age 18; res. Orange; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 5 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. Sept. 15, '64, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Adams, David M.** Co. B; b. Sutton; age 18; res. Andover, cred. Wilnot; enl. June 13, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 21, '63, Memphis, Tenn.
- Adams, George.** Co. I; b. Pennsylvania; age 30; res. Girard, Pa., cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 25, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. wds. Aug. 20, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Adams, John.** Co. I; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Adams, James.** Co. I; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Keene; enl. July 12, '64; must. in July 12, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Adams, Sylvanus.** Non-Com. Staff; b. New London; age 36; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Prin. Musc.; disch. Nov. 23, '62, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., West Runney. See State Service.

- Addison, Charles.** Unas'd; b. France; age 20; res. Troy, cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Abern, Martin.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 31, '64; must. in Aug. 31, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Aiken, R. Willshire.** Co. B; b. Goffstown; age 24; res. Goffstown, cred. Goffstown; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 25, '65, Danville, Va.
- Aiken, William O.** Co. I; b. Westmoreland; age 18; res. Westmoreland, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. wds. Mar. 17, '63, Washington, D. C. Died Nov. 25, '78, Westmoreland.
- Aldrich, Asabel.** Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 43; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 15, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Aldrich, James H.** Co. B; b. Lisbon; age 24; res. Lisbon, cred. Lisbon; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 12, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Dalton.
- Aldrich, Lewis W., 1st.** Co. I; b. Westmoreland; age 20; res. Westmoreland, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Westmoreland.
- Aldrich, Lewis W., 2d.** Co. I; b. Westmoreland; age 21; res. Westmoreland, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Oct. 8, '74, Revere, Mass.
- Alexander, Morrison.** Co. A; b. Derry; age 21; res. Derry, cred. Derry; enl. May 27, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Corp.; wd. sev. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. wds. Feb. 17, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Alexander, Samuel J.** Co. B; b. Hopkinton; age 25; res. Concord; enl. July 24, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date July 24, '62, as Capt.; wd. sev. July 13, '63, near Jackson, Miss. Died, wds. July 23, '63, Snyder's Bluff, Miss.
- Allen, Benjamin R.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 29; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Jan. 1, '64; 1 Lt. Sept. 16, '64; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; app. Capt. Co. H, Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Allen, Frank.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 26; cred. Chesterfield; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Allen, George J.** Co. I; b. Jaffrey; age 24; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 2, '64, Bethesda Church, Va.; disch. July 10, '65, to date June 10, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Fitchburg, Mass.
- Allen, George W.** Co. I; b. New Hampshire; age 22; res. Surry, cred. Surry; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Claremont.
- Allen, George W.** Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 19; cred. Tamworth; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Allen, John.** Co. D; substitute; b. St. John, N. B.; age 21; cred. Gilford; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; g'd. from mis.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Allen, Seth.** Co. C; b. New York; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died Aug. 2, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

- Allen, William. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 35; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. July 8, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Allen, William H. Co. H; b. Lancaster; age 19; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. July 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 8, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Ames, Warren. Co. K; b. Milford; age 18; res. Milford; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 15, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Brookline.
- Anderson, Antoine. Co. F; substitute; b. Sweden; age 18; cred. Groton; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; supposed killed. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Anderson, David G. Unas'd; b. Pittsburg, Pa.; age 20; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Anderson, John. Co. C; b. London, Eng.; age 24; res. Hartford, Conn.; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 25, '62, Concord.
- Anderson, John. Co. F; b. New London, Conn.; age 22; res. New London, Conn, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 15, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Andrew, John. Co. C; b. Quebec, Can.; age 35; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 23, '62, Concord.
- Andrews, George H. Co. E; b. Nashua; age 20; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 15, '64, Nashua.
- Andrews, Henry. Co. F; b. St. John, N. B.; age 27; res. St. John, N. B., cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. July 14, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Andrews, John. Co. I; substitute; b. Germany; age 22; cred. Claremont; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Angier, Thaddeus R. Co. G; b. Charlestown; age 27; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 25, '62, Newark, N. J. Died June 23, '81, Windsor, Vt.
- Annis, Joel N. Co. F; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 18; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. May 20, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 31, '93, Medford, Mass.
- Antlitz, John. Co. G; b. Germany; age 40; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; wd. June, '64; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. June 1, '65.
- Applebee, William H. Co. C; b. Somersworth; age 32; res. Milton, cred. Milton; enl. July 5, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 6, '64, Wilderness, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. May 16, '65, Concord.
- Archer, Edwin W. Co. A; b. Orford; age 18; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. July 10, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. and capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; exch.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Eagle Grove, Iowa.
- Archer, Henry W. Co. A; b. Orford; age 22; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. July 14, '62; must. in July 25, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Archer, Josiah L. Co. A; b. Fairlee, Vt.; age 28; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. July 8, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died of starvation Aug. 28, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

- Armstrong, George T.** Co. D; b. Haverhill, Mass.; age 16; cred. South Newmarket; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Dec. 31, '87, Strafford.
- Armstrong, Henry.** Co. F; b. England; age 21; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died Oct., '64, in rebel hospital.
- Arnandin, —, alias Pierré Moreau.** Co. H; b. France; age 22; cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; disch. Oct. 12, '64, and ordered to be turned over to the Consul General of France as a deserter from the French navy.
- Ash, John.** Co. C; b. Franklin; age 45; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 20 I. C., Nov. 15, '63; disch. July 1, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Ashley, Albert.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 28; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Lempster; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Ashton, Joseph L., alias Thomas Johnson.** Co. E; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 19; cred. Sunapee; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.
- Atkins, Samuel.** Co. I; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Keene; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Atwood, Henry.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Marlow; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Atwood, Varanes C.** Co. G; b. Nelson; age 41; res. Nelson, cred. Nelson; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 30, '62, Newark, N. J. P. O. ad., Nelson.
- Aufret, Leon.** Co. A; b. France; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 22, '63, Cynthiaana, Ky.
- Augustin, Augustus.** Co. G; substitute; b. Germany; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H.-V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Auhri, Heinrich.** Co. B; b. Germany; age 29; res. New York city, cred. Danbury; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Austin, Alexander.** Co. C; b. England; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; des. Dec. 18, '64, Alexandria, Va.
- Austin, Charles.** Co. D; b. Pennsylvania; age 22; res. Mechanicsville, N. Y., cred. Bristol; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 28, '64, Hall's Gap, Ky.
- Austin, Thomas S.** Co. K; b. Northfield; age 27; cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; tr. to 156 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. July 15, '65, St. Louis, Mo. P. O. ad., Franklin Falls.
- Austin, Wanton J.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Avery, Alfred A.** Co. D; b. Gilford; age "43"; cred. Exeter; enl. July 5, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 19, '63, Paris, Ky. See State Service.
- Avery, Daniel P.** Co. H; b. Epsom; age 21; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. Supposed identical with Daniel P. Avery, U. S. Marine Corps.

- Avery, James.** Co. H; age 42; cred. Gilmannton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 9, '63, Georgetown, D. C.
- Avery, James H.** Co. H; b. Loudon; age 20; cred. Gilmannton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 112 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Mar. 15, '65; disch. July 19, '65, Alexandria, Va.
- Avery, Samuel A.** Co. H; b. Epsom; age 25; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Ayer, Andrew J.** Co. F; b. Haverhill, Mass.; age 18; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; par. Oct. 6, '62; des. Apr. 10, '64, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Naples, Me.
- Ayer, Daniel C.** Co. C; b. Brownfield, Me.; age 18; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Naples, Me.
- Ayer, James C.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Ayers, Elisha.** Co. I; b. Wallingford, Vt.; age 41; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. June 21, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; tr. to 87 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. July 24, '65, Cleveland, Ohio. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Babb, Daniel.** Co. D; b. Fryeburg, Me.; age 36; cred. Conway; enl. Dec. 31, '63; must. in Dec. 31, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; par. Died Nov. 7, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Babb, Edward C.** Co. F; b. Westbrook, Me.; age 28; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. June 27, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. H, Jan. 1, '63; 1 Lt. Co. F, Jan. 1, '64; Capt. Co. G, Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Babbitt, John W.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 27; res. Keene, cred. Keene; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62; app. Lt. Col. Nov. 22, '62; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. wds. Dec. 5, '64. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Bachelder, Charles W.** Co. D; age 38; cred. Exeter; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Corp.; must. out June 10, '65, as Priv. Supposed identical with Charles W. Batchelder, U. S. Navy.
- Bachelder, Joseph C.** Co. D; b. Deerfield; age 32; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Bailey, Daniel.** Co. B; b. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 143 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Dec. 15, '63; disch. July 21, '65, Baltimore, Md., tm. ex. Died Dec. 25, '72, Baltimore, Md.
- Bailey, John B.** Co. E; b. New Boston; age 22; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Sept. 30, '62; disch. as 1 Class Musc. June 10, '65, near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.
- Bailey, Sewell B.** Co. B; b. Salem; age "35"; res. Chichester, cred. Concord; enl. June 6, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 30, '62. See 1 N. H. V.
- Bailey, William A.** Co. F; b. Groton; age 19; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. July 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 12, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Baker, John.** Co. A; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 22; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 22, '64, Annapolis, Md.

- Baker, Martin.** Unas'd; b. Pennsylvania; age 26; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Gilsium; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Baker, Peter.** Co. C; substitute; b. Ireland; age 28; cred. Mason; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept. 18, '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Baldi, Christopher.** Co. B; b. Italy; age 25; cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 23, '64, near Washington, D. C.
- Ballou, Charles E.** Co. G; substitute; b. New Hampshire; age 18; cred. Swanzev; enl. June 6, '64; must. in June 6, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. Died Mar. 15, '93, Salem, Mass.
- Barber, George W.** Co. E; b. Warwick, Mass.; age 24; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Mar. 18, '63, Georgetown, D. C. Died Sept. 26, '86, Nat. Home, Wis.
- Barnard, Daniel L.** Co. I; b. New Boston; age 33; cred. Troy; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 15, '65, to date June 10, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 24, '89, Woburn, Mass.
- Barnard, George W.** Co. A; b. Enfield; age 21; res. Enfield, cred. Enfield; enl. June 8, '62; must. in July 8, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 18 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 22, '63; disch. July 8, '65, Albany, N. Y., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.
- Barnard, James E.** Co. K; b. Weare; age 22; cred. Dunbarton; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., East Weare.
- Barnes, James H.** Co. F; b. Farnham, Can.; age 18; res. Lyndeborough, cred. Sullivan; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Barnes, Leander C.** Co. B; b. Concord; age 22; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. July 19, '62; must. in July 21, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Concord.
- Barr, Robert.** Co. G; b. Nova Scotia; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Danbury; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 31, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Barrett, James.** Co. B; b. Lisbon; age 39; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 13, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Barrett, John.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 22, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Bartlett, James H.** Co. B; substitute; b. Canada; age 27; cred. Henniker; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 2, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Bascom, James P.** Co. G; b. Newport; age 21; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 25, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Basons, Joseph.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Thornton; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bates, George.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 22; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv. N. I. F. A. G. O.

- Beal, Luther.** Co. G; b. Chesterfield; age 42; res. Swanzey, cred. Swanzey; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 16, '63, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Bean, Amos S.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Bean, Eben.** Co. A; b. Maine; age 32; res. Auburn, cred. Auburn; enl. June 20, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. Died, dis. Dec. 1, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Bean, George P.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 21; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. May 13, '63, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- Bean, Jesse S.** Co. C; b. Brownfield, Me.; age 26; res. Nashua, cred. Hudson; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 5 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. July 5, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. P. O. ad., Salem.
- Beard, Cleveland C.** Co. H; b. Mason; age 20; res. Northumberland; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 24, '65, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Reed's Ferry. See State Service.
- Beard, Leonard M.** Co. H; b. Needham, Mass.; age 22; res. Northumberland; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Goffstown Centre.
- Beatty, James.** Co. H; b. Canada; age 25; res. Rouse's Point, N. Y., cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 24, '64, in the field.
- Beaubien, Amedie.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 35; cred. Hinsdale; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. July 7, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Becker, Jacob.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; exch.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bedell, Abram H.** Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 19; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 28, '65, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- Bedell, Austin.** Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 20; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; to 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. disab. June 6, '65, Concord. See 17 N. H. V.
- Beloen, Congeal.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 23; res. Rouse's Point, N. Y., cred. Franconia; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 22, '63, Cynthia, Ky.
- Belville, Francis.** Co. I; b. Canada; age 38; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. July 14, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 22 I. C., Jan. 20, '64; re-enl. Sept. 12, '64; disch. Nov. 17, '65, Camp Chase, Ohio.
- Benden, Robert.** Co. A; b. England; age 38; res. Amherst, cred. Amherst; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 28, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio. Died Oct. 25, '82, Milford.
- Benedict, Mitchel.** Co. K; b. Canada; age 20; res. Sunapee, cred. Sunapee; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bennett, Alden B.** Non-Com. Staff; b. Dunstable, Mass.; age 43; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. July 3, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. Muse.; disch. Nov. 23, '62, Falmouth, Va. See 1 N. H. V., State Service, and Miscel. Organizations.

- Bennett, Charles.** Co. B; b. Alexandria; age 18; res. Hopkinton, cred. Hopkinton; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 28, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Bennett, James.** Co. D; b. New Brunswick; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 28, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Bennett, James A.** Co. D; b. New Brunswick; age 20; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bennett, John C.** Co. B; b. Brookline; age 25; cred. Nashua; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Spoken Falls, Wash.
- Bennett, Richard.** Co. F; b. England; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 20, '65.
- Bernard, Henry.** Co. D. See Bernard Henry.
- Berry, James.** Co. K; b. Freedom; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Berry, William.** Co. C; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 27, '64, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Raudolph, Or.
- Berry, William H.** Co. K; b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bervin, Frederick.** Co. C; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bickford, Orion W.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Binch, David.** Co. C; b. Nottingham, Eng.; age 33; res. Portsmouth, cred. Portsmouth; enl. June 25, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 6, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Bingham, Henry A.** Co. E; b. Brooklyn, N. Y.; age 18; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 4, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Williamsport, Pa.
- Binney, Corlis.** Co. E; b. Three Rivers, C. E.; age 30; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 23, '62, Concord.
- Birch, George.** Co. II; b. Nova Scotia; age 22; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; reported as absent without leave. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Bissell, Albert E.** Co. I; b. Pelham; age 21; cred. Surry; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. July 23, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Oct. 9, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Black, Joseph.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 22, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Blackmar, Charles E.** Co. H; b. Great Falls; age 27; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Sergt.; tr. to 19 Co. (became 88 Co.), 2 Batt'l, I. C., Oct. 31, '63; disch. disab. Aug. 11, '64, Cincinnati, Ohio. P. O. ad., Gonic.
- Blaisdell, Charles H.** Co. F; b. Nashua; age 18; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Corp.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.

- Blaisdell, Charles M.** Co. F; b. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 13, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Chicopee, Mass. See U. S. Navy.
- Blaisdell, Hiram.** Co. I; b. Massachusetts; age 20; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. wds. Dec. 8, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H. P. O. ad., Canaan.
- Blaisdell, James.** Co. H; b. Ossipee; age 28; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62; app. 1 Lt. Jan. 1, '63; capt'd. Mar. 1, '63; dismissed Aug. 4, '64. P. O. ad., Rock Island, Ill.
- Blake, Aaron H.** Co. I; b. New Hampshire; age 18; res. Surry, cred. Surry; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 8, '65, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Blake, John.** Co. C; substitute; b. St. John, N. B.; age 22; cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Blake, Jonathan.** Co. K; b. Hampton; age 44; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 18, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Blake, Thomas.** Co. B; b. Connecticut; age 27; res. Bridgewater, Conn., cred. Monroe; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Blanchard, Moses W.** Co. K; b. Peacham, Vt.; age 42; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 13 V. R. C.; disch. July 3, '65, Boston, Mass. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Blaney, John, alias John Glancey.** Co. C; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 26; cred. Winchester; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; unas'd substitute 16 Mass. Inf.; des. Mar. 1, '64, Brandy Station, Va.; enl. Aug. 26, '64, Co. C, 9 N. H. V.; appreh. Sept. 2, '64, as a deserter from 16 Mass. Inf.; sentenced by G. C. M. to be confined at hard labor for 5 yrs., with loss of all pay and allowances, and to be dishon. disch. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Blood, George F.** Co. K; b. Goshen; age 18; res. Goshen, cred. Goshen; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 8, '63, Washington, D. C. Died Apr. 17, '64, Goshen.
- Blood, Henry P.** Co. E; b. Cornish; age 18; res. Cornish, cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; app Corp.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, wds. Nov. 8, '64, Beverly, N. J.
- Blood, Joel S.** Co. K; b. Goshen; age 26; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. disab. Mar. 9, '63, York, Pa. P. O. ad., Napa City, Cal.
- Blood, Samuel.** Co. A; b. Orford; age 24; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. June 9, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 17 I. C., Jan. 14, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. P. O. ad., Franklin.
- Blum, Edward.** Co. K; b. Switzerland; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Bristol; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; died, dis. Sept. 8, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Blye, William H.** Co. C; b. Marblehead, Mass.; age 29; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. July 5, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 23, '62, Concord.
- Bohonan, Charles.** Co. A; b. Brookline; age 24; cred. Brookline; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. to date July 17, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Milford, Mass.
- Bonapart, Frederick.** Co. A; substitute; b. France; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bond, Edson.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.

- Bond, Francis.** Co. D; b. Pennsylvania; age 22; res. Reading, Pa., cred. Gilsium; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Bond, Thomas L.** Co. B; b. Lyme; age 28; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 12, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Chelsea, Mass.
- Boothby, Henry J.** Co. D; b. Conway; cred. Conway; enl. July 19, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Corp.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; app. 1 Sergt.; wd. July 23, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 13, '65, Washington, D. C. Died Jan. 12, '68, Garfield, Ark.
- Bornum, John.** Unas'd; b. Indiana; age 21; res. Indianapolis, Ind., cred. Hanover; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Bouchier, Peter.** Co. D; b. Canada; age 35; cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.; disch. to date July 22, '64. Died Jan. 19, 79, St. Regis Res, P. Q., Can.
- Bould, John.** Co. H; b. England; age 39; res. Stark, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.; mis. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Nov. 6, '64, Annapolis, Md. See State Service.
- Bourgoi, Joseph.** Co. E; b. Canada East; age 23; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 23, '62, Concord.
- Bowen, Fred.** Co. C. See Fred Bervin.
- Bowler, John.** Co. F; b. Massachusetts; age 23; res. Marlborough, cred. Marlborough; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Aug. 20, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Supposed identical with John Bowler, Co. I, 14 N. H. V.
- Bowman, Thomas.** Co. B; b. Canada; age 23; res. Whitefield, cred. Whitefield; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; gd. from mis.; disch. Oct. 14, '67, to date July 17, '65, Boston, Mass. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass.
- Boyden, George W.** Co. F; drafted; b. Industry, Me.; age 30; res. Concord, cred. Concord; drafted Aug. 19, '63; must. in Aug. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. Died Oct. 28, '89, East Dallas, Tex. See 2 N. H. V.
- Boyle, William.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 30; res. Northumberland, cred. Northumberland; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Boyneau, Edward.** Co. I; substitute; b. France; age 22; cred. Campton; enl. July 6, '64; must. in July 6, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Boysen, Nicholas.** Co. D; b. Denmark; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. Died, of exhaustion, Mar. 9, '64, Cumberland Gap, Ky.
- Bradford, Amos F.** Co. G; b. Enfield; age 24; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 12, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Bradford, Caleb M. D.** Co. G; b. Enfield; age 22; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Apr. 15, '63, Covington, Ky.

- Bradford, Joseph D.** Co. C; b. Littleton; age 20; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; mis. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from mis; disch. disab. Apr. 15, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Salem.
- Bradley, John.** Co. I; substitute; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Northumberland; enl. July 16, '64; must. in July 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Brady, Edward.** Co. B; substitute; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Jaffrey; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Brady, William.** Co. F; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Holderness; enl. Jan. 10, '65; must. in Jan. 10, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Bragg, Edwin.** Co. D; substitute; b. St. John, N. B.; age 19; cred. South Hampton; enl. Aug. 17, '64; must. in Aug. 17, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 1, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Bragg, Elmer.** Co. E; b. Plainfield; age 19; res. Quechee, Vt., cred. Plainfield; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Corp.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released. Died, wds. Aug. 20, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Bransman, Anly.** Co. A; substitute; b. Germany; age 22; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Breed, Eugene.** Co. B; b. Lynn, Mass.; age 21; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- Bremer, Henry.** Unas'd; b. Germany; age 23; cred. Greenfield; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Bresland, Joseph.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 25; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Wis. See 5 N. H. V.
- Brewster, William A.** Co. D; age 29; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. May 31, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 10, '62; returned Sept., '63; des. Nov. 26, '64; reported Apr. 24, '65, under President's Proclamation; disch. May 15, '65, Ft. Independence, B. H., Mass.
- Bridges, John.** Co. C; substitute; b. England; age 24; cred. Winchester; enl. July 12, '64; must. in July 12, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Brigham, Charles L.** Co. F; b. Nashua; age 19; res. Nashua, cred. Merrimack; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Oct. 23, '64, Nashua.
- Bright, John.** Co. G; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 23; cred. Hillsborough; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Brentwood.
- Brindamour, Albert.** Co. B; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; furloughed June 18, '64, from Gen. Hosp., Chester, Pa.; reported Aug. 31, '64, as a deserter.
- Britton, Charles E.** Co. I; b. New Hampshire; age 19; res. Surry, cred. Surry; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. July 30, '64, Alexandria, Va.
- Brocklebank, Lewis.** Co. E; b. Plainfield; age 18; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. Died Oct. 28, '89, Newport.
- Bronson, Louis.** Co. H. See 4 N. H. V.

- Brooks, Charles B.** Co. I; b. Rindge; age 20; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 21, '63, Washington, D. C. Died July 17, '71, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- Brooks, John C.** Co. II; b. New Hampshire; age 20; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 5, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Brown, William.** Co. F; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Kensington; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. Sept. 1, '64; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; exch.; returned to duty May 1, '65; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Brown, Abram.** Co. K; b. Canterbury; age 23; cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Mar. 4, '63, Baltimore, Md.
- Brown, Albert S.** Co. K; b. New Hampshire; age 18; res. Dalton, cred. Dalton; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Brown, Asa.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Brown, Charles.** Co. I; substitute; b. Sweden; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; disch. Aug. 29, '65, Concord.
- Brown, Charles.** Co. K; substitute; b. Mexico; age 25; cred. Unity; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; killed July 23, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Brown, George.** Co. C; substitute; b. Toronto, Can.; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route to rest.*
- Brown, George.** Co. F; b. New Jersey; age 24; res. New York, cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. and capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died June 26, '64, Richmond, Va.
- Brown, George B.** Co. D; b. Wells, Me.; age 42; res. Somersworth; enl. June 27, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 12 I. C., Aug. 1, '63; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Brown, George H.** Co. F; b. Concord; age 26; res. Woodstock, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; returned to duty May 10, '65; must. out June 10, '65.
- Brown, George W.** Co. B; b. Draut, Mass.; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 1, '64, Covington, Ky.
- Brown, James F.** Co. D; b. Waterborough, Me.; age 29; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 14, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 30, '63; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- Brown, John.** Co. A; b. England; age 21; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Sullivan; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des.; admitted to hosp., Salisbury, N. C., as a "Yankee deserter," Aug. 4, '64. Died, dis. Aug. 9, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Brown, John.** Co. E; substitute; b. England; age 29; cred. Westmoreland; enl. June 15, '64; must. in June 15, '64, as Priv.; des. July 5, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Brown, John, 2d.** Co. A; substitute; b. Liverpool, N. S.; age 23; cred. Plaistow; enl. June 2, '64; must. in June 2, '64, as Priv.; des. July 14, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Brown, John H.** Co. F; b. Chester; age "18"; res. Boscawen (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Boscawen; enl. July 12, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 10, '63, Washington, D. C. See 2 Co., N. H. H. Art.

- Brown, John W.** Co. I; substitute; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Stewartstown; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Brown, Orrin E.** Co. C; b. Waterbury, Vt.; age 18; cred. Orford; enl. Sept. 9, '64; must. in Sept. 9, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 23, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Moscow, Vt.
- Brown, Peter.** Co. B; b. Sweden; age 23; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. May 23, '64.
- Brown, Robert.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 25; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 20, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Brown, Samuel O.** Co. G; b. Wear; age 30; cred. Francestown; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Nelson.
- Brown, Thomas, 1st.** Co. B; substitute; b. St. John, N. B.; age 20; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Brown, William.** Co. B; substitute; b. New Hampshire; age 26; cred. Loudon; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Dec. 15, '64.
- Brown, William.** Co. C; b. Monroe County, N. Y.; age 20; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 19, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Brown, William I.** Co. K; b. Attleborough, Mass.; age 22; res. Concord (Fisherville, now Penacook); app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62; app. 1 Lt. Co. B, Mar. 1, '63; Adj. Nov. 1, '63; disch. Feb. 18, '65, to date Oct. 20, '64, to accept promotion. See 18 N. H. V.
- Bruce, George O.** Co. G; b. Lempster; age 22; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 4, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio.
- Bruce, Thomas.** Co. I; substitute; b. Canada; age 34; cred. Troy; enl. July 9, '64; must. in July 9, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Brush, John.** Co. H; substitute; b. Montreal, Can.; age 21; cred. Effingham; enl. June 4, '64; must. in June 4, '64, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; entered Field Hosp., 9 A. C., City Point, Va., Aug. 2, '64; tr. Aug. 5, '64, and admitted Aug. 5, '64, to hosp. transport "Atlantic"; sent Aug. 7, '64, to Gen. Hosp. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Bryan, James.** Co. K; b. Harrisburg, Pa.; age 21; cred. Hunker; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; wd. and mis. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. from mis.; des. Aug. 7, '64, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y.
- Bryant, Henry.** Unas'd; b. Prince Edward's Island; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Bucker, William.** Co. I; substitute; b. Prussia; age 27; cred. Wentworth; enl. July 9, '64; must. in July 9, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Buckley, John.** Co. C; b. England; age 20; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 6, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago"; des. July 24, '65.
- Buckminster, Alvah.** Co. F; b. Greenfield; age 30; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Bucknam, John B.** Co. I; b. New Ipswich; age 20; res. New Ipswich; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Swampscott, Mass.

- Buffum, James**, 2d. Co. II ; b. Grafton ; age 23 ; cred. Grafton ; enl. Aug. 12, '62 ; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv. ; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. ; July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. ; app. Corp. Aug. 1, '64 ; wd. and capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, wds. Oct. 15, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Bugbee, Henry C.** Co. E ; b. Plainfield ; age 21 ; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield ; enl. July 25, '62 ; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. ; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. ; disch. Aug. 14, '65, Concord, tm. ex.
- Bunce, Eli.** Co. D ; b. England ; age 18 ; res. Dover, cred. Dover ; enl. July 23, '62 ; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv. ; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 7, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Bundy, Alvin A.** Co. I ; b. New Hampshire ; age 31 ; res. Keene, cred. Keene ; enl. Dec. 8, '63 ; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv. ; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65 ; disch. disab. June 30, '65, near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad, Washington, D. C.
- Bunker, Charles S.** Co. F ; b. Gilmanston ; age 23 ; res. Gilmanston ; enl. May 22, '62 ; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv. ; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. ; disch. disab. Oct. 30, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad, Pittsfield.
- Burbank, Lewis L.** Co. D ; b. Conway ; age 18 ; res. Conway, cred. Conway ; enl. July 19, '62 ; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv. ; killed May 12, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.
- Burdick, John.** Co. D ; b. Utica, N. Y. ; age 22 ; res. Utica, N. Y., cred. Plaistow ; enl. Dec. 8, '63 ; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv. ; des. Dec. 27, '63, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Burk, James.** Co. D ; b. Canada ; age 23 ; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Sunapee ; enl. Dec. 22, '63 ; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. ; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Burke, Michael.** Co. A ; b. Ireland ; age 30 ; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Strafford ; enl. Dec. 10, '63 ; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv. ; killed May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.
- Burke, Thomas.** Co. H ; substitute ; b. Ireland ; age 22 ; cred. Meredith ; enl. Aug. 24, '64 ; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv. ; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. ; exch. ; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65 ; disch. June 21, '65, Baltimore, Md.
- Burley, Charles.** Co. D ; b. Dover ; age 23 ; res. Dover, cred. Dover ; enl. June 9, '62 ; must. in July 26, '62, as Corp. ; des. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. ; returned Aug. 19, '63 ; des. Dec. 24, '63, Paris, Ky. ; gd. from des. ; must. out June 10, '65, as Priv.
- Burnham, Franklin J.** Co. E ; b. Norwich, Vt. ; age 19 ; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield ; enl. July 25, '62 ; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv. ; app. 1 Sergt. ; 2 Lt. Nov. 1, '64 ; not must. ; app. 1 Lt. Co. K, Feb. 1, '65 ; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad, Moorhead, Minn.
- Burpee, James H.** Co. K ; b. New London ; age 23 ; cred. New London ; enl. Aug. 27, '62 ; must. in Aug. 29, '62, as Priv. ; disch. disab. Feb. 25, '63, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad, Montpelier, Vt.
- Burns, Benjamin A.** Co. B ; drafted ; b. Bingham, Me. ; age 43 ; res. Bennington, cred. Bennington ; drafted May 31, '64 ; must. in May 31, '64, as Priv. ; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65 ; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad, West Hopkinton. See State Service.
- Burns, James.** Co. B ; substitute ; b. Ireland ; age 19 ; cred. Concord ; enl. Aug. 18, '64 ; must. in Aug. 18, '64, as Priv. ; des. Dec. 30, '64.
- Burns, John.** Co. G ; b. New Hampshire ; age 20 ; cred. Dorchester ; enl. Oct. 4, '64 ; must. in Oct. 4, '64, as Priv. ; des. Oct. 26, '64, near Pegram House, Va.

- Burns, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 18; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Burns, Richard.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 22; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Bristol; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 23, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Burns, Thomas.** Co. E; substitute; b. New York; age 18; cred. Claremont; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Buswell, Barkley C.** Co. C; b. Hopkinton; age 23; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. July 11, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Mar. 1, '64; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; must. out June 10, '65. Died May 22, '92, Laconia.
- Buswell, Daniel C.** Co. E; b. Lebanon; age 26; res. Lebanon, cred. Cornish; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62; wd. July 22, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 8, '64, Washington, D. C. See Miscel. Organizations.
- Butler, Wentworth.** Co. C; b. Lebanon, Me.; age 27; res. Milton, cred. Milton; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Sergt.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Dec. 31, '64, Danville, Va.
- Buttles, William W.** Co. K; b. Brandon, Vt.; age 32; cred. Tanworth; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Cadrell, Sedger.** Co. I; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Alstead; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Calden, James.** Co. I; substitute; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Jefferson; enl. July 15, '64; must. in July 15, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Caldwell, Francis M.** Co. A; b. Lincoln, Me.; age 25; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; tr. to I. C. July 1, '63; assigned to Co. A, 3 I. C.; disch. July 2, '65, Hartford, Conn., tm. ex.
- Caldwell, Hiram P.** Co. A; b. Lincoln, Me.; age 30; res. Lincoln, Me., cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 23, '63, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Caldwell, Ira.** Co. C; b. Pelham; age "18"; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 9, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. See 1 N. H. Cav.
- Caldwell, Leonard H.** Co. A; b. Lincoln, Me.; age 23; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as 1 Sergt.; wd. sev. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. wds. Apr. 15, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Cameron, John.** Co. E; substitute; b. Scotland; age 33; cred. Campton; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Campbell, Charles.** Co. K; b. Scotland; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Campbell, Henry.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 7, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Pawtucket, R. I.
- Campbell, John.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Concord; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; reported on m. o. roll as tr. to 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65, with remark, absent in arrest since Dec. 31, '64; never joined 6 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

- Caney, James.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Brooklyn, N. Y., cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Kentucky.
- Canfield, Stone.** Co. A; b. New York; age 19; res. Plattsburg, N. Y., cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. II. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Canfield, William A.** Co. F; b. Woodstock; age 21; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Mar. 1, '64; wd. June 21, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. May 29, '65.
- Carbee, Horace C.** Co. F; b. Bath; age 22; res. Bath, cred. Bath; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 15, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Woodsville.
- Card, Joseph.** Co. G; b. Brunswick, Me.; age 38; cred. Francestown; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 4, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 10, '62.
- Carey, John H., alias John Wholey.** Co. K; substitute; b. Montreal, Can.; age 19; cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Mar. 3, '65; disch. to date Apr. 19, '65. Died July 13, '93, South Boston, Mass.
- Cargun, Daniel.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Francestown; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 27, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Carleton, James C.** Co. D; substitute; b. New Hampshire; age 30; cred. Allenstown; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Nov. 30, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Carlin, Dennis.** Co. B; b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; res. Pembroke, cred. Pembroke; enl. May 30, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Carlton, Charles E.** Co. F; b. Nashua; age 18; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Muse.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Carpenter, Hamilton.** Co. K; age 18; cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed June 29, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Carr, Charles B.** Co. F; b. Candia; age 18; res. Candia, cred. Candia; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 16, '62, Pleasant Valley, Md.
- Carr, George.** Co. H; substitute; b. New York; age 21; cred. Piermont; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. II. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Carr, Richard.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Carr, William.** Co. D; b. New York; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Carroll, Jeremiah.** Co. B; b. Limerick, Ir.; age 19; res. Lawrence, Mass., cred. Manchester; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 22 I. C., Oct. 30, '63; re-enl. Aug. 22, '64; cred. Westmoreland; des. Aug. 19, '65, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Carroll, John.** Unas'd; b. Pennsylvania; age 31; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.

- Carson, Alonzo.** Co. G; b. Francestown; age 18; cred. Francestown; enl. July 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad, Brighton, Mass.
- Carson, Franklin.** Co. G; b. New Boston; age 21; cred. New Boston; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 7, '62, Leesburg, Va.
- Carter, Charles W.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 18; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. July 15, '62; must. in July 25, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. wds. Feb. 10, '63, David's Isl., N. Y. H. P. O. ad, Manchester.
- Carter, John.** Co. H; substitute; b. Canada; age 27; cred. Piermont; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Carter, Joseph.** Co. B; substitute; b. Dublin, Ir.; age 30; cred. Wakefield; enl. Aug. 19, '64; must. in Aug. 19, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; disch. May 25, '65, Concord. P. O. ad, Boston, Mass.
- Cartha, John.** Co. H. See John Carter.
- Cartwright, James H., alias James Kelley.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Westmoreland; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. Jan. 12, '65.
- Carver, William.** Co. B; b. Shenandoah County, Va.; age 20; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 24, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Case, Ervin T.** Co. K; b. Claremont; age 22; res. Newport, cred. Newport; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62; app. Capt. Co. F, July 28, '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad, San Francisco, Cal.
- Casey, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 22; res. Foughkeepsie, N. Y., cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Caswell, John K.** Co. D; age 40; cred. Exeter; enl. July 4, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 5 V. R. C., July 6, '64; disch. July 5, '65, near Indianapolis, Ind.
- Caverly, George H.** Co. D; b. Stafford; age 38; cred. Barrington; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. Mar. 18, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad, Dover.
- Caverly, Mason.** Co. D; b. Stafford; age 33; cred. Barrington; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Cawley, Peter.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Center, Benjamin L.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Chamberlain, Noel Byron.** Co. I; b. Westmoreland; age 19; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Chamberlin, Charles.** Co. D; b. Newbury; age 33; res. New Ipswich, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 4, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 1, '62, Falmouth, Va.
- Chandler, Edward S.** Co. F; b. Warren; age 28; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. July 5, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 26, '64, North Anna River, Va.; disch. disab. Apr. 21, '65, Concord. Died June 1, '91, Rumney Depot.
- Chandler, George H.** F. and S.; b. Concord; age 23; res. Concord; enl. Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; app. Adj't. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Adj't.; app. Maj. Sept. 1, '63; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; app. Lt. Col. Dec. 7, '64; not must.; must. out June 10, '65, as Maj. Died Aug. 12, '83, Canterbury.

- Chandler, Horace J.** Co. A; substitute; b. Gilead, Me.; age 22; cred. Milan; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 21, '64, Hancock Station, Va. P. O. ad., Berlin Falls.
- Chapman, Edward P.** Co. F; b. Rumney; age 18; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. July 8, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. Aug. 5, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Quincy.
- Chapman, Henry N.** Co. A; b. Haverhill; age 24; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. June 27, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 27, '64, and died, wds. July 28, '64, near Petersburg, Va. See State Service.
- Chapman, Joseph C.** Co. G; b. Windsor; age 19; res. Windsor, cred. Windsor; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Hillsborough.
- Chapman, Phylester J.** Co. E; b. Plainfield; age 22; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Chapman, Waterman S.** Co. F; b. Rumney; age 28; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. July 5, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Charles, George.** Co. E; substitute; b. Boston, Mass.; age 20; cred. Gilford; enl. June 9, '64; must. in June 9, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Chase, Aaron.** Co. C; b. Deerfield; age 44; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; app. Muse.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62; disch. disab. Jan. 25, '63, near Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., San José, Cal.
- Chase, Alfred.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 22; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Chase, Charles D.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 22; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Died, dis. July 20, '63, near Clinton, Miss.
- Chase, Charles H.** Co. C; b. Cabot, Me.; age 24; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; des. Apr. 1, '63, Winchester, Ky.
- Chase, George A.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 19; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 25, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Lowell, Mass. See I N. H. H. Art. and State Service.
- Chase, George H.** Co. C; b. Merrimack; age 22; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; des. Jan. 17, '63, Falmouth, Va.; apprch.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Fitchburg, Mass.
- Chase, Herbert G.** Co. B; b. Cabot, Vt.; age 21; res. Lancaster, cred. Enfield; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date June 10, '65, near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Fitchburg, Mass.
- Chase, Joseph H.** Co. C; b. Wearie; age 22; res. Meredith; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. June 17, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Chase, Lucian H.** Co. A; b. Thornton; age 18; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 12, '63, on hosp. boat "Tycoon," on Mississippi river.
- Chase, Moses L.** Co. H; b. Manchester; age 27; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp.; des. Aug. 31, '62, Arlington Heights, Va.

- Chase, Wallace M. Co. A; b. Vermont; age "19"; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 4, '62, Falmouth, Va. See V. R. C.
- Cheever, Edson J. Co. I; age 21; res. Fort Covington, N. Y.; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 2, '64, City Point, Va.
- Cheney, David F. Co. C; b. Franklin; age 21; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. May 28, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Jan. 1, '63; 1 Lt. Co. I, May 1, '64; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 30, '64. P. O. ad., Lawrence, Mass.
- Cheney, Lyman, Jr. Co. C; b. Franklin; age 18; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 19, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Lawrence, Mass.
- Chesley, Samuel C. Co. K; b. Tamworth; age 18; cred. Tamworth; enl. June 2, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. and capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. from capture; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Tamworth.
- Chisholm, Thomas M. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Christenson, Jacob. Co. F; substitute; b. Norway; age 21; cred. Canaan; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Stark, Minn.
- Clancy, Patrick. Co. K. See Patrick Glancy.
- Clarey, Michael. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Holderness; enl. Jan. 11, '65; must. in Jan. 11, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Los Angeles, Cal.
- Clark, Charles. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 18; cred. Hanover; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 11, '64, Cynthiana, Ky.
- Clark, Charles. Co. I; substitute; b. Nova Scotia; age 23; cred. Concord; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Clark, Edgar. Co. E; b. New York; age 18; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Clark, George. Co. B; b. Boston, Mass.; age 25; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 15, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Clark, Henry W. Co. I; b. Walpole; age 20; cred. Walpole; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Winchendon, Mass.
- Clark, Hiram H. Co. G; b. Henniker; age 18; cred. Henniker; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Brookfield, Mo.
- Clark, James. Co. A; b. Iowa; age 27; res. Burlington, Iowa, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Clark, John. Co. H; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Westmoreland; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, dis. Dec. 18, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Clark, Portus B. Co. H; b. Glover, Vt.; age 21; cred. Danbury; enl. Sept. 16, '64; must. in Sept. 16, '64, as Priv.; sent to 12 N. H. V., by error; served with 12 N. H. V. from Oct. 11, '64, to Feb. 8, '65; not taken up on rolls of 12 N. H. V.; joined 9 N. H. V. Mar. 24, '65; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Glover, Vt.
- Clark, Rufus W. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.

- Clark, Theron G.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 19; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Jan. 4, '64; must. in Jan. 4, '64, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; to 2 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. Nov. 21, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Clark, William.** Co. A; b. Newbury, Vt.; age 18; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. June 12, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 6, '63, Hampton, Va.
- Clay, George D.** Unas'd; b. Grafton; age 18; cred. Exeter; enl. Mar. 20, '65, for 1 yr.; must. in Mar. 20, '65, as Priv.; disch. May 6, '65, Galloup's Isl., B. H., Mass. Died Apr. 24, '89, Exeter.
- Cleakin, James.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Danbury; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Cleaves, George P.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Clement, Charles E.** Co. F; b. Bath; age 15; cred. Barnstead; enl. Jan. 16, '64; must. in Jan. 16, '64, as Musc.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad, Nashua.
- Clement, Hermon A.** Co. F; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 21; res. Andover, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 10, '65, P. O. ad, Somerville, Mass.
- Clement, Simeon A.** Co. F; b. Holderness; age 19; res. Andover; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par.; disch. May 4, '65, Manchester. Died Apr. 14, '66, Centre Harbor.
- Clogston, John D.** Co. H; b. Peacham, Vt.; age 24; res. Sunapee, cred. Sunapee; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 6, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Clough, Ira F.** Co. H; b. Lyman; age 18; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 21, '63, *en route* from Cairo, Ill., to Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Clough, Larkin H.** Co. H; b. Lyman; age 38; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 18, '62.
- Clough, Samuel H.** Co. H; b. Lyman; age 23; cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. May 15, '63, Lancaster, Ky.
- Clough, William F.** Co. B; b. Lisbon; age 20; res. Lisbon, cred. Lisbon; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Oct. 21, '77, Lisbon.
- Cloutman, Augustine.** Co. D; age 23; cred. Farmington; enl. June 18, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 6, '62, Washington, D. C.; returned Jan. 1, '64; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Clute, Jacob H.** Co. F; b. Saratoga, N. Y.; age 18; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 7, '64, London, Ky.
- Coburn, Nelson.** Co. C; b. Stoneham, Mass.; age 19; res. Wilton, cred. Wilton; enl. June 25, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass.
- Cochrane, Andrew.** Co. E; substitute; b. Scotland; age 25; cred. Alstead; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Colburn, Benajah.** Co. I; b. Dorchester; age 19; cred. Dorchester; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.

- Colburn, Daniel M.** Co. I; b. New Hampshire; age 18; res. Dorchester, cred. Jaffrey; enl. Mar. 31, '64; must. in Mar. 31, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 29, '64, Alexandria, Va.
- Colburn, Eleazer.** Co. I; b. Dorchester; age 23; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 10, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Meredith. See 1 N. H. V.
- Colburn, James L.** Co. G; b. New Boston; age 20; cred. Francestown; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; released; disch. May 16, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Medford, Mass.
- Colburn, Willard.** Co. A; b. Dorchester; age 29; res. Piermont, cred. Piermont; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 14, '64; must. out June 10, '65. Died July 12, '93, Cavanaugh.
- Colby, James P.** Co. G; b. Bow; age 16; cred. Gilmannton; enl. Jan. 15, '64; must. in Jan. 15, '64, as Muse.; des. Apr. 2, '65, near Burkeville, Va.
- Colby, John.** Co. F; b. Avon, N. Y.; age 22; res. Avon, N. Y., cred. Upper Gilmannton; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 13, '64, Cynthia, Ky.
- Colby, Warren.** Co. K; b. New Hampshire; age 42; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Cole, James A.** Co. A; b. Wells, Me.; age 27; res. Chester, cred. Chester; enl. July 1, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Barrington.
- Cole, John.** Co. A; b. England; age 18; res. New York city, cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 23, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago"; des. July 24, '65.
- Cole, William H.** Co. A; b. Massachusetts; age 22; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 27, '64, Alexandria, Va.
- Coleman, Andrew.** Co. K; b. Boston, Mass., cred. Atkinson; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Falmouth, Ky.
- Coleman, John.** Co. E; substitute; b. Ireland; age 27; cred. Westmoreland; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Colin, Henry.** Co. E; substitute; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Sandwich; enl. June 4, '64; must. in June 4, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Collen, Andrew.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 23; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 20, '62, as Priv.; des. June 6, '63, Illinois. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Collins, Charles T.** Co. A; b. Southborough, Mass.; age 27; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. June 18, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; disch. Oct. 6, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Benton.
- Collins, Joel S.** Co. A; b. Kingston; age 19; res. Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. July 8, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 Art., U. S. A., Oct., '62; re-tr. to Co. A, 9 N. H. V., May 26, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., East Kingston.
- Collins, John.** Co. D; b. France; age 24; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.

- Collins, John.** Co. D; b. New York; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Groton; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 6, '64, Baltimore, Md.
- Collopy, Patrick.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 18, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Colwell, Martin.** Co. G; b. New Boston; age 26; cred. Frankestown; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 28, '62, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Comstock, Patrick.** Unas'd; b. Mayo, Ir.; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Conception, Joseph.** Co. A; substitute; b. Spain; age 22; cred. Greenfield; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Mar. 2, '65; furloughed Mar. 19, '65, for 30 days. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Connary, Simon.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 37; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 23, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. Died July 1, '86, Lancaster.
- Connelly, Martin.** Co. E; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Randolph; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Conner, Lendell A.** Co. G; b. Henniker; age 22; cred. Henniker; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad, Washington, D. C.
- Connors, John.** Co. A; b. New York; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Conroy, Thomas P.** Co. C; b. Nashua; age 22; res. Hudson, cred. Milford; enl. June 30, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; capt. May 12, '64, Spotsylvania, Va. Died Aug. 28, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Conroy, James.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 22; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Conway, Daniel.** Co. I; substitute; b. Ireland; age 18; cred. Canaan; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Cook, Abel R.** Co. K; b. Yarmouth, N. S.; age 23; res. Yarmouth, N. S., cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 29, '63, Cynthia, Ky.
- Cook, Isaac A.** Co. D; substitute; b. Milton; age 18; cred. Middleton; enl. May 18, '64; must. in May 18, '64, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. June 13, '65, Concord.
- Cook, John W.** Co. D; b. Deerfield; age 23; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; disch. disab. July 5, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad, Lynn, Mass.
- Cook, Thomas.** Co. G; b. Canada; age 22; res. Gilsun, cred. Gilsun; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Cook, William N.** F. and S.; b. Wakefield; age 25; res. Dover; app. Adjt. July 8, '62; must. in July 11, '62. Died, dis. Aug. 9, '62, Dover.

- Cooper, James M.** Co. E; b. Maine; cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Died Mar. 24, '65, Charlestown, Mass.
- Cooper, John.** Co. A; b. New Jersey; age 19; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Cooper, John B.** Co. K; b. Walpole; age 23; res. Newport, cred. Newport; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Anfield, Md.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Newport. See 1 N. H. V.
- Copp, Charles D.** Co. C; b. Warren; age 22; res. Nashua; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62; app. 1 Lt. Jan. 1, '63; Capt. July 28, '64; must. out June 10, '65. Awarded medal of honor under resolution of Congress, No. 43, approved July 12, '62, and section 6 of act of Congress, approved Mar. 3, '63, for conspicuous bravery in Battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. P. O. ad., Clinton, Mass.
- Cortiss, Hosea B.** Co. B; b. Alexandria; age 25; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Jan. 14, '87, Grafton.
- Corrigan, Francis.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 19; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 31, '63, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Corson, Albert W.** Co. D; b. Barrington; age 18; cred. Barrington; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- Corson, William F.** Co. H; b. Lebanon, Me.; age 27; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 5 I. C., Dec. 18, '63; disch. July 5, '65, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Cotter, William.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 21, '64, Petersburg, Va.; July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. Oct. 15, '66, to date June 14, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Cowing, Orrin B.** Co. H; b. Lyman; age 18; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 17, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 2, '64, Bethesda Church, Va.; tr. to 187 Co., 1 Batt¹, V. R. C., Jan. 1, '65; disch. to date June 3, '65. Died Oct. 22, '85, Whitefield.
- Cowing, William F.** Co. H; b. Barnard, Vt.; age 24; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. Oct. 24, '62, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Lebanon.
- Cowle, Harry.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 27; cred. Alexandria; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Coyne, Joseph.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 18; res. Brandon, N. Y., cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Craig, Clark E.** Co. K; b. Newbury; age 22; cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 16, '64; must. in Aug. 16, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 19, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Francestown.
- Craig, Joseph S.** Co. I; b. Jamaica Plain, Mass.; age 19; cred. Keene; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 7, '64, Paris, Ky. *

- Cram, Albert.** Co. I; drafted; b. Dublin; age 28; res. Stoddard, cred. Stoddard; drafted July 1, '64; must. in July 1, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Autrim. See 16 N. H. V.
- Cram, Archibald.** Co. E; b. Scotland; age 33; res. New York city, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 20, '64, Petersburg, Va.; des. Nov. 4, '64, New York city.
- Cram, William H.** Co. K; b. Massachusetts; age 18; res. Dalton, cred. Dalton; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. May 20, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Crandall, Charles H.** Co. K; b. Concord; age 30; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '65; Sergt. Apr. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Southborough, Mass.
- Crawford, Daniel.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Orange; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Crean, Patrick.** Co. D; age 25; cred. Exeter; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Creck, Antoine.** Co. I; substitute; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Westmoreland; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Cressy, Albert B.** Co. G; b. Cornish; age 20; res. Clarendon, cred. Newbury; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Died, dis. Sept. 14, '64, White Hall, Pa.
- Croaken, Patrick.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 29; res. New York city, cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Crook, Ewan.** Co. D; b. England; age 27; res. Troy, cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 5, '64, Harrisburg, Pa.
- Crosby, Edward.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Winchester; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Crosby, William C.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Groton; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Cross, George.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 29; res. Orford; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Feb. 18, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Cross, Thomas C.** Co. E; b. Northfield; age 19; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Crossen, Frank.** Co. D; b. Salem, Mass.; age 21; cred. Groton; enl. Dec. 30, '64; must. in Dec. 30, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Crouch, Charles E.** Co. I; drafted; b. New Hampshire; age 37; res. Gilsom, cred. Gilsom; drafted June 7, '64; must. in June 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Crowell, Martin T.** Co. B; b. Hopkinton; age 21; res. Hopkinton, cred. Hopkinton; enl. July 18, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Nov. 30, '93, Hopkinton.
- Crowther, William.** Co. G; b. England; age 31; cred. Newbury; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; des. June 13, '65, near Alexandria, Va.

- Cullen, Richard.** Co. F; b. Prince Edward's Island; age 21; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. June 28, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Sept. 23, '62; Sergt. Sept. 29, '62; 1 Sergt. Mar. 1, '64; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. June 5, '65, Manchester.
- Cummings, Charles A.** Co. F; b. Sutton, Vt.; age 19; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Cummings, George.** Co. H; b. Leeds, Can.; age 19; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Lancaster. See 17 N. H. V.
- Cummings, Michael.** Unas'd; b. France; age 32; res. New York city, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Cummings, Orlando L.** Co. K; b. Brookfield; age 18; cred. Wakefield; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg; Va.; tr. to Co. F, 17 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Currier, Andrew.** Co. A; b. Newton, cred. Newton; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 8, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 27, '63, Providence, R. I. P. O. ad., Newton, Mass. See V. R. C.
- Currier, George W.** Co. K; b. Claremont; age 27; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 29, '62, Falmouth, Va. Died Aug. 23, '63, Claremont.
- Currier, Julius C.** Co. A; b. Newton; age 24; res. Newton, cred. Newton; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 8, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 22, '62, Concord. See 3 N. H. V. and Miscel. Organizations.
- Curtis, Alonzo E.** Co. D; b. Great Falls; age 34; cred. Rollinsford; enl. May 31, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 88 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Oct. 31, '63; disch. disab. June 19, '64, Cincinnati, Ohio. P. O. ad., Strafford Corner.
- Curtis, George.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 26; res. New York city, cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 15, '63, Long Isl., B. H., Mass.
- Curtis, Walter.** Co. E; substitute; b. Toronto, Can.; age 22; cred. Stratham; enl. June 4, '64; must. in June 4, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Curtis, William B.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Cushing, Nathan.** Co. E; b. Woodstock, Vt.; age 20; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 29, '62, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Woodstock, Vt.
- Cutler, George W.** Co. B; b. Boston, Mass.; age 23; res. Goffstown, cred. Goffstown; enl. May 28, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. June 22, '63, Baltimore, Md. See 6 N. H. V. and V. R. C.
- Dailey, Dennis.** Co. B; b. Lisbon; age 35; res. Lisbon, cred. Lisbon; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 1, '62; disch. disab. Nov. 10, '63, Louisville, Ky.
- Daley, Daniel.** Co. K; b. Nashua; age 21; cred. Danbury; enl. Sept. 19, '64; must. in Sept. 19, '64, as Priv.; des. Oct. 20, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Daley, John.** Co. H; b. Lincolnville, Me.; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Stanford, Ky.
- Daley, Richard.** Co. E; substitute; b. England; age 27; cred. Winchester; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.

- Daley.** See Dayley.
- Daney, Hiel P.** Co. D; age 44; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 6, '62, Falmouth, Va. Died Aug. 2, '67, Middleton.
- Daniels, Charles J.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 21; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Jan. 4, '64; must. in Jan. 4, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Daniels, Jason A.** Co. E; b. Lebanon; age 29; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Union Village.
- Daniels, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 27; res. New York city, cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. and mis. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. from mis.; des. Jan. 10, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Daniels, Nelson.** Co. F; b. Lebanon; age 18; res. Wentworth, cred. Rumney; enl. July 11, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; released. Died, dis. Jan. 11, '63, near Fredericksburg, Va.
- Darling, Lewis D.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 18; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 26, '63; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Dasha, John.** Co. C; b. Newburyport, Mass.; age 22; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 18, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; killed June 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Davis, Albert H.** Co. E; b. Lebanon; age 25; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 14, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Lakeport. See V. R. C.
- Davis, Albert P.** Co. K; b. Chichester; age 18; cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 74 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Feb. 20, '64; disch. Aug. 15, '65, tm. ex. P. O. ad., Concord.
- Davis, Alfred.** Co. H; b. Sunapee; age 26; res. Sunapee, cred. Sunapee; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan., '64; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released Feb. 28, '65; disch. June 2, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Wrightsville, Wis.
- Davis, Alvah B.** Co. K; b. West Charleston, Vt.; age 21; res. Croydon, cred. Croydon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '64; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; disch. July 10, '65, to date June 10, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Davis, Andrew J.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Davis, Bailey.** Co. C; drafted; b. New Hampshire; age 44; cred. Alstead; drafted May 17, '64; must. in May 17, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Davis, Charles B.** Co. F; b. Lempster; age 18; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. July 8, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '64; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Franklin Falls.
- Davis, Charles C.** Co. B; b. Meredith; age 19; cred. Laconia; enl. July 17, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Jan. 1, '64; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. June 2, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Laconia.
- Davis, Charles H.** Co. C; b. Northfield; age 19; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. July 29, '62; must. in July 29, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Tilton.

- Davis, George S.** Co. K; b. Sunapee; age 21; res. Croydon, cred. Croydon; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 6, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Davis, Henry.** Co. A; b. Kingston; age 28; res. Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. May 15, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Kingston. See 3 N. H. V.
- Davis, Henry J.** Co. F; b. Acworth; age 23; res. Lempster, cred. Acworth; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Died, dis. Mar. 14, '65, Annapolis, Md.
- Davis, James Leonard.** Co. I; b. Gilsium, cred. Gilsium; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released. Died, dis. Mar. 15, '65, Annapolis, Md. See 6 N. H. V.
- Davis, Jefferson T.** Co. F; b. Lempster; age 20; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65.
- Davis, Joseph.** Co. F; b. Massachusetts; age 23; res. Plymouth, Mass., cred. Plymouth; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; capt. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 11, '65, Danville, Va.
- Davis, Luther W.** Co. C; b. Barnstead; age 22; res. Strafford, cred. Strafford; enl. June 22, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Davis, Thomas.** Co. A; b. Boston, Mass.; age 32; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 21, '64, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Day, Charles F.** Co. E; b. Cornish; age 18; res. Cornish, cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- Dayley, Thomas.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 27, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Dayley.** See Dalley.
- Dayton, Edward J.** Co. A; b. Orford; age 16; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Musc.; tr. to 138 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 6, '64; disch. July 3, '65, Albany, N. Y., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Orford.
- Dean, Joseph E.** Co. K; b. Wrentham, Mass.; age 22; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 22, '63, Covington, Ky. See 1 N. H. V.
- Dearborn, Gilbert M.** Co. D; b. Meredith; age 24; cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 1, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 5, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Dearborn, Henry C.** Co. F; b. Woodstock; age 19; res. Woodstock, cred. Woodstock; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 1, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Dearborn, Horace P.** Co. D; b. Weare; age 22; res. Weare; enl. July 30, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Jan. 27, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Dearborn, Jeremiah F.** Co. D; b. Exeter; age 18; cred. Exeter; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lawrence, Mass.
- Deary, Philip.** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 24; cred. Pittsburg; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; des. Oct. 27, '64, near Pegram House, Va.
- Decarie, Felix.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Keene; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; des. Apr. 16, '65, while on furlough from hospital.

- Decker, Lafayette.** Co. D; b. Port Jervis, N. Y.; age 21; res. Jersey City, N. J., cred. Derry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 20, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 12, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Decorier, Cyrell.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Bethlehem; enl. July 13, '64; must. in July 13, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Deerin, Peter,** *alias* Peter Dunn. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 28; res. Northumberland, cred. Northumberland; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. and capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; exch.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. to date July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Groveton.
- Dehorne, John.** Co. E; b. Canada; age 38; cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Delaney, Thomas.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 39; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 88 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. disab. June 6, '65, Cincinnati, Ohio. Died Dec. 16, '85, Nat. Home, Togus, Me.
- Deloss, Charles.** Co. K; b. Michigan; age 19; res. Rome, N. Y., cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Falmouth, Ky.
- Dennis, Frank.** Co. C; b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65.
- Denslow, Warren.** Co. H; b. New York; age 22; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 11, '64, Cynthiaana, Ky.
- Densmore, Edgar A.** Co. F; b. Sharon, Vt.; age 21; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 17, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Sergt.; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. See 1 N. H. V.
- Densmore.** See Dinsmore.
- Dexter, Francis H.** Co. H; b. Lisbon; age 33; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 5, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Lisbon.
- Dimming, Thomas.** Co. H; substitute; b. England; age 26; cred. Goshen; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des. July 6, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Dinsmore, Azel.** Co. H; b. Colebrook; age 21; res. Colebrook; enl. June 14, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 20, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Dinsmore, Sanford.** Co. H; b. Colebrook; age 18; res. Colebrook, cred. Colebrook; enl. July 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Jan., '63, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Bulwer, P. Q. See U. S. Navy.
- Dinsmore.** See Densmore.
- Dixon, John.** Co. E; substitute; b. England; age 22; cred. London; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Dodd, Martin.** Co. A; b. Manchester; age 16; cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Jan. 21, '64; must. in Jan. 21, '64, as Musc.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Dodge, George H.** Co. G; b. Newbury; age 28; res. Newbury, cred. Newbury; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; mis. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. 1 Sergt. May 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Wells, Me.

- Dodge, Isaac M.** Co. G; b. Lempster; age 41; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 25, '63, near Falmouth, Va.
- Dodge, Rodney.** Co. D; substitute; b. Eden, Vt.; age 18; cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 22, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Doe, Hezekiah.** Co. B; b. Lee; age 30; cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 30, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Doeg, John H.** Co. A; b. Durham; age 21; res. Durham, cred. Durham; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 13, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Newmarket.
- Doherty, James.** Co. D; age 30; cred. Rollinsford; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. May 18, '64, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Doherty.** See Dougherty.
- Dohn, John.** Unas'd; b. Germany; age 23; res. Oswego, N. Y., cred. Groton; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; forwarded from West Lebanon, place of enlistment, to Concord, Dec. 23, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Dolan, James.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. Nov. 29, '65, to date July 30, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 21, '76, Nat. Home, Togus, Me.
- Dolloff, Charles H.** Co. C; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 17, '62; appreh. Feb. 21, '65; returned to duty Apr. 18, '65; must. out June 10, '65. Died July 18, '89, Laconia.
- Donnelly, Francis.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 14, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Donnan, Julius.** Co. K; b. Vermont; age 21; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Donohue, Patrick.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 27, '64, Petersburg, Va.; des. Nov. 30, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Donovan, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 6, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Jan. 1, '64; disch. disab. Feb. 17, '65.
- Dooley, Thomas.** Co. F; substitute; b. Scotland; age 18; cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Dore, Jacob C.** Co. K; b. Ossipee; age 36; enl. Aug. 11, '62, at Milton; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 2, '64, Concord.
- Dorsett, Harris.** Co. G; b. Clarendon, Vt.; age 32; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.
- Dorson, William.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 27, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Dorway, John.** Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 41; cred. Ellsworth; enl. July 13, '64; must. in July 13, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. to date July 17, '65.

- Dougherty, Antony.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 21, '64, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Dougherty.** See Doherty.
- Douglass, Elisha.** Co. K; b. Maine; age 41; res. Westmoreland, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. May 17, '64, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Douglass, Ira G.** Co. F; b. New York; age 27; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Douglass, John.** Co. F; b. Canada; age 30; res. Troy, cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Department of Northwest, '64; temporarily assigned to Co. F, 23 V. R. C., Dec. 16, '64. Died, dis. Feb. 15, '65, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Dow, Robert M.** Co. H; b. Lyman; age 35; cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. July 11, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- Downs, Edwin W.** Co. E; b. Enfield; age 18; res. Cornish, cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 26, '63, Covington, Ky.
- Doyle, Joseph.** Co. E; substitute; b. Boston, Mass.; age 20; cred. Middleton; enl. June 10, '64; must. in June 10, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va.
- Drake, Samuel.** Co. C; b. Plymouth, Eng.; age 39; cred. Newmarket; enl. Dec. 1, '63; must. in Dec. 1, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Togus, Me.
- Drake, William.** Co. C; b. New Brunswick; age 25; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; des. Aug. 9, '64, Willet's Point, N. Y.
- Drew, George H.** Co. F; b. Methuen, Mass.; age 31; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 2 Lt. Co. A, Jan. 1, '64; capt. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; released; must. out June 16, '65. P. O. ad., Nashua. See State Service.
- Drew, Henry.** Co. D; b. New Jersey; age 26; res. Jersey City, N. J., cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Driscoll, William.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 27; cred. Brookline; enl. Nov. 24, '63; must. in Nov. 24, '63, as Priv.; disch. May 18, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Drown, Lorenzo.** Co. K; b. Freedom; age 22; cred. Freedom; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 16, '65, Concord.
- Drown, Orsmon.** Co. D; b. Bartlett; age 18; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, and died, wds. May 17, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Duchand, John B.** Co. C; substitute; b. Canada; age 34; cred. Winchester; enl. July 8, '64; must. in July 8, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; reported on m. o. roll of Co. C, 6 N. H. V., dated July 17, '65, as absent. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Dudley, Luman.** Co. G; b. Marlborough; age 18; cred. Cornish; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 19, '63, near Falmouth, Va.

- Dudley, Moses.** Co. G; b. Bolton, Mass.; age 26; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 17, '64, City Point, Va.
- Dudley, Oliver H.** Co. F; age 23; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. July 15, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Corp.; reduced to ranks at his own request, '62; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Paris, Ky.
- Dudley, Samuel.** Co. G; b. Berlin, Mass.; age 25; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, wds. Oct. 19, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Dufney, Joseph.** Co. C; age 23; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; killed May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Dumer, Thomas.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 29; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv. N. F. R. A. G. O.
- Duncan, Charles H.** Co. E; b. Au Sable Forks, N. Y.; age 21; cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 2, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 6, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Dunlap, William.** Co. I; b. Canada; age 22; res. Ottawa, Can., cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. May 15, '65, Rochester, N. Y.
- Dunn, Peter.** Co. H. See Peter Deerin.
- Dunning, Charles H.** Co. F; b. Nashua; age 22; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 16, '63, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Duprez, Louis.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 34; res. New York city, cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to 116 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Dec. 30, '64; to 100 Co., 2 Batt'l, July 29, '65; disch. Aug. 28, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Durall, John.** Co. C; b. Manchester, Vt.; age 23; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Durand, Charles.** Co. H; b. France; age 21; res. Lebanon, cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. June 13, '64, on march.
- Durand, Joel.** Co. H; b. France; age 20; res. Stoddard, cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; w. l. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 18, '64, *en route* from City Point, Va., to Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Dustin, Elbridge.** Co. B; b. Hemiker; age 24; res. Wear, cred. Wear; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; killed July 13, '63, Jackson, Miss.
- Dutton, Newell T.** Co. E; b. Claremont; age 21; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Maj. Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Fairfield, Me.
- Duval, Edward.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 24; res. Henniker; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Duval, Richard.** Co. G; b. New York; age 20; res. New York, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; to 112 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. disab. Aug. 22, '65, Alexandria, Va.
- Dwyer, Bryan.** Co. F; b. Nova Scotia; age 22; cred. Littleton; enl. Jan. 10, '65; must. in Jan. 10, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.

- Eagan, William G.** Co. K; b. New York; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Eastman, Albert C.** Co. D; b. Bartlett; age 19; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. July 24, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. wds. Dec. 31, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Eastman, Chauncy H.** Co. D; b. Bartlett; age 18; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. July 24, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv. Died, Oct. 12, '63, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
- Eastman, Freneto T.** Co. B; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 18; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 28, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Eastman, George S.** Co. D; b. Conway; age 27; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 3, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Corp. Died, Aug. 15, '63, Memphis, Tenn.
- Eastman, Samuel R.** Co. C; b. Sanbornton; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Corp.; des. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Eastman, William C.** Co. H; b. Sunapee; age 36; res. Sunapee, cred. Sunapee; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Corp.; tr. to 171 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Nov. 20, '63; disch. disab. Oct. 1, '64, Burlington, Vt. P. O. ad., Trempealeau, Wis.
- Eaton, George W.** Co. B; b. Bristol; age 18; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. July 2, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; des. Apr. 18, '63, Winchester, Ky.
- Eaton, John W.** Co. B; drafted; b. Pittsfield; age 30; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; drafted Oct. 6, '63; must. in Oct. 6, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. June 2, '65, Manchester.
- Ederly, Augustus S.** Co. C; b. Sanbornton; age 32; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. July 31, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date July 31, '62, as Capt.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; killed May 6, '64, Wilderness, Va. See 1 N. H. V.
- Ederly, Charles W.** Co. H; b. Dover; age 33; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62; resigned Feb. 27, '63. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Edmands, Warren H.** Co. B; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 19; res. Cambridge, Mass., cred. Manchester; enl. June 3, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 24 V. R. C., May 1, '64; disch. June 26, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Edminster, James N.** Co. E; b. Cornish; age 22; res. Cornish, cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 1, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as 2 Lt.; resigned Oct. 27, '62. Died Dec. 1, '78, Denver, Col.
- Edwards, George.** Co. C; b. England; age 26; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 28, '64, Somerset, Ky.
- Edwards, Henry.** Co. G; b. Westbrook, Me.; age 25; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Edwards, John.** Co. H; b. London, Eng.; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Sept. 11, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

- Eldridge, Eben.** Co. K; b. Eaton; age 32; cred. Freedom; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 10, '62, Newark, N. J. P. O. ad., Freedom.
- Ellingwood, Charles O.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 18; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 13, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Ellinwood, Horace.** Co. G; b. Deering; age 18; res. Deering, cred. Deering; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. July 7, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- Ellis, John E.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 18; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Fitchburg, Mass.
- Ellis, Minot.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Baldwinville, Mass.
- Ellis, Walter.** Co. II; b. Rochester; age 30; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec., '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Ellis, Warren R.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 22; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. wds. Mar. 5, '63, Baltimore, Md. Died Sept. 3, '65, Keene.
- Elwell, John F.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Emerson, Edward I.** Co. K; b. Concord; age 21; cred. Concord; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Sergt.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Emerson, John A.** Co. D; b. Deerfield; age 21; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O. P. O. ad., Deerfield. See 2 N. H. V.
- Emerson, John S.** F. and S.; b. Chester; age 30; res. Sandwich, cred. Sandwich; app. Asst. Surg. July 10, '62; must. in July 12, '62; disch. Apr. 15, '65, to accept promotion. See 18 N. H. V.
- Emerson, Thomas W.** Co. F; b. Hooksett; age 21; res. Epsom; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; captid. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; disch. June 3, '65, Baltimore, Md.
- Emerson, William O.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 19; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 14, '63, Newport News, Va.
- Emery, Alonzo D.** Co. A; b. Auburn; age "18"; res. Auburn, cred. Auburn; enl. June 13, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 2 Art., U. S. A., Oct. 8, '62; des. May 3, '63, Lexington, Ky. P. O. ad., Bristol.
- Emery, George W.** Co. D; b. Great Falls; age 19; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. H, Dec. 15, '62; tr. to Co. D; app. 1 Lt. Co. A, Jan. 1, '64; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. See 1 N. H. V.
- Emery, Richard.** Co. G. See Emery Richardson.
- Emery, William H.** Co. K; b. Newbury; age 21; res. Goshen, cred. Goshen; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 9, '63, on board hospital boat on Mississippi river.
- Emmerich, Joseph.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 22; res. Harrisburg, Pa., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Engelhart, William.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.

- English, James.** Co. II; b. Manchester, Eng.; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Concord.
- Ervin, John.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Westmoreland; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Estey, Edgar W.** Co. G; b. Hillsborough; age 21; res. Antrim, cred. Antrim; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. May 25, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Antrim.
- Estey, Lyman E.** Co. I; b. Sullivan; age 18; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. Aug. 2, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Evans, Hiram B.** Co. G; b. Saubornon Bridge; age 21; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 32 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Mar. 31, '64; disch. Aug. 12, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va., tm. ex.
- Evans, James.** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 25; res. Syracuse, N. Y., cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 29, '63, Cynthiaiana, Ky.
- Evans, John F.** Co. C; b. Moultonborough; age 21; res. Saubornon, cred. Saubornon; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 17, '65, Danville, Va.
- Evans, Walter H.** Co. E; b. Milan; age 23; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; app. Corp.; Sergt. May 15, '65; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. 1 Sergt. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Milan.
- Everett, George W.** F. and S.; b. New London; age 42; res. New London, cred. New London; app. Maj. Aug. 26, '62; must. in to date Aug. 23, '62. Died, dis. Aug. 27, '63, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Fagan, Michael.** Co. B; substitute; b. Ireland; age 28; cred. Chesterfield; enl. July 16, '64; must. in July 16, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Farnham, Caleb M.** Co. C; b. Acton, Me.; age 19; res. Acton, Me.; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 24, '63, Paris, Ky.; gd. from des.; supposed to have deserted May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. N. I. R. A. G. O.
- Farnham, Hezekiah.** Co. C; b. Acton, Me.; age 26; res. Somersworth; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Farnham, William H.** Co. H; b. Lancaster; age 20; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. June 17, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 21, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Farope, Frank.** Co. H; b. France; age 35; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 21, '64. P. O. ad., St. Louis, Mo.
- Fay, William.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Piermont; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Fayer, Michael.** Co. B. See Michael Fagan.
- Fee, Terrence.** Co. C; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Sutton; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.

- Felch, Milo P.** Co. C; b. Barnet, Vt.; age 30; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. June 20, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 9, '64, London, Ky.
- Fellows, Enoch Q.** E. and S.; b. Sandwich; age 37; res. Sandwich; app. Col. June 14, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62; disch. disab. Nov. 21, '62. P. O. ad., Centre Sandwich. See 1 and 3 N. H. V.
- Fellows, Lucian B.** Co. I; b. Dorchester; age 18; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Fellows, Truman S.** Co. I; b. Dorchester; age 23; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. July 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. July 3, '63; assigned to Co. D, 20 I. C.; disch. June 29, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Ferguson, John.** Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Fitzwilliam; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Fernald, Owen.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Ferson, James H.** Co. G; b. Frankestown; age 29; cred. Frankestown; enl. June 26, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Sergt.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Fifield, Royal A.** Co. C; b. Woodstock; age 21; res. Woodstock, cred. Woodstock; enl. July 28, '62; must. in July 29, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Chelsea, Mass.
- Finney, William G.** Co. I; b. Whiting, Vt.; age 20; cred. Westmoreland; enl. June 30, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 8 Inf., U. S. A., Oct. 25, '62; des. Aug. 25, '63, New York city. See State Service.
- Fitzgerald, James.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 38; cred. Franklin; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 2, '64, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Fitzgerald, William.** Unas'd; b. Watertown, N. Y.; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Flanagan, Edward.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 29; cred. Rollinsford; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. wds. May 31, '65, Manchester.
- Flanders, Orlando.** Co. F; b. Henniker; age 18; res. Henniker, cred. Henniker; enl. June 17, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; capt'd., Warenton, Va.; released Feb. 22, '63; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 25, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Flanders, William C.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Frary, James.** Co. F; b. Ireland; age 25; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 6, '64, London, Ky.
- Flemming, William R.** Co. E; substitute; b. Connecticut; age 21; cred. Chichester; enl. June 20, '64; must. in June 20, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 8, '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Fletcher, Almon J.** Co. G; b. Acworth; age 20; res. Lempsster, cred. Lempsster; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 28, '63. P. O. ad., Meriden, Conn.
- Fletcher, Samuel W.** Co. I; b. Westford, Mass.; age 33; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; disch. disab. Jan. 1, '63. Died Sept. 7, '89, Newton, Mass.
- Floyd, David.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 28; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 4, '64, Harper's Ferry, Va.

- Flynn, James.** Co. D; b. Westport, Ir.; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 5, '64, Ohio.
- Flynn, John.** Co. D; b. New York; age 22; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Flynn, Martin.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 27; cred. Keene; enl. July 1, '62; must. in July 14, '62, as Priv.; killed June 29, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Foell, Albert.** Co. C; b. Germany; age 21; cred. Newmarket; enl. Aug. 6, '64; must. in Aug. 6, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; reported on m. o. roll dated July 17, '65, as absent sick at Washington, D. C. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Fogarty, Thomas.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 23; res. Lyman, cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 29, '64, Bristol Station, Va.
- Fogg, Albert W.** Co. E; b. Dalton; age 22; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 88 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Oct. 30, '63; disch. disab. May 30, '65, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Foley, George.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 28; cred. Franklin; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 12, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago"; tr. to hosp. July 14, '64, New Orleans, La. N. f. r. Navy Dept.
- Foote, Elias L.** Co. F; b. Hudson; age 18; res. Litchfield, cred. Hudson; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 3, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Ford, George A.** Co. G; b. Hillsborough; age 18; res. Hillsborough, cred. Hillsborough; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Ford, Henry.** Co. F; b. Orange; age 24; res. Grafton, cred. Grafton; enl. July 7, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 1, '64; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; disch. May 15, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Grafton. See 1 N. H. V.
- Ford, James E.** Co. B; b. Orange; age 18; res. Danbury; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; disch. July 28, '62. See 15 N. H. V. Supposed identical with James E. Ford, Co. L, 1 N. H. H. Art.
- Ford, John.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 27; res. New York city, cred. Kensington; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; killed May 18, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.
- Foss, Dallas.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 30, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Foster, Alvin R.** Co. I; b. Stoddard; age 27; cred. Alstead; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; disch. disab. Aug. 11, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Foster, Charles E.** Co. D; b. Dover; age "19"; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 6, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. wds. Nov. 10, '62, Washington, D. C. See U. S. Navy. Supposed identical with Charles E. Foster, Co. I, 9 N. H. V.
- Foster, Charles E.** Co. I; b. Dover; age "21"; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 10 V. R. C., Oct. 4, '64; disch. July 20, '65, Washington, D. C. Supposed identical with Charles E. Foster, Co. D, 9 N. H. V. and U. S. Navy.
- Foster, Edwin F.** Co. E; b. Hanover; age 21; res. Enfield, cred. Enfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 15, '65; Sergt. May 20, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lebanon.

- Foster, Franklin H.** Co. A; b. South Reading, Mass.; age 23; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 12, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; Sergt. Maj. Mar. 1, '63; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Dec. 14, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Foster, James.** Co. F; b. Massachusetts; age 21; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Rindge; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; par. Oct. 17, '64; des. Nov. 14, '64, while on furlough from Camp Parole, Md.
- Foster, Jeremiah F.** Co. I; b. Nelson; age 19; cred. Nelson; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; disch. May 30, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., South Boston, Mass.
- Foster, John.** Co. E; b. Scotland; age 35; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr., '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago" and "William G. Anderson"; des. Nov. 4, '65.
- Foster, Nelson.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 25; res. Derry, cred. Derry; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Foster, Thacher B.** Co. G; b. Hillsborough; age 18; res. Hillsborough, cred. Hillsborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; released. Died, dis. Nov. 1, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Foster, Thomas.** Co. A; substitute; b. England; age 20; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Fow, George.** Co. D; b. Pennsylvania; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Fox, George D.** Co. I; b. Stoddard; age 19; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Fox, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 24; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Frate, Carlo.** Co. H; substitute; b. Italy; age 26; cred. Chesterfield; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 9, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Frate, Charles.** Co. H. See Carlo Frate.
- Frederick, James.** Co. C; substitute; b. Canada; age 28; cred. South Hampton; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- French, Hiram W.** Co. C; b. Pittsfield; age 20; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Corp.; wd. June 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; app. Sergt. Sept. 1, '64; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; disch. May 16, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Arcola, Ill.
- French, Moses D.** Co. D; b. Epping; age 32; cred. Exeter; enl. July 15, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. wds. Oct. 17, '62, David's Isl., N. Y. H. P. O. ad., East Tilton.
- French, Stephen S.** Co. I; b. Winchester; age 19; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. June, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. wds. July 26, '65, Jeffersonville, Ind. P. O. ad., Dayton, Ohio. See 16 N. H. V.
- Fretts, John B.** Co. F; b. Hebron; age 37; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '64; Sergt. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milford.

- Friday, Mitchell.** Co. E.; b. Canada; age 21; res. Lyme, cred. Lyme; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis. Dec. 23, '64; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. June 2, '65, Manchester.
- Friend, John.** Co. A.; substitute; b. Germany; age 19; cred. Rochester; enl. June 13, '64; must. in June 13, '64, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 19, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Frisbee, Howard S.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Fromow, George.** Co. II; substitute; b. Spain; age 23; cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; disch. May 12, '65, Concord.
- Frye, Charles A.** Co. D; b. Dover; age 25; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Frye, Isaac F.** Co. F; age 21; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Fuller, Henry A.** Co. B; b. Malden, Mass.; age 19; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. Jan. 16, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Northwood.
- Fuller, John G. C.** Co. C; b. Exeter; age 18; cred. Exeter; enl. Mar. 20, '65, for 1 yr.; must. in Mar. 20, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. to date July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Exeter.
- Fullford, Milo.** Co. B; b. Littleton; age 18; res. Littleton, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. Died Oct. 3, '67, Littleton.
- Gage, George W.** Co. K; b. Andover, Mass.; age 24; res. Boscawen (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Boscawen; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed by explosion of locomotive, June 5, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Gale, John.** Co. C; b. England; age 20; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 3, '64, Covington, Ky.
- Gallup, Edmund W.** Co. E; b. Plainfield; age 19; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 15, '65, Petersburg, Va.
- Gamball, David.** Co. C; substitute; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Washington; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Gambell, John.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Wilnot; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 8, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Gardiner, James.** Co. K; b. Baltimore, Md.; age 20; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Baltimore, Md.
- Gardner, Frank S.** Co. B; b. Merrimack; age 18; cred. Merrimack; enl. May 28, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Garland, John W.** Co. II; b. Rochester; age 24; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 26, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Garrett, Joseph.** Co. C; b. Burlington, Vt.; age 39; res. Laconia, cred. Gilford; enl. July 20, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. M, 3 Art., U. S. A., Oct. 24, '62; des. Apr. 7, '63. P. O. ad., Winfield, Kan.
- Gay, Jerome.** Co. B; age 21; enl. June 30, '62, at Canaan; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 24, '62, Antietam, Md.

- Gay, Proctor R.** Co. K; b. Derby, Vt., cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. to date Sept. 28, '64. P. O. ad., Nat. Soldiers' Home, Va.
- Geany, John.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Washington; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; wd. Aug. 2, '64, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 19, '65, Manchester.
- George, Carlos C.** Co. E; b. Canaan; age 23; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 24, '63, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- George, George F.** Co. B; b. Canada; age 43; cred. Danbury; enl. Apr. 14, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Apr. 14, '64, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. June 8, '64, Washington, D. C.
- George, Harvey H.** Co. B; b. Weare; age 23; cred. Weare; enl. July 11, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; app. Corp. Nov. 1, '64; disch. June 10, '65, near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., North Weare.
- George, Henry J.** Co. G; b. Goffstown; age 18; cred. Francestown; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; app. Corp. Feb. 5, '64; Sergt. Sept. 11, '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- George, Wellman M.** Co. K; b. Holderness; age 29; res. Newbury, cred. Newbury; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Sergt.; tr. to 18 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Dec. 18, '63; disch. Aug. 11, '65, Albany, N. Y. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Geralls, John A.** Co. F; b. Tuftonborough; age 20; res. Wolfeborough; enl. June 24, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 1, '63, Hampton, Va. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.
- Gero, Henry.** Co. F; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Canaan, cred. Landaff; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Gibson, Albert B.** Co. I; b. Londonderry, Vt.; age 19; cred. Alstead; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 20, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Weeping Water, Neb.
- Gibson, Francis N.** F. and S.; b. Londonderry, Vt.; age 23; res. Alstead, cred. Alstead; app. 2 Asst. Surg. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62; app. Surg. Jan. 18, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lincoln, Neb.
- Gibson, George W.** Co. G; b. Massachusetts; age 23; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; disch. May 22, '65, Annapolis, Md. Supposed identical with George W. Gibson, Co. C, 4 Vt. Inf. See Miscel. Organizations.
- Gibson, Michael.** Co. E; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Clarksville; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Gile, Thomas, Jr.** Co. C; b. Northfield; age 43; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. June 9, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; mis. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Feb. 1, '63, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Franklin Falls.
- Gilman, George W.** Co. H; b. Lyman; age 18; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died of starvation Feb. 25, '65, *en route* from Salisbury, N. C., to Wilmington, N. C.
- Gilman, Herod S.** Co. H; b. Lyman; age 21; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Gilmore, George F.** Co. I; b. Jaffrey; age 22; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.

- Gilmore, George H.** Co. I; b. Wilton; age 19; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '64; Sergt. Mar. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Canton, N. Y.
- Gilson, Alonzo.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Glancey, John.** Co. C. See John Blaney.
- Glancey, Patrick.** Co. K; b. Bangor, Me.; age 18; res. Boscawen (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Boscawen; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. Died, dis. Nov. 8, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Gleason, Abel R.** Co. B; b. Sudbury, Mass.; age 35; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62. Died, dis. Jan. 16, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Gleason, William.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 19, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Glidden, Charles W.** Co. A; b. Grafton; age "18"; res. Danbury, cred. Grafton; enl. June 25, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. wds. Dec. 8, '62, Baltimore, Md. See V. R. C.
- Glines, Hiram.** Co. A; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 21; res. Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. July 8, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 8, '63, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Glines, Walter F.** Co. C; b. Northfield; age 19; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 15 V. R. C., Apr. 1, '65; disch. July 8, '65, Springfield, Ill.
- Glover, John.** Co. D; age 44; cred. North Hampton; enl. June 18, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 1 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 1, '63; not assigned to company; des. Nov. 23, '64, St. Albans, Vt.
- Gobin, David M.** Co. G; b. New York; age 26; res. New York, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; enl. Dec. 10, '64, Co. C, 2 Foreign Legion, C. S. A., Florence, S. C. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Godfrey, David.** Co. G; drafted; b. Hampton; age 36; res. Hampton, cred. Hampton; drafted May 17, '64; must. in May 17, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 22, '64, City Point, Va.
- Golden, Calvin.** Co. B; b. Sanbornton; age 44; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. June 17, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 15, '63, to date Mar. 14, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Bristol. See V. R. C.
- Gonsalvare, Francis.** Co. K; b. South America; age 25; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. Sept. 6, '65, Alexandria, Va.
- Goodnature, Cammel.** Co. B; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Plymouth; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 17, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Goodwin, Charles N.** Co. G; b. Biddeford, Me.; age 23; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. June 24, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. to date June 10, '65. Died July 7, '65, Biddeford, Me.
- Goodwin, Edward F.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Goodwin, Frank R.** Co. E; b. England; age 21; cred. Littleton; enl. Aug. 17, '64; must. in Aug. 17, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 25, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

- Goodwin, George W. Co. A; b. Fairlee, Vt.; age 21; res. Auburn, cred. Auburn; enl. June 17, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Goodwin, Thomas. Co. D; age 24; cred. Exeter; enl. July 10, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Corp.; des. Sept. 17, '62, Annetam, Md.
- Goodwin, Thomas J., Jr. Co. F; b. Somersworth; age 23; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Canton, N. Y.
- Goolah, Charles. Co. F; b. Canada; age 28; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; drowned Oct. 24, '64, in Delaware river, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Gordon, Francis. Co. G; b. Canada; age 22; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 5, '65, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Gordon, George. Co. F; b. Concord; age 19; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Corp.; wd. July 15, '64, Petersburg, Va.; app. Sergt. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Concord.
- Gordon, George H. Co. F; b. Somersworth; age 24; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 15, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 25, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Gordon, George S. Co. B; b. Walpole; age 21; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. June 24, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 9, '63, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Gordon, Paul. Co. C; b. Liverpool, Eng.; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 28, '64, Hall's Gap, Ky.
- Gould, Luzern B. Co. B; b. Whitefield; age 35; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 5, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Gove, George W. Co. G; b. Henniker; age 21; cred. Henniker; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Sergt.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md. Died, dis. Oct. 12, '62.
- Gove, James B. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Grady, James. Unas'd; b. England; age 22; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 19, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Graff, Ferdinand. Co. A; substitute; b. Germany; age 33; cred. Hopkinton; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 2, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Grame, William. Unas'd; b. New York; age 20; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Grant, Daniel. Co. B; drafted; b. Berwick, Me.; age 44; res. Jackson, cred. Jackson; drafted May 19, '64; must. in May 19, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Grant, James. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. New Haven, Conn., cred. South Newmarket; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 19, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Granville, Francis. Co. II; substitute; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Winchester; enl. July 12, '64; must. in July 12, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Graves, Charles. Co. K; b. Liverpool, Eng.; age 21; cred. Francestown; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. Sept. 27, '64, Washington, D. C.

- Graves, William H.** Co. E; b. Washington; age 21; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Sept. 30, '62; disch. June 10, '63, as Band Leader, near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Waltham, Mass.
- Gray, Alvah.** Co. B; b. Alexandria; age 25; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. June 13, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 23 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 13, '65, St. Paul, Minn.
- Gray, Benjamin.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Gray, George.** Co. C; b. New York; age 24; cred. Newbury; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 1, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Gray, James A.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 25; res. Fairlee, Vt.; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Gray.** See Grey.
- Greag, William H.** Co. D; b. Canada; age 27; res. Groton, cred. Groton; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 14, '64, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Green, Jacob.** Co. I; b. Kennath, Bavaria; age 39; res. Keene, cred. Keene; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62; resigned Mar. 8, '64. Died May 22, '71, Keene.
- Green, James.** Co. A; b. Nova Scotia; age 22; cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 24, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky., *en route* to regt.
- Green, Thomas.** Co. H; b. England; age 19; cred. Newbury; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 6, '64, on march.
- Greene, Edwin.** Non-Com. Staff; b. Pittsfield; age 23; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. July 18, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Sergt. Maj.; app. 2 Lt. Co. I, Sept. 29, '62; 1 Lt. Co. II, Mar. 1, '63; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. to date June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Pukwana, Dak.
- Greene, James.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 26; cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Greenwood, George W.** Co. II; substitute; b. Toronto, Can.; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, *en route* to regt.
- Gregory, John.** Co. B; b. Liverpool, Eng.; age 19; res. Canada, cred. South Newmarket; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Grey, George.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 26; cred. Claremont; enl. July 11, '64; must. in July 11, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Grey, Moses F.** Co. II; b. Farmington; age 34; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. Apr. 15, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Grey.** See Gray.
- Griffin, John.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Plainfield; enl. July 16, '64; must. in July 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.

- Griffin, Webster.** Co. B; b. Northwood; age 18; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. July 16, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to 143 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Dec. 15, '63; disch. July 18, '65, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.
- Griffith, Alexander.** Co. E; b. Durham, Can.; age 21; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; des. Feb. 23, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Griggs, Alvin.** Co. H; b. Littleton; age 44; res. Littleton, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; tr. to 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; to 159 Co.; disch. disab. Sept. 28, '65, Manchester. Died Oct. 10, '86, Littleton.
- Grover, Charles.** Co. E; b. Maine; age 21; res. Bethel, Me., cred. Unity; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 14, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Grover, William.** Co. F; b. England; age 21; enl. Dec. 18, '63, at West Lebanon; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Groves, William.** Co. C; b. Holland; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 25, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Grovouch, Young.** Unas'd; b. Germany; age 25; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Gunnison, George.** Co. K; b. Lempster; age 20; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 10, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Gushee, Edward M.** F. and S.; b. Providence, R. I.; age 26; res. Dover; app. Chaplain July 10, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62; resigned Oct. 20, '63. P. O. ad., Cambridge, Mass.
- Hackett, Frank B.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Hadley, Daniel G.** Co. E; b. Hanover; age 28; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 26, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Hagerty, Anthony.** Co. D; substitute; b. England; age 22; cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Mar. 1, '65; furloughed Mar. 19, '65, for 30 days. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Haines, James.** Co. F; b. New York; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; des. July 30, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Haines.** See Hanes.
- Hale, James P.** Co. B; b. Nashua; age 18; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 29, '62, Frederick, Md.
- Hale, Thomas.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Haley, Michael.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 40; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Jan. 1, '63, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H.
- Hall, Charles A.** Co. D; b. Sidney, N. Y.; age 27; cred. Amherst; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 4, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Corp. Aug. 4, '63; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.

- Hall, Charles E.** Co. II ; b. Lyman ; age 24 ; cred. Lyman ; enl. Aug. 7, '62 ; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. ; app. Sergt. ; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Hall, Charles F.** Co. D ; b. Milton ; age 19 ; res. Dover, cred. Dover ; enl. June 6, '62 ; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv. ; disch. disab., Mar. 9, '63, Frederick, Md. P. O. ad., Dover. See State Service.
- Hall, George.** Co. I ; b. Massachusetts ; age 20 ; res. Westmoreland, cred. Westmoreland ; enl. Dec. 16, '63 ; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv. ; wd. June 1, '64, Totopotomoy, Va. ; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65 ; disch. July 3, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Elmhira, N. Y.
- Hall, George W.** Co. F ; b. Augusta, Me. ; age 27 ; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney ; enl. July 28, '62 ; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv. ; wd. Sept. 11, '62, South Mountain, Md. ; des. Dec. 4, '62 ; reported under President's Proclamation ; disch. May 15, '65, Galloup's Isl., B. H., Mass.
- Hall, Harvey M.** Co. C ; b. Brookline ; age 27 ; cred. Hollis ; enl. Nov. 4, '63 ; must. in Nov. 4, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 1, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Hall, James.** Co. E ; b. Anderson District, S. C. ; age 23 ; cred. Franklin ; enl. Dec. 22, '63 ; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. ; des. Jan. 20, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Hall, John R.** Co. K ; b. Newport ; age 22 ; res. Newport, cred. Newport ; enl. July 28, '62 ; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. ; app. I Sergt. ; wd. sev. and capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died June 4, '64, Richmond, Va.
- Hall, Stacy W.** Co. D ; b. Barrington ; age 20 ; res. Dover, cred. Dover ; enl. June 5, '62 ; must. in July 26, '62, as Sergt. ; wd. June 28, '64, Petersburg, Va. ; app. 2 Lt. Co. G, Nov. 1, '64 ; not must. ; app. 1 Lt. Co. G, Feb. 1, '65 ; must. out June 10, '65.
- Hall, William J.** Co. I ; b. Westmoreland ; age 22 ; cred. Westmoreland ; enl. July 24, '62 ; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. ; disch. July 21, '65, to date June 10, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Walpole.
- Halliday, Joseph C.** Co. E ; b. Pictou, N. S. ; age 29 ; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield ; enl. July 25, '62 ; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. ; disch. disab. Aug. 25, '63, Columbus, Ohio. P. O. ad, Kiowa, Kan.
- Ham, Sylvester.** Co. II ; b. Rochester ; age 40 ; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester ; enl. Aug. 2, '62 ; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp. ; app. Sergt. ; disch. disab. Apr. 29, '64, Concord.
- Hamblett, Hezekiah P.** Co. A ; b. Hollis ; age 41 ; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua ; enl. Aug. 7, '62 ; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv. ; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 6, '62 ; app. Band Leader ; disch. Mar. 7, '63, Newport News, Va. P. O. ad., Milford.
- Hamblett, Judson A.** Co. A ; b. Milford ; age 19 ; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua ; enl. Aug. 7, '62 ; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv. ; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 6, '62 ; disch. to date Mar. 2, '63, Newport News, Va. See 8 Inf., and Lafayette Art., N. H. V.
- Hamilton, John.** Co. K ; substitute ; b. Pennsylvania ; age 22 ; cred. Keene ; enl. July 7, '64 ; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv. ; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Hamlet, Augustus F.** Co. A ; b. Derry ; age 28 ; res. Londonderry, cred. Londonderry ; enl. June 4, '62 ; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv. ; tr. to 117 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Jan. 16, '64 ; disch. July 3, '65, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Colton, N. Y.

- Hamlin, Charles H.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 19; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. May 20, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., San Francisco, Cal.
- Hancock, Loren G.** Co. K; b. Coventry, Vt.; age 21; cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 7, '65, Ft. Alexander Hays, Va.
- Hanes, Hiram.** Unas'd; b. Lumenburg, Vt.; age 19; cred. Plainfield; enl. Sept. 7, '64; must. in Sept. 7, '64, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Hann, William.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 23; res. Harrisburg, Pa., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Hannah, Robert.** Unas'd; b. Scotland; age 36; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Hanson, Howard M.** Non-Com. Staff; b. Lebanon, Me.; age 26; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 28, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Com. Sergt.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Great Falls.
- Haradon, Willard N.** Co. B; b. New Boston; age 42; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 12, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in date July 12, '62, as 1 Lt.; resigned Jan. 11, '63. See State Service.
- Harlow, Isaac Leonard.** Co. H; b. Corinth, Vt.; age 21; res. Lisbon, cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Jan. 1, '64; disch. Jan. 9, '65, to date Dec. 19, '64. Died Mar. 5, '89, Socorro, N. M.
- Harlow, James P.** Co. F; b. Shelburne; age 19; res. Lisbon, cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. June 2, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Concord.
- Harmon, Bion E.** Co. K; b. Freedom; age 28; cred. Freedom; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Dec. 6, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Freedom.
- Harnden, Charles A.** Co. G; b. Stoddard; age 23; res. Hillsborough; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. 1 Lt. Co. E, Jan. 1, '63; disch. disab. July 29, '63. Died Apr. 14, '73, Hillsborough.
- Harrington, Jeremiah.** Co. B; b. Cork, Jr.; age 20; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. July 17, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., West Concord.
- Harrington, William.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 25; cred. Allenstown; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va.
- Harris, John.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 12, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago" and "Potomac." Died, dis. Oct. 28, '64.
- Harris, Nathan.** Co. G; b. Unity; age 24; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 19, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Cornish.
- Harris, Robert.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 19; res. Albany, N. Y., cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 9, '64, Concord.
- Harrity, John.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 24; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 19, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.

- Hart, John.** Co. C; substitute; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Pembroke; enl. Aug. 20, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Hart, Parker.** Co. I; b. Antrim; age 36; cred. Stoddard; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 16, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Stoddard.
- Hartshorn, Joseph E.** Co. B; b. Merrimack; age 18; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lidell, Cal.
- Hartshorn, Wellington P.** Co. B; b. Hebron; age 26; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. June 20, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 14, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- Hartwell, Amasa W.** Co. II; b. Bath; age 18; cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan., '64; capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; must. out June 10, '65.
- Hartwell, William H.** Co. I; b. Langdon; age 18; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 10, '62; Sergt. May 1, '63; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released Feb. 28, '65; disch. June 12, '65, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Kirkwood, Ill.
- Harvey, Michael.** Co. D; b. New York; age 38; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Haselton, Enoch E.** Co. D; b. Conway; age 21; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 12, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md. Died, wds. Oct. 1, '62, Middletown, Md.
- Haskell, James.** Co. K; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 34; cred. Claremont; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 18, '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Hastings, George E.** Co. I; b. Chesterfield; age 24; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 18, '62, to date Nov. 14, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Hatch, James F.** Co. D; b. Sanford, Me.; age 18; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 15, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 10, '63, *en route* from Aquia Creek, Va., to Washington, D. C.
- Haven, Benjamin F.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 31; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; capt. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Nov. 5, '64, Danville, Va.
- Haven, Henry H.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 22; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 1, '64; must. out June 19, '65. P. O. ad., Hillsborough Bridge.
- Hayes, Augustus.** Co. II; b. Somersworth; age 26; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 2, '64; must. in Aug. 2, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Hayes, James W.** Co. II; b. New Hampshire; age 25; res. Northumberland, cred. Northumberland; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; capt. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Nov. 27, '64, Danville, Va.
- Hazewell, Arthur W.** Co. B; b. Columbus, Ohio; age 18; res. Bedford, cred. Manchester; enl. July 5, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Heath, Hiram A.** Co. A; age 18; res. Goffstown, cred. Goffstown; enl. June 9, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. May 19, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Heath, James.** Unas'd; b. England; age 25; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Landaff; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.

- Heath, Marquis.** Co. D; b. Conway; age 24; cred. Conway; enl. Dec. 31, '63; must. in Dec. 31, '63, as Priv.; mis. May 12, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.; gd. from mis. Died July 30, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Heath, Nelson.** Co. A; substitute; b. New Hampshire; age 28; cred. Fitzwilliam; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Heath, Webster.** Co. B; b. Bristol; age 28; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Sergt.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Wakefield, Mass. See 1 N. H. V.
- Heinteman, Rudolph.** Co. K; substitute; b. Germany; age 35; cred. Winchester; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Helun, Frank.** Co. F; b. Norway; age 27; res. New York city, cred. Greenland; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 3, '64, Cynthiaana, Ky.
- Henderson, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Henninger, Zephaniah.** Co. F; b. Allentown, Pa.; age 36; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; exch.; returned to duty May 6, '65; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Henry, Bernard.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Heon, Jesse.** Co. I; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 19; cred. Keene; enl. June 27, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65.
- Heran, Abram.** Co. G; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Herr, Michiel.** Co. B; b. Switzerland; age 37; res. Concord; enl. May 30, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; des. July 24, '62, Concord. See 5 N. H. V.
- Heseltine, Charles M.** Co. D; b. Minot, Me.; age 18; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 12, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Jan. 10, '72, Bridgton, Me.
- Heselton, Rufus R.** Co. B; b. Bow; age 30; cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 4, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Hester, Michael.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 28; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; des. June 6, '63, Illinois.
- Hibbard, Dennis C.** Co. A; b. Cornish; age 18; cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; disch., inability, Feb. 3, '65, Ft. Alexander Hays, Va.
- Hicks, Calvin.** Co. K; drafted; b. Compton, Can.; age 34; cred. Columbia; drafted, '64; must. in May 18, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Colebrook.
- Hicks, James.** Co. H; substitute; b. Canada; age 29; cred. Exeter; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des. July 14, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Hill, Charles P.** Co. C; b. Great Falls; age 20; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Q. M. Sergt. Nov. 12, '62; disch. Sept. 18, '63.

- Hill, Daniel B.** Co. K; b. Tunbridge, Vt.; age 30; cred. Concord; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Feb. 11, '63, New York city.
- Hill, Henry.** Co. D; b. Germany; age 23; res. Franconia, cred. Franconia; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Hill, Isaac S.** Co. D; b. Deerfield; age 21; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; disch. disab. Sept. 24, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Haverhill.
- Hill, Levi W.** Co. C; b. Mont. Vernon; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Wagoner; disch. disab. Dec. 1, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Hill, Martin V. B.** Co. D; b. Deerfield; age 18; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 21 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 1, '63; disch. July 19, '65, Washington, D. C. Died Feb. 28, '87, Deerfield.
- Hill, Samuel A.** Co. F; b. Somersworth; age 18; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Hill, Sylvester J.** Co. F; b. Pembroke; age 26; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Hosp. Steward Dec. 14, '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass.
- Hiltpald, Rudolph.** Co. B; b. Switzerland; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 29, '64, Bristol Station, Va.; returned Aug. 19, '64; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Hobson, Edgar James.** Co. B; drafted; b. Pennsylvania; age 29; res. Brookline, cred. Brookline; drafted Sept. 1, '63; must. in Sept. 1, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. Sept. 11, '65, to date July 17, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Concord. See Miscel. Organizations.
- Hobson, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Hodgdon, Charles A.** Co. H; b. Alton; age 30; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 24, '62, Concord.
- Hodge, Joseph K.** Co. H; b. Lisbon; age 22; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. See 2 U. S. S. S. and State Service.
- Hodgman, George.** Co. B; b. Bedford; age 24; res. Bedford, cred. Bedford; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Oct. 17, '62, Fairfax, Va.
- Hoffman, Joseph.** Co. C; substitute; b. Germany; age 25; cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 20, '64; must. in Aug. 20, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Hoffman, Peter.** Co. H; b. France; age 20; res. Stoddard, cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 18, '64, Cumberland Gap, Tenn.
- Hogan, Charles.** Co. D; b. New York; age 22; res. Buffalo, N. Y., cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Hogan, Charles.** Co. F; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Chichester; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Hoisington, Ebenezer W.** Co. E; b. Windsor, Vt.; age 33; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 24, '62, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Denver, Col.

- Hoit, John B.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Hoit, William H.** Co. B; b. Weare; age 20; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Died, dis. Aug. 2, '63, Haines Bluff, Miss.
- Hoit.** See Hoyt.
- Hokmann, Anton.** Co. C; b. Germany; age 20; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Holbrook, Cyrus F.** Co. I; b. Swanzey; age 37; cred. Swanzey; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 23, '63, Covington, Ky.
- Holcomb, Edگار.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 19; res. Walpole, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Holden, Dennis.** Co. C; b. Brookline; age 43; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Dec. 3, '62, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H.
- Holmes, Ephraim E.** Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 24; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to 131 Co., 2 Battl., V. R. C.; disch. disab. Aug. 31, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Holmes, Freeman H.** Co. H; b. Jefferson; age 20; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. May 17, '65, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Riverton.
- Holmes, Richard.** Co. D; b. New Brunswick; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 31, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Nat. Military Home, Cal.
- Holt, Abbott D.** Co. G; b. Antrim; age 23; res. Antrim, cred. Antrim; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 4, '62, South Mountain, Md.
- Holt, Clement S.** Co. G; b. Nelson; age 19; res. Nelson, cred. Nelson; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. May 20, '65, Alexandria, Va. Died, '72, Walpole.
- Holt, Daniel.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 24; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va.
- Holt, James S.** Co. F; b. Chelsea, Vt.; age 36; res. Canaan, cred. Canaan; enl. June 12, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 16, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Hope, Charles.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Hopkins, Henry.** Co. E; b. England; age 38; res. England, cred. Lyme; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 4, '64, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Hopkins, Newton C.** Co. B; b. Nashua; age 18; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Malden, Mass.
- Horn, William.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 38; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 12, '64, Annapolis, Md.

- Horne, Augustus P.** Co. B; b. Alexandria; age 18; res. Bristol, cred. Rochester; enl. June 4, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. and capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released Dec., '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Horney, Edward.** Co. H; b. Farmington; age 27; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Musc.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Hough, Andrew J.** Co. D; b. Dover; age 26; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. July 26, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date July 26, '62, as 1 Lt.; app. Capt. Co. I, Nov. 22, '62; wd. sev. and capt. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; released; disch. disab. June 22, '65, to date May 15, '65. P. O. ad., North Adams, Mass.
- Houghton, Henry.** Co. H; b. Susquehanna, Pa.; age 31; res. Stark, cred. Stark; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 23, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Stark.
- Howard, Clarence.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age "18"; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 2, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Rochester. See V. R. C.
- Howard, Frank.** Co. C; substitute; b. Nova Scotia; age 23; cred. Brentwood; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Howard, Frank B.** Co. K; b. Stanstead, Can.; age 22; cred. Stoddard; enl. Sept. 22, '64; must. in Sept. 22, '64, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Nov. 9, '64.
- Howard, George.** Unas'd; b. Massachusetts; age 21; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Howard, Ira T.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 41; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 19, '64; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- Howard, John.** Co. I; age 28; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 20, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Howard, John H.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 34; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Howard, Levi.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 34; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; released; disch. July 10, '65, Concord. Died Aug. 12, '90, Augusta, Me.
- Howard, Martin V. B.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 28; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 26, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. Died Jan. 6, '77, Strafford.
- Howard, Merrill J.** Co. I; b. Gilsun; age 21; res. Gilsun, cred. Gilsun; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 27, '62, while on furlough.
- Howard, Simon O.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Sept. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. Died May 29, '75, Berwick, Me.
- Howard, William H.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 21; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. H, 14 V. R. C., Jan. 1, '65; disch. June 29, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Howe, Charles.** Co. F; b. Milford; age 27; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 3 V. R. C.; disch. July 5, '65, Hartford, Conn.

- Howe, Daniel W.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 24; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Sergt.; tr. to Co. F, 17 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. P. O. ad., Marlow.
- Howe, Francis.** Co. E; b. Grantham; age 40; res. Grantham, cred. Grantham; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, wds. Mar. 27, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Howe, Frank O.** Co. F; b. Milford; age 18; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, and died, wds. May 16, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Howe, Frederick H.** Co. E; b. Croydon; age 18; res. Grantham, cred. Grantham; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C., July 1, '63, and assigned to Co. F, 13 Regt.; disch. June 28, '65, Concord.
- Howe, Henry N.** Co. B; b. Gardner, Mass.; age 18; cred. Manchester; enl. June 9, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Feb. 5, '85, Burlington, Iowa.
- Howe, John.** Co. H; b. Carroll; age 21; res. Carroll, cred. Carroll; enl. June 26, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Sergt. Died, dis. Oct. 10, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Howe, Silas.** Co. K; drafted; b. Whitefield; age 41; cred. Carroll; drafted May 18, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; disch. May 26, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Twin Mountain.
- Howe, Stephen H.** Co. F; b. Milford; age 41; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62; disch. June 10, '65, near Alexandria, Va., as 1 Class Musc. P. O. ad., Milford.
- Howe, William H.** Co. F; b. Milford; age 20; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '64; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; released; disch. May 19, '65, Concord. Supposed identical with William H. Howe, State Service. P. O. ad., Franklin.
- Howie, Thomas.** Co. K; b. Glasgow, Scot.; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Falmouth, Ky.
- Howland, Richardson.** Co. B; b. Lisbon; age 38; res. Franconia, cred. Wentworth; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 7, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Easton.
- Hoyfield, Frederick.** Unas'd; b. Germany; age 34; cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Hoyt, Alonzo M.** Co. C; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 19; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug., '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 1, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Hoyt, John.** Co. B; b. Canada; age 23; res. West Lebanon, cred. Laudaff; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Hoyt, Samuel B.** Co. B; b. Wear; age 27; res. Wear; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; disch. disab. May 23, '64, Concord.
- Hoyt.** See Hoyt.
- Hubbard, George E.** Co. F; b. Somersworth; age 18; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Mar. 4, '63, Frederick, Md. P. O. ad., Great Falls.
- Hubbard, Henry E.** Co. I; b. Sullivan; age 25; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. B, Jan. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. Died Mar. 11, '89, Keene.

- Huckins, William P.** Co. A; b. Newmarket; age 44; res. Newmarket, cred. Newmarket; enl. July 17, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 15, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Deerfield.
- Hudson, James.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 27, '63, Kentucky.
- Hughes, James.** Co. B; b. St. John, N. B.; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Kentucky.
- Hughes, Patrick.** Co. C; substitute; b. Ireland; age 24; cred. Merrimack; enl. Aug. 11, '64; must. in Aug. 11, '64, as Priv.; des. Sept., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Hughes, Peter.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 29; res. New York city, cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 28, '63, Cynthiaia, Ky.
- Humphrey, George S.** Co. A; b. Waterbury, Vt.; age 34; res. Haverhill, cred. Hanover; enl. June 3, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 24, '65, Louisville, Ky. P. O. ad., Littleton Common, Mass.
- Humphrey, John H.** Co. E; b. Benson, Vt.; age 25; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 21, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Windsor, Vt. See V. R. C.
- Humphrey, Willard W.** Co. E; b. Benson, Vt.; age 20; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 21, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Reading, Vt.
- Huntoon, Eli A.** Co. K; b. Unity; age 23; cred. Unity; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Corp.; must. out June 10, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Peabody, Kan.
- Huntoon, Phineas R.** Co. C; b. Andover; age 21; res. Salisbury, cred. Salisbury; enl. July 17, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released Mar. 2, '65; disch. May 31, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., South Gardner, Mass.
- Hurd, D. Emenson.** Co. G; b. Lempster; age 18; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 17, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Westminster Depot, Mass.
- Hurd, Gilford.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 18; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Hurlbutt, Charles O.** Co. E; b. Hanover; age 18; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 15, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lebanon.
- Hurlbutt, Luther C.** Co. E; b. Grotton; age 40; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 2 Batt'l. I. C., Aug. 15, '63; disch. Aug. 9, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lyme.
- Hurley, Thomas.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Franklin; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 22, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Hussey, Charles B.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp.; wd. and capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. May 31, '64, Richmond, Va. See I. N. E. Cav.
- Hutchins, Carleton B.** F. and S.; b. Bath; age 48; res. Lisbon; app. Q. M. June 14, '62; must. in to date June 13, '62; re-signed Nov. 12, '62. P. O. ad., Detroit, Mich.
- Hutchinson, Asa T.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.

- Hutchinson, Elijah.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 21; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. See 1 N. H. V.
- Hutchinson, George A.** Co. K; b. Cornish; age 18; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 23, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Hutchinson, Henry P.** Co. F; b. Milford; age 20; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. May 19, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Hutchinson, Jacob R.** Co. K; b. Sumapee; age 26; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Newport. See 1 N. H. V.
- Hutchinson, Oliver.** Co. C; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to 16 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 1, '63; re-tr. to Co. C, 9 N. H. V., Apr. 9, '64; wd. and capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; tr. to 7 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. June 23, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Hutchinson, Prentiss C.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 24; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp.; must. out June 10, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Newport. See 1 N. H. V.
- Hutchinson, Stephen C.** Co. B; b. Fremont; age 17; cred. Barnstead; enl. Jan. 16, '64; must. in Jan. 16, '64, as Musc.; disch. disab. May 27, '65, Washington, D. C. Died Sept. 17, '65, Fremont.
- Hutchinson, William.** Co. C; b. Scotland; age 31; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 27, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Hutton, Philip.** Co. A; b. Scotland; age 30; res. Holyoke, Mass., cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 31, '64, Somerset, Ky.
- Jackson, Charles R.** Co. K; b. Claremont; age 24; res. Croydon, cred. Croydon; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 3, '63, Claremont.
- Jackson, Frank.** Co. D; b. New York; age 38; res. Canaan, cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 6, '64, London, Ky.
- Jackson, Jacob.** Co. G; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 10, '64, Grant Gen. Hosp., Willet's Point, N. Y.
- Jacobs, Henry.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 8, '64, Relay House, Md.
- James, Benjamin D.** Co. A; b. East Kingston, cred. East Kingston; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 8, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. wds. Apr. 30, '63, Providence, R. I.
- James, Charles W.** Co. A; b. Tamworth; age 30; res. Hooksett, cred. Hooksett; enl. July 1, '62; must. in July 9, '62, as Wagoner; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 15, '62, Washington, D. C.
- James, John.** Co. K; b. Portland, Me.; age 32; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; app. Sergt.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. Apr. 16, '68, to date July 17, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- James, Robert.** Co. F; b. Mechanicsville, N. Y.; age 21; res. Mechanicsville, N. Y., cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 3, '64, Cynthia, Ky.

- Jamison, James.** Unas'd; b. Scotland; age 28; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 9, '63, Concord.
- Jarettlich, Joseph.** Unas'd; b. Scotland; age 26; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Monroe; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv. N. F. R. A. G. O.
- Javred, Joseph.** Unas'd; b. France; age 20; cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 18, '63, Concord.
- Jeffers, Charles.** Co. A; b. Orford; age 21; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. July 10, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. Died Aug. 4, '93, Concord.
- Jefts, Henry S.** Co. A; b. Washington; age 35; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 28, '62, Alexandria, Va.
- Jennes, James M.** Co. II; b. New Durham; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. June 9, '63; assigned to Co. A, 9 I. C.; re-enl. Aug. 23, '64; cred. Westmoreland; tr. to Co. D, 9 V. R. C., Sept. 22, '65; disch. Nov. 27, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Jenness, George A.** Co. D; b. Gonic; age 18; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 6, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; disch. May 24, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jenness, Jonathan H.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 20; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 17, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Jennings, Daniel.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 27, '63, Kaiser's Station, Ky.
- Jennison, David.** Co. B; b. Virginia; age 32; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 15, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Jewett, Charles A.** Co. B; b. Nashua; age 18; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 1, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Jersey City, N. J.
- Johnson, Andrew.** Co. K; substitute; b. Germany; age 21; cred. Jaffrey; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Johnson, Arthur M.** Co. K; b. Haverhill, Mass.; age 19; cred. Washington; enl. June 6, '64; must. in June 6, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Newton.
- Johnson, Charles.** Co. C; b. Norway; age 23; cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; escaped Mar. 20, '65, Goldsborough, N. C.; disch. to date May 11, '65. (Unofficially reported that he died Dec. 25, '88, Bergen, Norway, his real name being Hans Tolbevg.)
- Johnson, Charles.** Co. K; substitute; b. Sweden; age 33; cred. Westmoreland; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Johnson, George.** Co. I; b. Warren County, N. Y.; age 20; cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 31, '64; must. in Aug. 31, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Johnson, George.** Co. K; b. England; age 19; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. and mis. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. from mis.; des. June 25, '64, from Gen. Hosp., Chester, Pa.

- Johnson, Henry.** Co. D; b. England; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Piermont; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Johnson, James.** Co. C; b. Germany; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 14, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Johnson, James.** Co. K; substitute; b. Ohio; age 18; cred. Concord; enl. May 18, '64; must. in May 18, '64, as Priv.; des. July 8, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Johnson, James.** Unas'd; b. Maryland; age 22; cred. Chichester; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Johnson, John.** Co. F; b. Canada; age 25; res. Troy, cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. May 30, '65, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Johnson, Paul B.** Co. C; b. Enfield; age 20; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 23, '63, Concord.
- Johnson, Peter.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Acworth; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. June 12, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died, dis. Nov. 3, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Johnson, Thomas.** Co. E. See Joseph L. Ashton.
- Johnson, William.** Co. I; substitute; b. Ohio; age 18; cred. Hillsborough; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Johnson, William.** Co. K; substitute; b. New York; age 36; cred. Piermont; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 18, '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Johnson, William, 1st.** Co. A; b. England; age 20; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 2, '64, Cynthia, Ky.
- Johnson, William, 2d.** Co. A; b. Maine; age 26; res. Maine, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 5, '64, as a Seaman. Died, dis. Aug. 17, '64, on U. S. S. "Crocket."
- Johnston, Matthew.** Co. H; b. England; age 25; cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 18, '64, on march.
- Jolley, Isaac.** Co. I; b. Plattsburg, N. Y.; age 23; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Jolley, Joseph.** Co. I; b. Champlain, N. Y.; age "33"; cred. Keene; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Annetam, Md.; disch. wds. Apr. 15, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Keene. See V. R. C.
- Jones, Archibald R.** Co. I; b. Jefferson, Me.; age "42"; res. Jefferson, Me., cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 17, '64, Madison, Ind. Died Sept. 2, '90, Nashua. See 4 N. H. V.
- Jones, Ezekiel.** Co. H; b. Pittsfield; age 27; cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 3, '62, Falmouth, Va.
- Jones, Henry.** Co. D; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 29; cred. Richmond; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Jones, Henry W.** Co. K; b. Goshen; age 20; res. Goshen, cred. Goshen; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 19, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.

- Jones, Jabez S.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- John, John.** Co. A; b. England; age 18; res. New York city, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 12, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago," "William G. Anderson," and "Pampero"; disch. Aug. 19, '65.
- Jones, John.** Co. K; b. New York city; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; captd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Sept. 3, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Jones, Ransom E.** Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 21; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Thomas, Thomas.** Unas'd; b. Pittsburg, Pa.; age 23; cred. Franklin; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Jordan, George W.** Co. K; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 31; cred. Milford; enl. July 13, '64; must. in July 13, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Jordan, James.** Co. A; b. Easton, Pa.; age 23; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 2, '64, Flat Lick, Ky.
- Jordan, William.** Co. C; b. Woburn, Mass.; age 45; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. July 4, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 14, '63, near Falmouth, Va.
- Joslin, William P.** Co. G; b. Lyndeborough; age 18; cred. Lyndeborough; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 7, '62, Leesburg, Va.
- Joy, Charles H.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Judd, Thomas G.** Co. A; b. Strafford, Vt.; age 40; res. Raymond, cred. Fremont; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63, and assigned to Co. B, 21 Regt.; disch. disab. Mar. 16, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. See V. R. C.
- Judge, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 2 Cav., U. S. A., Oct. 24, '62; disch. July 25, '65, near Berryville, Va., tm. ex.
- Judkins, Charles M.** Co. A; b. Manchester, Vt.; age 18; res. Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. G, 6 V. R. C., Oct. 17, '64; disch. July 14, '65, Cleveland, Ohio, tm. ex. P. O. ad., Charlestown, Mass.
- Judkins, Joel S.** Co. A; b. Kingston; age 37; res. Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv. Died, wds. Sept. 18, '62, Middletown, Md.
- Kaiser, Charles H.** Co. K; substitute; b. Denmark; age 30; cred. Stewartstown; enl. June 9, '64; must. in June 9, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Kay, Austin M.** Co. B; b. Lisbon; age 28; res. Lisbon, cred. Lisbon; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 91 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. disab. Jan. 5, '65, Madison, Ind.
- Kean, Dennis.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 29; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. July 16, '62; must. in July 16, '62, as Priv.; mis. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Aug. 30, '63, Covington, Ky.
- Kearney, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 22; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 5, '64, Harrisburg, Pa.

- Keenan, John.** Co. E; substitute; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Middleton; enl. June 10, '64; must. in June 10, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, City Point, Va.
- Kehoe, William.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 21; res. Canada, cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Kell, Charles.** Unas'd; b. Sweden; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Monroe; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Kelley, Edward.** Co. E; age 21; res. Nova Scotia, cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; des. Mar. 26, '63, Baltimore, Md.
- Kelley, George.** Co. I; substitute; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Milford; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des. Feb. 10, '65, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Kelley, James.** Co. K. See James H. Cartwright.
- Kelley, Patrick.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 27; cred. Washington; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Kelley, Thomas.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 19; cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Kelley, William.** Co. C; b. Nova Scotia; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Monroe; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 28, '64, Hall's Gap, Ky.
- Kelly, Charles H.** Co. C; b. Salem; age 38; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. June 4, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Atkinson.
- Kelly, Jerome.** Co. C; b. Salem; age 34; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 2 Lt. Co. I, Nov. 1, '64; not must.; app. 1 Lt. Co. C, Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Salem.
- Kelly, John Q. A.** Co. C; b. Salem; age 36; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. June 6, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Oct. 29, '84, Salem.
- Kelsey, Edward C.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 19; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Dec. 12, '62, Alexandria, Va.
- Kelsey, Roswell J.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 22; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Newport. See 1 N. H. V.
- Kemp, Michael.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Gifford; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Kemp, William A.** Co. I; b. Sharon; age 18; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 8, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Kempton, George B.** Co. E; b. Newport; age 18; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. July 14, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 7, '63, near Falmouth, Va.
- Kendall, Horace G.** Co. G; b. Chester, Vt.; age 18; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. June 3, '64, Washington, D. C.

- Keneff, James.** Co. D; b. Canada; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Sunapee; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Kenerson, Sylvanus J.** Co. I; b. Rochester; age 25; cred. Nelson; enl. June 17, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 28, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Kenerson.** See Kennison.
- Kenley, John.** Co. E; substitute; b. England; age 33; cred. Campton; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va.
- Kennan, Francis.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 19; cred. Dunbarton; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Kennard, Frank H.** Co. D; b. Brownfield, Me.; age 19; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 6, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., South Boston, Mass.
- Kennedy, Daniel W.** Co. E; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va.
- Kennedy, Matthew.** Co. C; b. Manchester; age 24; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 17, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 16, '63, Washington, D. C. Supposed identical with Matthew Kennedy, Co. F, 1 N. H. I. Art.
- Kennedy, Thomas.** Co. D; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 11, '64; must. in Aug. 11, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Kennerley, Thomas.** Co. D. See Thomas Kennedy.
- Kennison, Seth.** Co. D; b. Conway; age 41; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. June 17, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 14, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. May 27, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Conway.
- Kennison.** See Kenerson.
- Kent, Michael.** Co. D. See Michael Kemp.
- Kerr, Louis.** Co. H; substitute; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Hopkinton; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. 11, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Keron, Francis.** Co. D. See Francis Kennan.
- Keyes, Phylander.** Co. D; b. Durham; age 43; cred. Exeter; enl. July 17, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Wagoner. Died, dis. July 31, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- Keyser, Scott W.** Co. A; b. Haverhill; age "20"; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. June 13, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Sergt.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 6, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Haverhill. See State Service.
- Kidder, Roscoe.** Co. F; b. Westford, Mass.; age 18; res. Milford; enl. June 21, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; returned to duty May 5, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Rossville, Kan.
- Kidder, William W.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Kimball, James B.** Co. A; b. Newton; age 18; res. Newton, cred. Newton; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; app. Sergt.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Dec. 14, '88, Newton.

- Kimball, Johnson G.** Co. G; b. Whitefield; age 21; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. June 13, '65, Concord.
- King, Charles.** Co. F; b. Nova Scotia; age 26; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan., '64, *en route* to regt.
- Kingsbury, Harlan P.** Co. K; b. Jericho, Vt.; age 22; cred. Tamworth; enl. June 23, '63; must. in June 23, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 9, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Kingsbury, James M.** Co. K; b. Warwick, Mass.; age 27; cred. Tamworth; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; drowned Aug. 12, '63, Helena, Ark.
- Kinson, George W.** Co. G; b. Wearie; age 28; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 92 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Evansville, Ind.
- Kirwan, Peter.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; app. Corp. May 15, '65; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Knight, Charles H.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 23; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Mar. 28, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Springfield, Mass. See State Service.
- Knight, Hollis.** Co. E; b. Hartford, Vt.; age 23; res. Cornish, cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Windsor, Vt.
- Knights, William S.** Co. F; b. Portsmouth; age 18; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 20, '62, Frederick, Md.
- Knott, Edward.** Co. D; b. Dover; cred. Dover; enl. July 19, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Omaha, Neb.
- Kofmann, John.** Unas'd; b. France; age 21; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Lempsster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Krusa, Jacob.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 36; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 20, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. July 7, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Kuhlmann, William.** Co. K; b. Germany; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Lachanse, Joseph.** *alias* Octave Vezina. Co. B; b. Quebec, Can.; age 22; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. June 14, '65.
- Lachanse, Joseph.** Co. B. See Octave Vezina.
- Ladd, John H.** Co. C; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Lafan, Joseph.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Claremont; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Lagarde, Charles.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Jefferson; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; wd. July 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; des. Sept. 17, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

- Lagassi, Louis.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Keene; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Lahey, Matthew.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 28, '64, Hall's Gap, Ky.
- Lamare, Joseph.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Marlow; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; reported on m. o. roll as tr. to 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65, with remark, absent sick since Sept. 1, '64; never joined 6 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Landry, Israel,** *alias* Peter Landry. Co. F; b. Three Rivers, Can.; age 34; res. Lyme, cred. Lyme; enl. July 18, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 3, '63, Ft. Monroe, Va. P. O. ad, St. Manique, Can.
- Landry, Peter.** Co. F. See Israel Landry.
- Lane, Samuel F.** Co. K; b. Brookfield; age 28; cred. Wakefield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '63; Sergt. Feb. 4, '64; 1 Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad, Wakefield.
- Lang, Charles.** Co. I; b. Wurttemberg, Ger.; age 18; res. Troy, cred. Troy; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 Art., U. S. A., Oct. 14, '62; re-tr. May 26, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Troy.
- Langley, Edmund J.** Co. B; b. Candia; age 23; res. Candia, cred. Candia; enl. July 4, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Aug. 5, '79, Candia.
- Lapoine, Henry.** Co. H; b. France; age 22; res. Stoddard, cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Lappan, James.** Co. C; b. St. John, N. B.; age 39; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. July 2, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 14, '62, Washington, D. C. Supposed identical with James Lapham, State Service.
- Larey, John.** Co. K; b. England; age 30; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Larey.** See Leary.
- Laricour, Harrison.** Co. D; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 21; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 14, '64, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Lathe, Freeman L.** Co. F; b. Coventry, Vt.; age 27; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; released; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Soldiers' Home, Va.
- Lathe, Hiram S.** Co. F; b. Coventry, Vt.; age 19; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 20, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Feb. 25, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass. See V. R. C.
- Lathe, James W.** Co. F; b. Coventry, Vt.; age 25; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 16, '64. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Lathrop, Edward D.** Co. D; b. Danville, Vt.; age 24; res. Lyman, cred. Lyman; enl. July 23, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Corp.; tr. to Co. K, 5 V. R. C., May 8, '64; disch. July 5, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. P. O. ad., Lisbon.

- Lavender, William J. Co. H; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; disch. disab. Jan. 12, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Davenport, Iowa.
- Lavin, John. Co. D; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Fitzwilliam; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Lawrence, Arthur I. Co. B; b. Nashua; age 20; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Corp.; reduced to ranks; tr. to 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. June 12, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Concord.
- Leary, Denis. Co. B; b. Ireland; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Bristol; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Leary. See Larey.
- Leavitt, Gilman. Co. K; b. New Hampshire; age 40; cred. Concord; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Sergt.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. May 27, '65, as Priv., Manchester.
- Lebbe, Joseph. Co. K; substitute; b. Quebec, Can.; age 19; cred. Gilford; enl. June 9, '64; must. in June 9, '64, as Priv. Died, wds. Oct. 13, '64, Pegram House, Va.
- Leeds, William C. Co. K; b. Springborough, Ohio; age 35; cred. Newbury; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 5, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Leighton, Byron D. Co. I; b. Littleton; age 21; cred. Jaffrey; enl. July 16, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Bethesda Church, Va.; disch. wds. Feb. 18, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Rindge.
- Leighton, Nahala D. Co. H; b. New Durham; age 43; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 14, '62, White Sulphur Springs, Va.
- Lenin, John. Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 19; cred. Loudon; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Lennox, David. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 31; res. New York city, cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 25, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Leonard, Thomas. Co. I; b. Perth, Can.; age 40; res. New York city, cred. Sunapee; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65, P. O. ad., Haverhill.
- Lepra, Louis. Co. G; substitute; b. Italy; age 24; cred. Piermont; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Lester, George. Unas'd; b. New York; age 23; res. Schoharie, N. Y., cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Leverett, Frank J. Co. I; b. Keene; age 18; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 2, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Levielle, Victor. Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 26; cred. Errol; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65, P. O. ad., Central Falls, R. I.
- Lewis, John. Co. G. See John Lenin.
- Lewis, John G. Co. H; b. Roxbury; age 43; res. Lancaster; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.

- Lewis, John G.** Co. H; b. Lancaster; age 18; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 9, '65, Northumberland.
- Lewis, John H.** Co. D; b. Salem, Mass.; age 18; res. Madison, cred. Conway; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 10, '62, Maryland.
- Libby, Joseph.** Co. K. See Joseph Lebbe.
- Limo, Joaquin.** Co. E; b. Canada; age 22; res. Canada, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 28, '65, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- Lindsey, Albert.** Co. H; b. Canada; age 43; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 26, '63, Washington, D. C.; re-enl. and must. in Dec. 19, '63; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. July 6, '65, near Alexandria, Va.
- Lipperra, Theodore.** Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Thornton; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des. Nov. or Dec, '64, *en route* to regt.
- Little, Albert.** Co. H; b. Warren; age 22; cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 19, '63, *en route* from Cairo, Ill., to Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Little, Charles H.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 42; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Sergt.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Jan. 12, '65, as Priv., Concord. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Little, Ludo B.** Co. B; b. Lyman; age 24; res. Lyman, cred. Lyman; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. F, Nov. 22, '62; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. 1 Lt. Co. A, May 1, '63; Capt. Jan. 1, '64; wd. July 2, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. wds. Oct. 24, '64. Died Mar. 2, '90, Nevada City, Cal.
- Lord, Henry.** Co. D. See John J. Randall.
- Lord, John.** Co. A; b. Exeter; age 44; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 29, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 15, '63, Washington, D. C. Died Sept. 4, '88, Exeter.
- Lord, Louis.** Co. C; b. Canada; age 28; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 19, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio.
- Loren, Peter.** Co. G; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Loring, George M.** Co. K; b. Boston, Mass.; age 23; res. Ossipee; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to 75 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Oct. 14, '63; disch. disab. Nov. 19, '63. P. O. ad., Moultonborough.
- Lougee, Robert K.** Co. K; b. East Concord; age 19; cred. Concord; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., East Concord.
- Louis, Peter.** Co. G; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Lovejoy, Frank.** Co. A; b. Orford; age 23; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. May 31, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; May 12, '64, and died, wds. May 13, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.

- Lovejoy, George H.** Co. D; b. Hollis; age 26; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62; disch. June 10, '65, as 3 Class Musc., near Alexandria, Va. Died Nov. 28, '86, Hollis.
- Lovejoy, John A.** Co. F; b. Milford; age 20; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Oct. 5, '62; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Loveland, Francis M.** Co. I; b. Stoddard; age 22; cred. Nelson; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. Oct. 14, '64, Concord.
- Low, George.** Co. I; b. New York; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Windsor, Vt.
- Low, Leonard.** Co. I; b. Somerset, Vt.; age 23; cred. Westmoreland; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Lowe, Henry.** Co. I; b. England; age 44; res. Malone, N. Y., cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. July 16, '65.
- Lucas, Harvey H.** Co. H; b. Lancaster; age 31; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Canaan, Vt. See 17 N. H. V.
- Lund, John T.** Co. F; b. Suncook; age 18; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. July 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 17, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Lunt, Eugene.** Co. A; b. Biddeford, Me.; age 15; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Musc.; disch. disab. July, '62, Concord.
- Lyons, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 19; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. July 16, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 6, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago," "William G. Anderson," "Potomac," and "Union"; disch. Sept. 22, '65.
- Maccan, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Maccan.** See McCann.
- Mackay, Joseph E.** Co. F; b. Thetford, Vt.; age 41; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 15, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Claremont.
- Madison, Timothy.** Co. I; b. Winchester; age 21; res. Marlow; enl. July 2, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. May 20, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Mahoney, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Mann, Charles B.** Co. G; b. Claremont; age 21; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., May 31, '65; disch. July 1, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Claremont.

- Manning, William.** Co. B; b. Mont Vernon, age 44; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62; disch. disab. Mar. 8, '63, as 3 Class Musc., Newport News, Va. Died Aug. 6, '85, Nat. Home, Fogus, Me.
- Marble, Eben M.** Co. A; b. Poland, Me.; age 33; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 6, '62, as 3 Class Musc.; disch. June 28, '63, near Neely's, Warren County, Miss. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Marble, William H.** Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 26; cred. Dublin; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des. July 14, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; gd. from des. May 24, '65; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Marcotte, Zebbie.** Co. F; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Grantham; enl. Oct. 7, '64; must. in Oct. 7, '64, as Priv.; disch. May 16, '65, Concord.
- Marsh, Charles G.** Co. D; b. Deerfield; age 33; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Aug. 14, '63; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Marsh, Edward K.** Co. G; b. Calais, Vt.; age 19; cred. Lyndeborough; enl. July 10, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; des. Sept. 9, '62, Maryland. See 4 N. H. V.
- Marsh, George H.** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 19; cred. Winchester; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.; appreh.; under arrest Apr. 30, '65. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Marsh, Joseph G., alias Joseph Wright.** Co. A; b. England; age 21; cred. Windsor; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 9, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago" and "Fearnot"; disch. to date Aug. 28, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Marshall, Frank V.** Co. D; b. Albany, N. Y.; age 29; cred. Nashua; enl. June 18, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62; disch. June 10, '65, as 3 Class Musc., near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Marshall, Nathaniel W.** Co. E; b. Albany, N. Y.; age 26; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Sept. 30, '62; disch. June 10, '65, as 1 Class Musc., near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Martin, Alvin.** Co. K; substitute; b. Amesbury, Mass.; age 31; cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; disch. imbecility, Oct. 21, '64, near Pegram House, Va. Died Feb. 11, '84, Amesbury, Mass.
- Martin, Charles.** Unas'd; b. Michigan; age 18; res. Mendon, Mich., cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Martin, Harvey C.** Co. H; b. Lisbon; age 18; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Martin, Jacob.** Co. G; b. New Hampshire; age 20; res. Stewartstown, cred. Landaff; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 21, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Martin, Joseph.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 34; cred. Claremont; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Martinelle, Lucen** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 35; cred. Winchester; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug. '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.

- Martins, Andrew.** Co. A; substitute; b. Spain; age 25; cred. Greenfield; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Marvin, Charles B.** Co. G; b. Rockingham, Vt.; age 18; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Mason, Elisha L.** Co. D; b. Greenwich, Mass.; age 36; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 30, '64; must. in Aug. 30, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Claremont.
- Mason, John E.** Co. F; b. Petersham, Mass.; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62; app. 1 Lt. Co. D, Nov. 22, '62; disch. disab. Mar. 9, '65. Died Mar. 5, '91, Washington, D. C.
- Mason, Moses.** Co. I; b. Westmoreland; age 39; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 9, '63, *en route* from Vicksburg, Miss., to Cairo, Ill.
- Mason, Simeon A.** Co. I; b. Westmoreland; age 37; cred. Keene; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Mason, William F.** Co. F; b. Sandwich; age 21; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 10, '62, Falmouth, Va.
- Matthews, James H.** Co. I; b. Swanzey; age 21; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milford, Mass.
- Maxfield, Woodbury F.** Co. F; b. Warner; age 18; res. Goshen, cred. Goshen; enl. July 17, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 5, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Maxwell, George.** Co. A; b. Indiana; age 18; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Hanover; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Mayo, Lysander R.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- McCaffrey, Samuel.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Concord; enl. May 20, '64; must. in May 20, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- McCann, John.** Co. D; b. Pennsylvania; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 5, '64, Harrisburg, Pa.
- McCann, Thomas F., alias James McMurphy.** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 19; cred. Danbury; enl. Sept. 14, '64; must. in Sept. 14, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Sanford, Me.
- McCann.** See Maccan.
- McCarthy, John.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Campton; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- McClary, William W.** Co. B; b. Canterbury; age 18; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. July 8, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; mis. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Dec. 29, '62, Washington, D. C.
- McClure, George W.** Co. I; b. Antrim; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 1 Sergt. Jan. 1, '64; mis. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Otter River, Mass.
- McClure, Orville A.** Co. C; b. Merrimack; age 19; res. Merrimack, cred. Merrimack; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 29, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.

- McCooole, Daniel.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 45; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. July 16, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 24, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio.
- McCormick, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 19; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 19, '63, Paris, Ky.
- McCoy, Edward G.** Co. I; b. Charlestown; age 18; cred. Gilsum; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., San Francisco, Cal.
- McCoy, John.** Co. A; b. Pennsylvania; age 30; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died Aug., '64, Florence, S. C.
- McDate, Patrick.** Co. D; b. St. John, N. B.; age 18; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 30, '63; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- McDermott, John.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 38; res. Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. July 11, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- McDonald, Patrick.** Co. D; age 24; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; wd. and capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. from capture; app. Corp.; must. out June 10, '65.
- McDonald, Robert.** Co. G; substitute; b. New York; age 25; cred. Brookline; enl. June 20, '64; must. in June 20, '64, as Priv.; des. Nov. or Dec., '64, *en route* to regt.
- McDowell, Robert.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- McDuffee, Simon C.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 14, '64, Washington, D. C.
- McGarrett, William A.** Co. A; b. Belleville, N. J.; age 23; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Sergt.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Cambridgeport, Mass.
- McGee, Thomas.** Co. H; b. Pennsylvania; age 20; res. Harrisburg, Pa., cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 28, '63, Cynthia, Ky.
- McGibbon, James H.** Unas'd; b. Quebec, Can.; age 25; res. Montreal, Can., cred. Derry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- McGowan, John.** Co. K; substitute; b. Montreal, Can.; age 19; cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- McGraw, Martin.** Co. H; b. Canada; age 30; res. Whitefield, cred. Whitefield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 3, '62, Georgetown, D. C.
- McGuire, Thomas.** Unas'd; b. New York city; age 23; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- McIntyre, William C.** Co. D; substitute; b. Scotland; age 38; cred. Eaton; enl. June 23, '64; must. in June 23, '64, as Priv.; app. Corp.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. Supposed identical with William C. McIntyre, Co. K, 2 N. H. V.
- McJennis, James.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Bristol; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.

- McKelvie, Alexander, Jr.** Co. F; b. Scotland; age 27; res. Fort Edward, N. Y., cred. Franconia; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. to date Apr. 8, '65.
- McKenna, Robert.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 28; cred. Hanover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 1, '64, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- McKinsley, Robert.** Co. F; substitute; b. Manchester, Eng.; age 26; cred. Dumbarton; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- McKusick, Asa A.** Co. A; b. Denmark, Me.; age 18; res. Denmark, Me., cred. Concord; enl. July 26, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; wd. and capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Feb. 2, '65, Salisbury, N. C.
- McKusick, Ephraim.** Co. A; b. Denmark, Me.; age 24; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Corp.; capt'd. July 27, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Feb. 7, '65, Danville, Va.
- McLaughlin, Michael.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 32; cred. Rollinsford; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 23 I. C. Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 19, '65, St. Paul, Minn. P. O. ad., Dover.
- McMurphy, James.** Co. K. See Thomas F. McCann.
- McNally, James.** Co. C; b. England; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 6, '64, London, Ky.
- McQuade, Patrick.** Co. K; b. New York city; age 15; res. Boscawen (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Military Home, Kan.
- McWoughton, Duncan.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Franklin; enl. May 20, '64; must. in May 20, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Meader, Eben H.** Co. D; b. Conway; age 28; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 12, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. July 14, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Conway Centre.
- Meader, Samuel C.** Co. K; b. Tamworth; age 18; cred. Tamworth; enl. June 14, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; tr. to Co. C, 23 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 13, '65, St. Paul, Minn.
- Meier, Henry.** Co. H; b. Germany; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Franconia; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Oct. 8, '64; des. Feb. 7, '65, while on furlough.
- Meier.** See Meyer.
- Melanson, John.** Co. A; b. Nova Scotia; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Lempster; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 18, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Menard, Peter.** Co. D; b. Canada; age 21; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, wds. Jan. 23, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Mendon, George E.** Co. K; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 18; cred. Fitzwilliam; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. June 10, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Merrill, Albert G.** Co. D; b. Standish, Me.; age 34; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 26, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date Aug. 9, '62, as 2 Lt.; resigned Dec. 22, '62.

- Merrill, Benjamin.** Co. C; b. Danbury; age 31; res. Andover, cred. Andover; enl. June 20, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; app. Comp. Jan. 1, '63; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. May 15, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., New London.
- Merrill, Joseph G.** Co. A; b. Shapleigh, Me.; age 30; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Apr. 25, '63, Concord.
- Meserve, Joseph C.** Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 19; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. June 12, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 31, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., South Barnstead. See 2 N. H. V.
- Meserve, Lewis W.** Co. F; b. Barnstead; age 18; res. Epsom; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 15, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass.
- Messenger, Edward M.** Co. I; b. Stoddard; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. wds. Dec. 24, '62, Concord. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.
- Metcalf, William F.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 22; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '63.
- Meyer, Ferdinandt.** Co. F; substitute; b. Norway; age 20; cred. Canaan; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Wis.
- Meyer, Frank.** Co. C; b. Germany; age 22; cred. Greenfield; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Meyer.** See Meier.
- Miles, Joseph.** Co. F; b. New York city; age 33; res. New York city, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released. Died Feb. 26, '65, *en route* from Salisbury, N. C. to Savannah, Ga.
- Millen, Frederick A.** Co. G; b. New Boston; age 18; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62; as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Feb. 28, '65; disch. June 15, '65, Concord.
- Miller, Charles.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 26; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Marlborough; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 19, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Miller, Edwin R.** Co. K; b. Bridgewater, Vt.; age 22; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. June 10, '65, Madison, Ind. P. O. ad., Meriden.
- Miller, Henry.** Co. H; substitute; b. Germany; age 35; cred. Washington; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Miller, Horace.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 25; res. Mechanicsville, N. Y., cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Miller, James J.** Co. H; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 28; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Miller, John.** Co. C; b. Prussia; age 22; cred. Greenfield; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 5, '65, Cincinnati, Ohio.

- Miller, John.** Co. II; b. Bavaria; age 38; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 12, '64, on march.
- Miller, John.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 10, '65, Concord.
- Miller, Silas G.** Co. B; b. Phelps, N. Y.; age 43; res. Hooksett; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 21, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Mills, George.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Claremont; enl. July 15, '64; must. in July 15, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Mills, Oscar A.** Co. K; b. Dover; age 20; cred. Brentwood; enl. Aug. 17, '64; must. in Aug. 17, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Mitchell, Lewis J.** Co. A; b. St. Albans, Vt.; age 18; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 12, '62, New Market, Md.
- Mitchell, Luther T.** Co. D; b. Campton; age 21; cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 4, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. N. F. R. A. G. O.
- Moody, Leonard O.** Co. A; b. Franconia; age 24; res. Benton, cred. Benton; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 15, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Moon, Charles.** Co. F; b. England; age 27; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Piermont; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 6, '64, London, Ky.
- Moony, John.** Co. B; b. Holderness; age 21; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. A, Oct. 9, '62; disch. Mar. 2, '63.
- Moore, Francis R.** Co. B; b. Nashua; age 35; res. Hopkinton, cred. Hopkinton; enl. July 8, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Moore, James.** Unas'd; b. New Hampshire; age 18; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Feb. 27, '64, Cumberland Gap, Tenn.; par. May 5, '64. Died, dis. June 13, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Moore, James H.** Co. E; b. Hooksett; age 14; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Muse.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Moran, James.** Co. G; substitute; b. Germany; age 23; cred. Effingham; enl. May 19, '64; must. in May 19, '64, as Priv.; des. Nov. or Dec., '64, *en route* to regt.
- Moreau, Pierri.** Co. H. See — Arnaudin.
- Morel, Peter.** Co. D; b. France; age 30; res. Troy, cred. Troy; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 18, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Moreland, Benaiah.** Co. D; b. Salem; age 25; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62, as 2 Class Muse. Died, dis. Aug. 31, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio.
- Morgan, James A.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Claremont; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.

- Morgan, Thomas.** Unas'd; b. Pennsylvania; age 25; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Morrill, Chauncy.** Co. K; b. Barnstead, Can.; age 22; cred. Stoddard; enl. Sept. 22, '64; must. in Sept. 22, '64, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Dec. 9, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Morrill, Samuel F.** Co. D; b. Northwood; age 23; res. Deerfield, cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 19, '63, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Morris, Edward.** Co. I; b. Canada; age 43; cred. Keene; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Morris, George H.** Co. I; b. New Hampshire; age 18; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to 1 Batt'l, V. R. C., Feb. 6, '65; disch. June 26, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Somerville, Mass.
- Morris, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Buffalo, N. Y., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 12, '63, Concord; appreh. Dec., '63; tr. to 7 N. H. V., Feb. 19, '64; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Morrisey, James.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 23; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Sept. 25, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Morrison, James.** Co. E; b. Canada; age 26; cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Morrison, Oliver P.** Co. C; b. Sanbornton; age 22; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. May 7, '64, Wilderness, Va. Died Aug. 31, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Morrison, Peter.** Co. F; age 41; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Oct. 5, '62; killed Oct. 5, '64, on picket near Pegram House, Va.
- Morse, Caleb W.** Co. C; age 25; cred. Thornton; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 29, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 23, '62; appreh. Sept. 26, '63; returned to duty Dec. 19, '63. Died, dis. Apr. 15, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Morse, Charles W.** Co. H; b. Boston, Mass.; age 19; res. Sunapee, cred. Sunapee; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; disch. May 22, '65, Baltimore, Md.
- Morse, Francis.** Co. C; b. Danville, Vt.; age 35; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 17, '62, near Falmouth, Va. See 1 N. H. V.
- Morse, Frederick.** Co. H; b. Randolph; age 31; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 9, '65, Salisbury, N. C.
- Morton, George W.** Co. F; b. Gloucester, Mass.; res. South Newmarket, cred. South Newmarket; enl. June 23, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Musc.; disch. disab. Feb. 23, '63, Newport News, Va. P. O. ad., Berlin, Wis.
- Moses, William Pitt.** Co. F; b. Exeter; age 35; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; app. 1 Lt. June 24, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62; app. Q. M. Nov. 13, '62; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Roxbury, Mass.
- Moulton, Andrew J.** Co. G; b. Greensborough, Vt.; age 24; cred. Francestown; enl. Dec. 30, '63; must. in Dec. 30, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.

- Moulton, Henry H.** Co. II; b. Lancaster; age 23; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. from capture; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Lancaster.
- Moulton, John L.** Co. K; b. Milton; age 28; cred. Milton; enl. July 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 18, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Moulton, Samuel.** Co. K; b. Freedom; age 27; cred. Freedom; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Conway.
- Mudgett, John F.** Co. B; b. Epping; age 22; cred. Holderness; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. July 16, '63; disch. June 10, '65, Washington, D. C. Died Nov. 28, '65, Fremont. See 1 N. II. V.
- Munn, Niram.** Co. E; drafted; b. Canada; age 23; res. Pittsburg, cred. Pittsburg; drafted July 18, '64; must. in July 18, '64, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 8, '64, Pegram House, Va. P. O. ad., Groveton.
- Munro, Charles.** Co. II; age 20; enl. Oct. 4, '64, at West Lebanon; must. in Oct. 4, '64, as Priv.; des. "Aug. '64," *en route* to regt.; borne only on m. o. roll dated June 10, '65. A. G. O., U. S. A., has no record.
- Murphy, Charles H.** Co. G; b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Murphy, Dennis.** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Jefferson; enl. Sept. 10, '64; must. in Sept. 10, '64, as Priv.; des. Mar. 10, '65, while on furlough.
- Murphy, James.** Co. D; b. Troy, N. Y.; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Plaistow; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 31, '63, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Murphy, James.** Unas'd; b. New York city; age 27; res. Canaan, cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 31, '63, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Murphy, John.** Co. C; b. Dublin, Ir.; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 24, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Murphy, John, 1st.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Monroe; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Murphy, John, 2d.** Co. D; substitute; b. Ireland; age 24; cred. Dunbarton; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Murphy, Thomas.** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Sutton; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des. Nov. or Dec., '64, *en route* to regt.
- Murray, John.** Co. D; substitute; b. Halifax, N. S.; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Murry, James.** Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Gorham; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. N. F. R. A. G. O.
- Murry, James.** Unas'd; b. New York city; age 18; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv. N. F. R. A. G. O.
- Muzzy, George W.** Co. B; b. Deering; age 21; cred. Wear; enl. June 27, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, dis. Oct. 18, '64, Salisbury, N. C.

- Muzzy, George W.** Co. E; b. Newbury; age 25; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. June 19, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 30, '63, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Myers, Charles.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 19; res. Syracuse, N. Y., cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Myers, Joseph.** Unas'd; b. Pennsylvania; age 23; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Danbury; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. Dec. 11, '63; des. Dec., '63. N. F. A. G. O.
- Myers, Joshua.** Co. H; b. New York city; age 36; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 28, '64, Stanford, Ky.
- Myers, Louis.** Co. A; b. New Jersey; age 23; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 17, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Sergt.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. from capture; must. out June 10, '65.
- Nash, Orsamus.** Co. I; b. Gilsuni; age 24; cred. Gilsuni; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 6, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Neales, Peter.** Co. K; substitute; b. Ireland; age 27; cred. Waterville; enl. July 16, '64; must. in July 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Neller, John D.** Co. A; b. England; age 35; res. Auburn, cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died Jan. 1, '65, Salisbury, N. C.
- Nelson, Edward.** Co. C; b. England; age 35; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 30, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died. wds. Oct. 7, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Nelson, Joseph.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 23; res. Albany, N. Y., cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Concord.
- Nevers, Franklin.** Co. G; b. Charlestown; age 20; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 15 I. C.; re-tr. Mar. 31, '64; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released Mar. 2, '65; disch. June 2, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Gilsuni.
- Newcomb, Oliver P.** Co. A; b. Orford; age 25; res. Orford; enl. May 31, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date July 10, '62, as 2 Lt.; app. 1 Lt. Oct. 9, '62; resigned Jan. 11, '63. Died Mar. 29, '71, Lisbon.
- Newell, Sylvester A.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 33; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. disab. June 6, '65, Concord.
- Nichols, Joshua M.** Co. B; b. Weare; age 30; cred. Weare; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 25, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. Died, dis. July 22, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- Nichols, Nathaniel.** Co. C; b. Meredith, cred. Laconia; enl. July 25, '62; must. in July 29, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 23, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Nichols, William H.** Co. K; b. Wakefield; age 21; cred. Wakefield; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 1, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Nickson, John.** Co. K; drafted; b. Pembroke; age 34; cred. Loudon; must. in June 1, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 13, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Nitchker, Frederick.** Co. A; substitute; b. Prussia; age 40; cred. Swanzeey; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; wd. and capt'd. July 27, '64, and died, wds. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va.

- Noble, Samuel.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 36; res. New York city, cred. Danbury; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 28, '64, Hall's Gap, Ky.
- Nolan, Patrick.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 36; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. May 24, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Norris, Cyrus B.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Noyes, Charles M.** Co. F; b. Somersworth; age 21; cred. Somersworth; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Corp.; killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Ober, Evert.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- O'Brien, James.** Co. A; age 29; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 24, '62, Concord.
- O'Brien, John.** Co. E; b. England; age 22; cred. Plainfield; enl. Sept. 6, '64; must. in Sept. 6, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 14, '64, near Ft. Alexander Hays, Va.
- O'Brien, Michael.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 32; cred. Newbury; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 12, '64, Kiser's Station, Ky.
- O'Brien, Thomas.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Sutton; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 5, '64, Ft. Alexander Hays, Va.
- O'Connor, Timothy.** Co. H; b. Ireland; age 28; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp.; des. Mar. 28, '63, Milford, Pa.
- O'Donnell, Michael.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Chesterfield; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Olson, Peter.** Co. K; substitute; b. Portugal; age 20; cred. Concord; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Ordway, John L.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 22; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 25, '64, Milan.
- Ordway, Nathaniel P.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 22; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; to 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; to 159 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Sept. 3, '65; disch. Dec. 11, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H. P. O. ad., Greenland.
- Ordway, Samuel.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 32; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. May 20, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., North Woodstock, Me.
- O'Reilly, Francis.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Ormsby, William S.** Co. I; b. Elizabethtown, N. Y.; age 23; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Osborn, George.** Co. F; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 27; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 21, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Osborn, Thomas.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 22; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.

- Osborne, William.** Unas'd; b. New Jersey; age 24; res. Newark, N. J., cred. Groton; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Osgood, James M.** Co. K; b. New London; age 19; res. Warner, cred. Warner; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released; disch. disab. May 18, '65, Concord.
- Osgood, Napoleon B.** Co. G; b. Porter, Me.; age 22; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 6, '65, Lexington, Ky. P. O. ad., Biddeford, Me. See State Service.
- Osterkong, Gurd.** Co. K; b. Germany; age 24; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 3, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Osterly, Herman.** Co. K; b. Germany; age 24; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; furloughed Nov. 11, '64, from Lovell Gen. Hosp., Portsmouth Grove, R. I.; failed to return; considered a deserter from Dec. 1, '64.
- Otis, Sylvester.** Co. D; b. Rochester; age 35; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Serg't, '62; must. out June 10, '65. Died Feb. 19, '70, Dover.
- Otto, Gustave.** Co. I; b. Prussia; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to V. R. C.; unas'd; disch. disab. Dec. 8, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Providence, R. I.
- Owens, John.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 26; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 28, '64, Somerset, Ky.
- Owens, Thomas.** Unas'd; b. England; age 27; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Monroe; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Page, Andrew J.** Co. B; b. Hebron; age 18; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. July 11, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; mis. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died Dec. 25, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Page, Horace.** Co. G; b. Henninger; age 22; cred. Henninger; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Wilderness, Va.; par.; disch. to date June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Deering. See 2 N. H. V.
- Page, Horace B.** Co. C; b. Sanbornton; age 30; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 32 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 30, '63; disch. Aug. 13, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va., tm. ex. Died Dec. 2, '72, Concord.
- Page, James W.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 2, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Aug. 2, '64, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. Died June 14, '69, Rochester.
- Page, Josiah E.** Co. C; b. Wakefield; age 28; res. Milton, cred. Milton; enl. June 13, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milton Mills.
- Page, Nathaniel S.** Co. B; b. Hebron; age 18; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Leominster, Mass.
- Page, Oliver E.** Co. F; b. Salem, Mass.; age 18; res. Wear; enl. June 27, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 31 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 30, '63; disch. Aug. 2, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va. Died Nov. 27, '84, Lempster.
- Page, Samuel.** Co. D; b. North Hampton; age 42; cred. Exeter; enl. June 27, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 11, '62, Georgetown, D. C.

- Paige, Enoch C.** Co. G; b. Antrim; age 23; res. Antrim; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 18, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Antrim.
- Palmer, Leonard.** Co. B; b. Weare; age 33; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. July 15, '62; must. in July 16, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 10, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Andover.
- Palmer, Nelson.** Co. H; b. Guildhall, Vt.; age 18; res. Guildhall, Vt., cred. Laucaster; enl. June 20, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 26, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Palmer, William.** Unas'd; b. England; age 27; cred. Wilnot; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Papineau, Francis.** Co. E; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Papinson, Francis.** Co. E. See Francis Papineau.
- Parker, James C.** Co. K; b. Quechee, Vt.; age 39; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 31, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Parker, Riley H.** Co. A; b. North Andover, Mass.; age 20; res. Durham, cred. Durham; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 10, '63, Weyerton, Md. P. O. ad., Gonic.
- Parsons, Edward S.** Co. D; b. Medford, Mass.; age 18; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. July 12, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. June 30, '63; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Parsons, Eugene E.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Parsons, Flores E.** Co. K; b. New Hampshire; age 18; cred. Marlborough; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Partridge, Henry F.** Co. I; b. Macomb, Ill.; age 23; cred. Alstead; enl. June 30, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; wd. June 18, '64, Petersburg, Va.; Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. disab. May 27, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Winchendon, Mass.
- Paul, Moses N.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Peabody, James V. N.** Co. C; b. Sutton; age 20; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. June 6, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 22, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Tilton.
- Peabody, Warren A.** Co. F; b. Wenham, Mass.; age 39; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62, as 3 Class Music.; disch. disab. June 28, '63, near Neely's, Warren County, Miss. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Pearce, Simeon.** Co. C; b. England; age 30; res. Somersworth; enl. June 24, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Corp.; des. May 13, '63, Lancaster, Ky.
- Pearce.** See Pierce.
- Pearl, Abraham W.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 44; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died June 20, '64, Charleston, S. C.
- Pearson, Samuel D.** Co. C; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Saubornon; enl. July 6, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, starvation, Nov. 9, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Pearson.** See Pierson.

- Pearsons, Samuel M.** Co. D; b. Stratham; age 21; cred. Stratham; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; wd. and captd. May 12, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.; released; app. Sergt. May 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Stratham.
- Peasley, George B.** Co. G; b. Charlestown; age 19; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 21, '64, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 13 V. R. C., Mar. 8, '65; disch. June 28, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Peterborough.
- Peasley, John A.** Co. G; b. Charlestown; age 18; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 13 I. C., Sept. 30, '63; disch. June 28, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., West Fitchburg, Mass.
- Percell, Thomas.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Piermont; enl. July 5, '61; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Perell, Joseph.** Co. F; b. Canada; age 21; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. June 13, '65, Concord.
- Perham, David M.** Co. C; b. Lyndeborough; age 18; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. June 17, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Musc.; disch. to date June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milford.
- Perham, Edmund J.** Co. I; b. Athens, Vt.; age 35; cred. Keene; enl. June 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 26, '62, Weyerton, Md.
- Perham, Rodney.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Perkins, Albert.** Co. C; b. Great Falls; age 18; res. Somersworth, cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Great Falls.
- Perkins, Benjamin H.** Co. A; b. Tannworth; age 18; res. Epping, cred. Epping; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. July 10, '65, to date June 10, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Candia.
- Perkins, Freeman.** Co. H; b. Berlin; age 18; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. July 23, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 26, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Perkins, Paul.** Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 44; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 15, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Perkins, William B.** Co. D; b. Conway; age 40; cred. Conway; enl. Dec. 31, '63; must. in Dec. 31, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.
- Perlin, Peter.** Co. A; substitute; b. Germany; age 29; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Perry, Charles L.** Co. D; b. Roxbury, Mass.; age 18; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Perry, James B.** Non-Com. Staff; b. Boston, Mass.; age 19; cred. Nashua; enl. June 27, '62; must. in July 19, '62, as Q. M. Sergt.; reduced to ranks at his own request; assigned to Co. C; disch. disab. caused by fall from wagon, Nov. 24, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died Mar. 15, '63, Nashua.
- Perry, S. Horace.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 23; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. G, Jan. 1, '63; 1 Lt. Jan. 1, '64; resigned Apr. 20, '64. P. O. ad., Somers, Conn.

- Perry, Willard H. Co. G; substitute; b. Africa; age 30; cred. Dalton; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; des. Nov. or Dec., '64, *en route* to regt.
- Perry, William H. Co. K; b. Newport, cred. Newport, enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Sept. 6, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Peterson, Charles, 1st. Co. C; b. Germany; age 24; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. July 10, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. wds. Nov. 16, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Peterson, Charles, 2d. Co. C; b. Germany; age 23; res. Bethlehem, cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 1, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Peterson, Cretean. Unas'd; b. Sweden; age 30; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Lempster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Pettengill, Ransom D. Co. B; b. Thornton; age 18; res. Thornton, cred. Thornton; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63; assigned to Co. D, 19 I. C.; re-enl. Aug. 19, '64; cred. Westmoreland; disch. Nov. 15, '65, Elmira, N. Y., tm. ex.
- Pettengill, Wyman. Co. B; b. New Hampton; age "20"; res. Thornton, cred. Thornton; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Oct. 9, '62; mis. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Jan. 7, '63, Annapolis, Md. See 2 Co. N. H. Art.
- Pettingill, Benjamin F. Co. E; b. Franklin; age 21; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 11, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to Co. G, 24 V. R. C., Feb. 15, '65; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lebanon.
- Pettingill, Hosea A. Co. C; b. Sandwich; age 45; res. Sandwich, cred. Sandwich; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Sergt.; disch. disab. Nov. 27, '62, near Falmouth, Va. Died Apr. 2, '89, Centre Sandwich.
- Pettingill, James. Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 27; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv. Died. dis. Jan. 23, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Phelps, M. Foster. Co. D; b. Wilmot; age 24; res. Laconia; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 1, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spotsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Nov. 5, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Phelps, Peter F. Co. C; b. Wilmot; age 25; res. Andover, cred. Andover; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 1 Sergt. June 1, '63; must. out June 10, '65. Died Nov. 15, '86, Amherst. See 1 N. H. V.
- Philbrick, Daniel. Co. K; b. Freedom; age 21; cred. Freedom; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 3, '62, New York city.
- Phäilbrick, Sylvester W. Co. K; b. New London; age 20; cred. New London; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Aug. 29, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 18, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio.
- Phillips, James. Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. May 22, '65, near Alexandria, Va.
- Phillips, Minot R. Co. I; b. Roxbury; age 31; cred. Nelson; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 30, '63, Aquia Creek, Va.
- Pierce, Joseph W. Co. I; b. Keene; age 27; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 27, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Keene.

- Pierce, William. Co. K; b. Warner; age 45; cred. Boscawen; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 27, '62, Falmouth, Va.
- Pierce. See Pearce.
- Pierre, Charles. Co. F; substitute; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Groton; enl. Aug. 15, '64; must. in Aug. 15, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Pierson, James. Unas'd; b. New Hampshire; age 20; res. Littleton, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Pierson. See Pearson.
- Pillsbury, Leonard H. Co. A; b. Dumbarton; age 26; res. Londonderry, cred. Exeter; enl. July 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in late July 10, '62, as Capt.; resigned Aug. 7, '63. P. O. ad., Derry Depot.
- Pillsbury, William S. Co. A; b. Sutton; age 29; res. Londonderry; enl. July 3, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in late July 3, '62, as 1 Lt.; resigned Oct. 9, '62. P. O. ad., Londonderry. See 4 Inf. and 1 H. Art., N. H. V.
- Piper, Alanson. Co. F; b. Meredith; age 21; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. July 15, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 8, '62, Falmouth, Va.
- Plummer, Jonathan P. Co. B; b. Meredith; age 19; cred. Bristol; enl. July 14, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; app. Corp. Nov. 5, '64; must. out June 10, '65.
- Politz, Reinhold. Co. D; b. Germany; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Clarendon; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. Aug. 9, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Pope, William. Co. B; b. Ireland; age 35; res. New York city, cred. Piermont; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 4, '64, London, Ky.
- Potter, Phendeus H. Co. D; b. Conway; age 23; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 20, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Apr. 10, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Conway.
- Powers, Charles B. Co. E; b. Plainfield; age 24; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. July 7, '65, Manchester.
- Powers, James. Co. E; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 24, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Pratt, Alfred T. Co. II; b. Hebron, Me.; age 44; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Lancaster. See 17 N. H. V.
- Prescott, James T. Co. B; b. Hooksett; age 33; res. Hooksett, cred. Manchester; enl. June 6, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. June 14, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Preston, James R. Co. A; b. Auburn; age 18; res. Auburn, cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Auburn.
- Prial, Edward. Co. A; substitute; b. New York; age 26; cred. Mason; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Price, William. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 27; res. New York city, cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.

- Priest, Thomas J.** Co. H; b. Lisbon; age 22; cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.
- Prindable, James.** Co. F; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. June 12, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Dec. 13, '62; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to 131 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. disab. Apr. 12, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Pringle, Charles.** Co. D; substitute; b. Canada; age 35; cred. Gilford; enl. June 10, '64; must. in June 10, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Proudman, Henry.** Co. C; b. Dover; age 22; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 30, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; des.; returned July 26, '63; tried by G. C. M. for cowardice in face of enemy July 29, '64; sentenced to forfeit pay and allowance, and be confined at hard labor for remainder of term of service. N. F. A. G. O.
- Provencher, Joseph E.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Pulsifer, N. Warren.** Co. E; b. Newton, Mass.; age 25; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt.; tr. to 87 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Oct. 30, '63; disch. Oct. 27, '64, as Priv. P. O. ad., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Purington, Elijah P.** Co. B; b. Weare; age 31; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 23, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Jan. 15, '63. P. O. ad., Weare.
- Purington, Fred.** Co. B; b. Weare; age 24; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 7 I. C., Mar. 2, '64; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Bradford.
- Putman, Jenison A.** Co. K; b. Charlestown; age 18; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, Oct. 16, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Putnam, Asabel.** Co. K; b. Acworth; age 44; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to Co. D, 20 V. R. C.; disch. June 29, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass.
- Quigley, John.** Co. A; b. England; age 21; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Lyman; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Quimby, H. Baxter.** Co. H; b. Lisbon; age 22; res. Lisbon, cred. Lisbon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. E, Nov. 22, '62; 1 Lt. Co. B, Jan. 1, '64; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; escaped; app. Capt. May 1, '65; not must.; must. out June 10, '65, as 1 Lt. See U. S. C. T. and Miscel. Organizations.
- Quimby, James.** Co. D; b. Tuftonborough; age 46; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 17 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. Died Sept. 17, '81, Rochester.
- Quimby, Joseph C.** Co. D; b. Tuftonborough; age 49; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 17, '62, Falmouth, Va. Died Mar. 6, '63, Dover.
- Quinn, Joseph.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 18; cred. Groton; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, starvation, Nov. 12, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Quinn, Patrick.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 27, '63, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Quint, Joseph B.** Co. A; b. Orford; age 21; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. June 30, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 19, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md.

- Ramerrsis, Frank.** Unas'd; b. Indiana, cred. Monroe; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 18, '63.
- Ramsay, Lyman M.** Co. A; b. Orford; age 19; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 11, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. wds. Dec. 18, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Bethlehem.
- Ranals, Charles.** Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Concord; enl. July 8, '64; must. in July 8, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Rand, Francis W.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Rand, William H.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 22; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; Sergt. Jan. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Washington, D. C.
- Randall, Daniel C.** Co. A; b. New Brunswick; age "40"; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.
- Randall, George W.** Co. A; b. Providence, R. I.; age 21; res. Derry, cred. Manchester; enl. May 21, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 6, '62, Arlington, Va. See 2 N. H. V.
- Randall, Horace.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 23; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Apr. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass. See 2 and 4 N. H. V.
- Randall, John J., alias Henry Lord.** Co. D; substitute; b. Dover; age 18; res. Lee, cred. Barrington; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; tr. to 19 Independent Battery, N. Y. Light Art., to date Oct. 10, '64; must. out June 13, '65. P. O. ad., Lee.
- Randlett, Charles J.** Co. C; b. Brighton, Me.; age 23; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 4, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released Feb. 28, '65; must. out June 10, '65.
- Rausch, Christopher.** Co. F; b. Germany; age 38; res. White Plains, N. Y., cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 3, '64, Alexandria, Va.
- Rawlston, James.** Co. F; b. Rochester, N. Y.; age 23; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 14, '64, Lexington, Ky.
- Raymond, Hercules W.** Co. I; b. Georgia, Vt.; age 22; res. Alstead; enl. June 27, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; app. Corp.; disch. disab. Mar. 28, '63, Germantown, Pa. P. O. ad., East Alstead. See 1 and 18 N. H. V.
- Raymond, William.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 21; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Ashuelot.
- Raymond, William.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 18; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Reams, Benjamin F.** Co. F; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 21; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. (supposed June 24, '64, Petersburg, Va.); assigned to duty in Dept. of the Northwest Dec. 5, '64; disch. July 12, '65, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Reason, Willis.** Co. I; age 21; cred. Swanzey; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 2 Cav., U. S. A., Oct. 23, '62; wd. sev. Sept. 12, '64, Frederick, Md.; disch. wds. May 15, '65, Carlisle, Pa.

- Reddington, Jeremiah P.** Co. K; b. Salem, Mass.; age 18; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 15, '62, Sharpsburg, Md.
- Reed, Edward.** Co. G; b. Germany; age 21; res. Franconia, cred. Franconia; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; killed June 29, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Reed, Moses.** Co. A; b. Manchester; age 42; res. Auburn, cred. Auburn; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 7, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 25, '63, Richmond, Ky.
- Reed, Timothy P.** Co. G; b. Deering; age 21; cred. Francestown; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, wds. Oct. 20, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Reese, Jacob.** Unas'd; b. Blair County, Pa.; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Reilly, Thomas.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. New York, cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Reilly.** See Riley.
- Retzlaf, Albert.** Co. A; substitute; b. Germany; age 25; cred. Warner; enl. June 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Rever, Joseph.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Bristol; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. to date July 17, '65.
- Reynolds, Patrick.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 26; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; enl. in 10 Tenn. Inf., Confederate service, Andersonville, Ga.; re-capt'd. Dec. 28, '64, Egypt Station, Miss.; enl. Mar. 17, '65; must. in Mar. 22, '65, as Priv., Co. B, 5 Inf. U. S. Vols.; must. out Oct. 11, '66, Ft. Kearney, Neb. P. O. ad., Iowa City, Iowa.
- Rhodi, Frederick.** Co. G; substitute; b. Denmark; age 22; cred. Northumberland; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. Nov. or Dec., '64, *en route* to regt.
- Rice, William D.** Co. G; b. Claremont; age 19; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Aug., '62; 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Jan. 1, '64; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- Richard, Andrew J.** Co. K; b. Canada; age 25; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Jan. 4, '64; must. in Jan. 4, '64, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va. Died, wds. June 20, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Richards, Albion K.** Co. C; b. Alton; age 43; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; killed July 3, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Richards, Charles J.** Co. C; b. North Lebanon, Me.; age 18; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 28, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Mar. 1, '63; 1 Lt. Co. I, Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Chicago, Ill.
- Richards, Thomas J.** Co. C; b. Alton; age 41; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 28, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Sergt.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 8, '62, Concord. Died May 16, '72, Great Falls.
- Richardson, Byron.** Co. A; b. Bedford; age 18; res. Hooksett, cred. Hooksett; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; 1 Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Dorchester.

- Richardson, Emery.** Co. G; substitute; b. Vermont; age 34; cred. New Boston; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv. Died, sunstroke, June 25, '64, Alexandria, Va., before joining regt. Also borne on records as Richard Emery.
- Richardson, George W.** Co. B; b. Bangor, Me.; age 24; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Corp.; reduced to ranks; sentenced Feb. 15, '64, by G. C. M. to hard labor for six months, with loss of pay during that time, for acting with disrespect and contempt toward his commanding officer. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Richardson, Jonathan P.** Co. F; b. Lyndeborough; age 34; res. Milford; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '64; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Nov. 17, '64, Danville, Va.
- Richmond, James.** Co. H; b. Glasgow, Scot.; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Atkinson; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 13, '64, on march.
- Ricker, John H.** Co. C; b. Dover; age 32; res. Farmington, cred. Farmington; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 25, '62, Concord.
- Rider, Henry.** Co. C; b. Prussia; age 27; res. Canaan, cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65. Died, dis. Sept. 19, '65, Manchester.
- Rigby, Thomas.** Co. C; b. New York city; age 22; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; des. Oct. 30, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Rigney, Thomas.** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Hopkinton; enl. June 20, '64; must. in June 20, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Riley, James.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Francestown; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 21, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Riley, John.** Co. F; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Sutton; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Riley, John.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 30; res. Mont Vernon; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 1, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Riley, Michael.** Co. C; b. Newfoundland; age 22; cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; exch.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Riley, Michael.** Unas'd; b. New Jersey; age 22; res. Newark, N. J., cred. Groton; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Riley, Thomas.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Holderness; enl. Jan. 11, '65; must. in Jan. 11, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- See Reilly.
- Ritter, David.** Co. G; b. Ludlow, Vt.; age 43; res. Washington, cred. Washington; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, wds. Oct. 20, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Ritter, Frank S.** Co. G; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 16; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Musc.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad, Laconia.
- Robbins, William B.** Co. G; b. Jaffrey; age 21; res. Nelson, cred. Nelson; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad, East Jaffrey.

- Roberts, Auguste.** Co. K; substitute; b. Switzerland; age 27; cred. Barrington; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
Roberts, Charles C. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
Roberts, Cyrus M. Co. A; b. Orford; age 23; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. July 5, '62; must. in July 11, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; app. Sergt.; mis. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Raymond.
Roberts, Daniel B. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
Roberts, James. Co. F; substitute; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Winchester; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
Roberts, John W. Co. H; b. Rochester; age 27; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp.; must. out June 10, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Portsmouth, Va.
Roberts, Millet W. Co. C; b. Lebanon, Me.; age 25; res. Milton, cred. Milton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 17, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milton Mills.
Roberts, William C. Co. D; b. Farmington; age 34; res. Farmington, cred. Dover; enl. July 10, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Farmington.
Roberts, William H. Co. K; b. Northfield; age 22; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. July 1, '63; assigned to Co. E, 18 I. C.; disch. June 24, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Northfield.
Robinson, George. Co. A; substitute; b. Vermont; age 21; cred. Keene; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
Robinson, James. Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 31; cred. Keene; enl. July 11, '64; must. in July 11, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
Robinson, John. Co. B; b. Scotland; age 19; cred. Salisbury; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
Robinson, John. Co. C; b. Londonderry; age 25; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. June 4, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, wds. Jan. 2, '63, Washington, D. C.
Robinson, John W. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
Robinson, Oscar D. Co. E; b. Cornish; age 23; res. Plainfield, cred. Plainfield; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Jan. 1, '64; 1 Lt. Nov. 1, '64; Adj't. Mar. 1, '65; Capt. Co. E, May 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Albany, N. Y.
Rochette, Eustine. Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Fitzwilliam; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
Rock, Frank. Co. C; b. Canada; age 20; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 1, '64, Paris, Ky.
Rogers, Charles E. Co. H; b. Jefferson; age 18; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.

- Rogers, Edmund M.** Co. B; b. Strafford, Vt.; age 30; cred. Weare; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 25, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., North Weare.
- Rogers, John.** Co. F; substitute; b. New Brunswick; age 26; cred. Bath; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Rogers, William.** Co. E; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; reported on m. o. roll as tr. to 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65, with remark, "absent in arrest; never joined 6 Regt." N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Rolf, Horace H.** Co. F; b. Concord; age 28; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. B, Oct. 5, '62; resigned Mar. 11, '63. See 18 N. H. V. and Miscel. Organizations.
- Roquet, Peters.** Co. K; substitute; b. Canada; age 23; cred. Claremont; enl. July 13, '64; must. in July 13, '64, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; enl. in Co. I, 1 Foreign Battl, Confederate service, Salisbury, N. C. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Rorke, Daniel.** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 39; cred. Danbury; enl. Sept. 19, '64; must. in Sept. 19, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Ross, Peter.** Co. K; substitute; b. Italy; age 20; cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Ross, Richard.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 27; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 24, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Ross, William W.** Co. I; b. Watertown, Mass.; age 19; cred. Keene; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 21, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. wds. Nov. 18, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Rounds, Harrison E.** Co. H; b. Vermont; age 22; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; dishon. disch. Sept. 8, '64, by sentence G. C. M.
- Rourke, Christopher.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 26; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 20, '62, Concord.
- Rourke, Patrick.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; released Mar. 2, '65; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 19, '65, Annapolis Md.
- Rowe, Charles.** Co. F; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Dorchester; enl. Oct. 4, '64; must. in Oct. 4, '64, as Priv.; des. Oct. 26, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Rowell, Alonzo.** Co. B; b. Hopkinton; age 28; res. Hopkinton, cred. Hopkinton; enl. June 4, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Hopkinton.
- Rowell, Joseph S.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Royce, Frederick.** Co. G; b. Langdon; age 42; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., South Charlestown.
- Royce, William H.** Co. G; b. Langdon; age 18; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 17, '64, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H.

- Rugg, Charles E.** Co. I; b. Surry; age 18; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; Q. M. Sergt. Feb. 13, '64; must. out June 10, '65. Died Oct. 31, '66, Keene.
- Rugg, John H.** Co. G; b. Hinsdale; age 41; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 26, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Claremont. See V. R. C.
- Runnals, John R.** Co. E; b. Hanover; age 20; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; app. Corp.; Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; 1 Sergt. May 15, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Hanover.
- Rush, John** Co. II; b. Pennsylvania; age 18; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 12, '64, on march.
- Russell, Charles** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 18; cred. Henniker; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Russell, George** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 24; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65. Died June 22, '65, Alexandria, Va.
- Russell, George W.** Co. G; b. Sutton; age 29; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, and died, wds. Sept. 18, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Russell, Henry C.** Co. F; b. Woodstock; age 19; res. Woodstock, cred. Woodstock; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv. Died, Oct. 29, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Russell, William** Co. F; b. Pennsylvania; age 32; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 21, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 15, '65, Alexandria, Va.
- Ryan, Bartholomew** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 32; res. Amherst, cred. Amherst; enl. July 10, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. June 8, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Ryan, Edward** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Alexandria; enl. Sept. 22, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 22, '64, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Ryan, Patrick** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Keene; enl. July 9, '64; must. in July 9, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Ryan, Thomas** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Ryan, William** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 19, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Ryder, Abram** Co. G; b. Berks County, Pa.; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Sabatee, Arthur W.** Co. B; b. Thornton; age 25; cred. Thornton; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; des. Feb., '63, Washington, D. C.
- Sabatee, Benjamin M.** Co. B; b. Woodstock; age 21; cred. Thornton; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 21, '62, as Priv.; des. Apr., '63, Winchester, Ky.
- Sabatee, William** Co. B; b. Thornton; age 28; cred. Thornton; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 27, '62, Warrenton, Va.

- Saegle, Anton.** Co. E; b. Germany; age 26; res. Germany, cred. Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, starvation, July 14, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Sailes, Reuben.** Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Béthlehem; enl. July 16, '64; must. in July 16, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Saladal, Leon.** Co. E; b. Manila, Luzon Isl.; age 25; res. Portland, Me., cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. Aug. 2, '64, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. Mar. 3, '66, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Sampson, John.** Co. A; b. Nova Scotia; age 18; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Kensington; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Cynthiana, Ky.
- Sampson, John C.** Co. H; b. Dover; age 22; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. B, Apr. 1, '63; 1 Lt. Co. E, Jan. 1, '64; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. See U. S. Navy.
- Sanborn, Abraham.** Co. A; b. Kingston; age 25; res. Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Jan. 24, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Sanborn, Andrew J.** Co. D; age 21; cred. Exeter; enl. June 6, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Sergt.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Supposed identical with Andrew J. Sanborn, State Service.
- Sanborn, Arvin M.** Co. C; b. Gilford; age 24; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. June 20, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 7, '62, Pleasant Valley, Md.
- Sanborn, Carroll.** Co. K; age 26; cred. Concord; enl. July 24, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Apr. 27, '63, Concord.
- Sanborn, Charles A.** Co. F; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 16, '62, Antietam, Md. P. O. ad., West Plymouth.
- Sanborn, Drew A.** Co. A; b. Acton, Me.; age 22; res. Salem, Mass., cred. Manchester; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 32 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 30, '63; re-enl. Aug. 24, '64; disch. Dec. 1, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Sanborn, Israel.** Co. K; b. Springfield; age 18; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; died, dis. Mar. 18, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Sanborn, John.** Co. B; b. Salisbury; age 31; res. Franklin, cred. Franklin; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63; assigned to Co. E, 13 I. C.; disch. July 12, '65, Augusta, Me., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Franklin.
- Sanders, James.** Unas'd; b. Youkers, N. Y.; age 26; res. New York city, cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 12, '63, Concord.
- Sanderson, Henry H.** Co. H; b. Windsor, Vt.; age 18; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. July 14, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 26, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Sands, John.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 22; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Lynn; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, *en route* to regt.
- Sargent, Frank B.** Co. K; b. New London; age 19; cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '65; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Stoneham, Mass. See 16 N. H. V.

- Sargent, Harvey H.** Co. G; b. Croydon; age 23; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 19 I. C., Jan. 16, '64; disch. July 13, '65, Elmira, N. Y. P. O. ad., Columbia, S. D.
- Sargent, Henry O.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Sargent, Levi W.** Co. A; b. Franchestown; age 21; res. New Boston, cred. New Boston; enl. June 20, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Togus, Me.
- Sargent, Lyman N.** Co. G; b. Weare; age 26; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; disch. disab. July 1, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Enfield.
- Savage, George W.** Co. A; b. Nashua; age 21; res. Merrimack, cred. Merrimack; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 28, '62, Pleasant Valley, Md. P. O. ad., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Sawins, Ruel.** Co. K; b. Marshfield, Vt.; age 29; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 11, '63, Louisville, Ky. Died May 4, '88.
- Sawyer, Andrew J.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 18; res. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 32 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 13, '63; disch. Aug. 14, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Croydon.
- Sawyer, Nelson N.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 37; res. Keene, cred. Keene; app. 2 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62; resigned Sept. 29, '62. Died Nov. 8, '73, Concord.
- Schackert, Charles.** Co. D; age 38; cred. Hanover; enl. July 11, '62; must. in Aug. 1, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 26, '63, Robinson's Station, Ky.
- Schaeffer, Frederick.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; des. Nov. 30, '64, while on furlough from Armory Square Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C.
- Schealala, John.** Co. H; substitute; b. Germany; age 20; cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Schmidt, Charles.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 23; res. Norway, cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 27, '64, Fairfax Court House, Va.
- Scott, Don E.** Co. E; b. Fairfax, Vt.; age 18; res. Warner, cred. Warner; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 11 N. H. V., Aug. 29, '62; must. out June 4, '65. P. O. ad., Bure, Kan.
- Scott, John.** Unas'd; b. Scotland; age 28; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Scott, Josiah.** Co. H; b. West Fairlee, Vt.; age 26; res. Sunapee, cred. Sunapee; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; sev. Dec. 13, '62, Federicksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 27, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Sunapee. See I N. H. H. Art.
- Seaver, Thomas B.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Seavey, John O.** Co. A; b. New Hampton; age 24; cred. Franconia; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 5, '63, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Severance, Benjamin.** Co. A; b. Kingston; age "40"; cred. Kingston; enl. July 15, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 31, '63, Washington, D. C. See V. R. C.

- Severance, Hezekiah M.** Co. G; b. Lempster; age 43; res. Washington, cred. Washington; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; des. Nov. 9, '62, New York.
- Shamony, Laroy.** Co. G; b. Canada; age 21; res. Canada, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; disch. May 12, '65, Concord.
- Shanley, James H.** Co. C; b. Longford County, Ir.; age 23; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 18, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 24, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Sharrer, Jonas.** Co. F; b. Lehigh, Pa.; age 28; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 47 Pa. Vet. Vol. Inf., Jan. 2, '65; enl. Sept. 4, '61, and must. in Sept. 18, '61, as Priv., Co. G, 47 Pa. Inf.; must. out Dec. 25, '65.
- Shaughnessy, John.** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 18; cred. North Hampton; enl. June 13, '64; must. in June 13, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Shaw, Charles F.** Co. B; b. Kensington; age 22; res. Chester, cred. Auburn; enl. May 31, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Shawney, William M.** Co. A; b. Strafford, Vt.; age 23; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. June 3, '62; must. in July 11, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. Aug. 25, '63, and assigned to Co. C, 21 Regt.; des. Feb. 12, '64, Bedloe's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Shea, Jeremiah.** Co. C; b. Kerry County, Ir.; age 22; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Nashua. See I N. H. V.
- Shedd, John G.** Co. E; b. Grantham; age 22; res. Grantham; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 29, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Shepherd, Aaron W.** Non-Com. Staff; b. Biddeford, Me.; age 21; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. July 26, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Hosp. Steward; disch. Dec. 16, '64, to accept promotion. P. O. ad., Brooklyn, N. Y. See 18 N. H. V.
- Shepherd, Enoch O.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Sherburne, John W.** Co. D; b. Bartlett; age 30; res. Bartlett, cred. Conway; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 25, '62; returned May 12, '63; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Conway Centre.
- Sherman, Peter.** Co. A; b. Canada; age 26; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 14, '63, Falmouth, Va. Supposed identical with Peter Sherman, Co. C, 14 N. H. V. P. O. ad., Bangor, Me.
- Sherwood, John.** Unas'd; b. Chelsea, Mass.; age 20; res. Chelsea, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; des. before being sent to general rendezvous.
- Sherwood, William.** Co. B; substitute; b. England; age 19; cred. Keene; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.; appreh.; tr. to Co. H; to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Sholes, Carlton H.** Co. K; b. Goshen; age 18; res. Goshen, cred. Goshen; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 1, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Short, A. R.** Co. G; b. Plainfield; age 30; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 9, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Unity. See I N. H. H. Art.
- Shover, John.** Co. H. See Peter Shover.

- Shover, Peter**, *alias* John Shover. Co. H; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Jefferson; enl. Sept. 30, '64; must. in Sept. 30, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.; appreh.; tr. to Co. F; to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Pascoag, R. I.
- Silver, Emanuel**. Co. H; b. Havana, Cuba; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Atkinson; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 25, '64.
- Simer, Harry**. Co. G; substitute; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 22; cred. Chatham; enl. May 19, '64; must. in May 19, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Simes, Shadrick S.** Co. C; b. Milton; age 19; res. Milton, cred. Portsmouth; enl. Jan. 5, '64; must. in Jan. 5, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died June 30, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Simon, Charles**. Co. F; substitute; b. Germany; age 22; cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Simonds, Lewis**. Co. F; b. Antrim; age 28; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62; disch. June 10, '65, as 2 Class Masc., near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., North Branch, Antrim.
- Simonds**. See Synolds.
- Simons, Charles J.** Co. A; b. Bombay, N. Y.; age 19; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 12, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Sgt.; app. 1 Sgt.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; app. 2 Lt. Co. K, Nov. 1, '64; not must.; app. 1 Lt. Co. A, Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Chicago, Ill.
- Simpkins, Luke**. Co. D; b. England; age 27; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. July 23, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 7, '63, Concord.
- Simpson, Henry H.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Sinclair, James**. Co. A; b. Scotland; age 18; res. Epping, cred. Epping; enl. June 27, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 27, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Sinclair, Pierre**. Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Westmoreland; enl. June 15, '64; must. in June 15, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Skillings, William L.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Sleeper, Charles F.** Co. G; b. Quincy, Mass.; age 18; cred. Francestown; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 23, '64, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. May 31, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Francestown.
- Slow, John**. Co. G; substitute; b. England; age 21; cred. Milford; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Slyfield, James**. Co. I; b. Keene; age 18; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Waldo, Wis.
- Small, Orrin A.** Co. C; b. Holderness; age 26; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Dec. 4, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Great Falls.
- Small, William**. Co. D; b. Delaware; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.

- Smilie, George A.** Co. I; b. Brunswick, Me.; age 38; cred. Fitzwilliam; enl. July 8, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; returned Mar. 7, '63; must. out June 10, '65. Died Apr. 14, '90, Lynn, Mass.
- Smith, Andrew C.** Co. F; b. Canada; age 23; res. Worcester, Mass., cred. Londonderry; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; excl.; returned to duty May 2, '65; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Smith, Andrew M.** Co. G; age 20; cred. Greenfield; enl. July 12, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 7, '62, on march from Washington, D. C., to Leesborough.
- Smith, Baxter P.** Co. F; b. Lyme; age 33; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. dis. Feb. 6, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died Feb. 6, '84, Washington, D. C.
- Smith, Charles.** Co. H; b. London, Ohio; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 6, '64, on march.
- Smith, Charles, 1st.** Co. A; b. Pennsylvania; age 33; res. Pennsylvania, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 1, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Smith, Charles, 2d.** Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 36; cred. Keene; enl. July 11, '64; must. in July 11, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Smith, Charles B.** Co. F; substitute; b. England; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Smith, Charles F.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 21; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Smith, David.** Co. K; b. Jersey City, N. J.; age 20; res. Jersey City, N. J., cred. New Castle; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Falmouth, Ky.
- Smith, Dexter D.** Co. G; b. Frankestown; age 38; cred. Concord; enl. Sept. 10, '63; must. in Sept. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Franklin. See Miscel. Organizations.
- Smith, Edwin F.** Co. B; age 23; enl. June 16, '62, at Holderness; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; des. Oct. 10, '62, Sharpsburg, Md.
- Smith, George.** Co. C; b. Sweden; age 40; res. New York city, cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 5, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago," "William G. Anderson," "Potomac," and "Vermont"; disch. July 30, '66.
- Smith, George W.** Co. I; b. New York; age 20; cred. Pembroke; enl. Nov. 14, '63; must. in Nov. 14, '63, as Priv.; reported on m. o. roll as tr. to 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65, with remark, "absent in arrest for desertion; never joined 6 Regt." N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Smith, Henry.** Co. A; substitute; b. England; age 22; cred. Keene; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Smith, James.** Co. G; substitute; b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; cred. Sandwich; enl. May 19, '64; must. in May 19, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Smith, James.** Co. G; substitute; b. Detroit, Mich.; age 22; cred. Brookfield; enl. June 2, '64; must. in June 2, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.

- Smith, James. Co. I; b. Italy; age 20; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 2, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Smith, James. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 26; res. New York city, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. July 8, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Smith, James M. Co. G; b. Mont Vernon; age 22; res. Antrim, cred. Antrim; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; tr. to Co. F, 23 V. R. C., Sept. 18, '64; disch. disab. Nov. 8, '64, Milwaukee, Wis. Died July 15, '65, Antrim.
- Smith, Jason. Co. B; b. Lyman; age 34; res. Littleton, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. July 17, '64, City Point, Va. See 6 N. H. V.
- Smith, John. Co. E; b. Amsterdam, Holland; age 21; cred. Plainfield; enl. Sept. 6, '64; must. in Sept. 6, '64, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Mar. 18, '65, Ft. Alexander Hays, Va.
- Smith, John. Co. K; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Stoddard; enl. Sept. 23, '64; must. in Sept. 23, '64, as Priv.; des. Apr. 3, '65, Petersburg, Va.
- Smith, John. Unas'd; b. Salem, N. J.; age 20; cred. Chichester; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Smith, Joseph. Co. G; b. Nova Scotia; age 24; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 8, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Smith, Luther. Co. I; b. East Ripley, Me.; age 44; cred. Swanzey; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Feb. 3, '79, Swanzey.
- Smith, Martin. Co. A; b. New York; age 21; res. Newberry, Pa., cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Smith, McNorman C. Co. D; substitute; b. Raymond; age 18; cred. Deerfield; enl. Aug. 16, '64; must. in Aug. 16, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. Aug. 10, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Epping.
- Smith, Orville. Co. G; b. Lemster; age 30; res. Lemster, cred. Lemster; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62; app. Capt. Co. B, Nov. 1, '63; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Smith, Perley A. Co. K; b. Goshen; age 18; res. Goshen, cred. Goshen; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 4, '64; capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released. Died, dis. Mar. 20, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- Smith, Peter. Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 27; cred. Westmoreland; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Smith, Peter L. Co. K; b. Germany; age 25; res. New York city, cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; entered Lovell Gen. Hosp., Portsmouth Grove, R. I., Aug. 7, '64; furloughed Nov. 1, '64; failed to return; considered a deserter from Dec. 1, '64. P. O. ad., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Smith, Stephen C. Co. F; b. Washington; age 33; res. Lemster, cred. Lemster; enl. July 7, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 20 I. C., Nov. 15, '63; disch. July 14, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Hillsborough.
- Smith, Thomas. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Randolph, N. Y., cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 8, '64, Paris, Ky.

- Smith, William.** Co. G; b. Vermont; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Sunapee; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 29, '64, near Cuba, Ky.
- Smith, William.** Co. G; substitute; b. London, Eng.; age 26; cred. Wolfborough; enl. May 19, '64; must. in May 19, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Smith, William.** Co. K; b. England; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Deerfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 6, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago" and "Chocura"; des. Sept. 7, '65.
- Smith, William.** Co. K; b. England; age 24; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. (Unofficially reported as capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.)
- Snell, George.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Snell, Nehemiah C.** Co. K; b. Madison; age 40; cred. Freedom; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 13, '62, New York city. See I N. II. H. Art.
- Solomon, Richard.** Co. H; b. New York; age 20; res. Brooklyn, N. Y., cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Stanford, Ky.
- Spaulding, Daniel.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Spaulding, Sidney C.** Co. E; b. Plainfield; age 18; res. Cornish, cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 4, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Spaulding, Sylvester.** Co. K; b. Hartland, Vt.; age 37; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; killed May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Spear, Lewis.** Co. A; b. Quincy, Mass.; age 36; res. Quincy, Mass.; enl. June 3, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 Art., U. S. A., Sept. 30, '62; des. Dec. 1, '62, near Falmouth, Va.
- Spencer, John.** Co. A; b. England; age 31; res. New York city, cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; des. July 15, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Spencer, Luman A.** Co. G; b. Lempster; age 18; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 26, '64, City Point, Va.
- Spencer, Thomas.** Co. G; b. England; age 21; res. Littleton, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Sprague, S. Henry.** Co. I; b. Richmond; age 21; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Q. M. Sergt. Sept. 27, '62; 1 Lt. Co. F, Nov. 13, '62. Died, dis. Aug. 18, '63, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Sprague, William S.** Co. C; b. Connecticut; age 41; res. London, Conn., cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Stalbird, Lorin E.** Co. H; b. Vermont; age 18; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 19, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Stanley, John.** Co. A; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as capt'd. May 21, '64, Oxford, Va. Died Aug. 14, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Staples, Christopher C.** Co. D; b. North Berwick, Me.; age 35; cred. Exeter; enl. July 4, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Togus, Me.

- Staples, John W. Co. D; b. Tufstonborough; age 21; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 9, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. Died May 29, '80, Allon.
- Staples, Mark G. Co. H; b. Jefferson; age 25; res. Whitefield, cred. Whitefield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Dec. 26, '62, New York city. P. O. ad., Whitefield.
- Stearns, Albert B. Co. E; b. Lebanon; age 20; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 26, '64, North Anna River, Va.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '65; Sergt. May 15, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., West Lebanon.
- Stearns, George. Co. I; b. Rindge; age 19; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md. Died, dis. Dec. 24, '62, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Stevens, Anthony C. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Stevens, Charles. Unas'd; b. Buffalo, N. Y.; age 25; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Stevens, Charles S. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Stevens, Chester C. Co. D; b. Brentwood; age 27; res. Brentwood; enl. Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date Aug. 5, '62, as Capt.; resigned Dec. 25, '62.
- Stevens, Edward J. Co. B; b. Worcester, Mass.; age 31; cred. South Hampton; enl. Dec. 1, '63; must. in Dec. 1, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 25, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Stevens, George M. Co. H; b. Daubury; age 18; cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 24, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. June 30, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- Stevens, Josiah, Jr. F. and S.; b. Newport; age 36; res. Concord; app. Lt. Col. June 14, '62; not must.; declined appointment June 14, '62. Died Oct. 26, '75, Manchester. See 2 N. H. V.
- Stevens, Thomas. Co. G; b. Canada; age 33; res. Franconia; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Stevens, Thomas. Co. G; substitute; b. St. John, N. B.; age 28; cred. Madison; enl. June 8, '64; must. in June 8, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Stewart, James. Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Hebron; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Stewart, Jonathan S. Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- St. Francois, Edmond. Co. E; b. Canada; age 22; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Sept. 30, '62. Died, dis. Aug. 31, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Stillings, Alonzo. Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 26; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to 16 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. disab. Aug. 21, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Stoddard, Almond A. Co. K; b. Unity; age 44; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. June 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Stoll, Alexander. Co. I; b. Germany; age 21; res. Harrisburg, Pa., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Paris, Ky.

- Stone, Andrew J.** Co. F; b. Dumbarton; cred. Dumbarton; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date Aug. 5, '62; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. May 20, '64, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Story, Charles H.** Co. G; b. Antrim; age 21; res. Antrim, cred. Antrim; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Died, dis. July 24, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- St. Owen, Alfred.** Co. A; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Piermont; enl. July 13, '64; must. in July 13, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Stratton, Julius.** Co. I; b. Jaffrey; age 23; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 10, '63, *en route* from Vicksburg, Miss., to Cairo, Ill.
- Streeter, Albert W.** Co. I; b. Chesterfield; age 19; cred. Chesterfield; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 6, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Streeter, Edwin H.** Co. I; b. Milwaukee, Wis.; age 21; cred. Chesterfield; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Worcester, Mass.
- Streeter, Herbert N.** Co. I; b. Westmoreland; age 18; cred. Chesterfield; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 22, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md. Died, dis. Feb. 7, '63, Aquia Creek, Va.
- Sullivan, Bartholomew.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 10, '63, Concord. Supposed identical with Bartholomew Sullivan, Co. D, 1 N. H. H. Art.
- Sullivan, James.** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Hinsdale; enl. June 16, '64; must. in June 16, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Sullivan, John.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 20; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '64; Sergt. Apr. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65.
- Sullivan, John.** Co. F; substitute; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Pembroke; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Sullivan, John.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 23; res. Rome, N. Y., cred. Sullivan; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 27, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Sullivan, John.** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 18; cred. Stoddard; enl. Sept. 20, '64; must. in Sept. 20, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 2, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Sullivan, Michael.** Co. I; b. Ireland; age 43; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Feb. 10, '63, New York city. See V. R. C.
- Sullivan, Thomas.** Co. D; b. New Brunswick; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 5, '64, Bellaire, Ohio.
- Sullivan, Thomas C.** Co. II; b. Ireland; age 38; res. Northumberland, cred. Northumberland; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. II, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. July 6, '65, near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Groveton.
- Sullivan, William.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Sunapee; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 2, '64, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Swain, Rufus W.** Co. B; b. Laconia; age 20; res. Laconia, cred. Gilford; enl. July 17, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. to date June 10, '65. Died Mar. 19, '88, Laconia.

- Sweanor, Edward.** Co. C; b. Sherbrooke, Can.; age 16; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 30, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Sweat, Charles, Jr.** Co. I; drafted; b. Columbia, cred. Columbia; drafted June 9, '64; must. in June 9, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Columbia.
- Sweat, Thomas J.** Co. E; b. Cornish; age 20; res. Lebanon, cred. Lebanon; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 14, '63, Concord.
- Sweeney, Michael.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Winchester; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Sweeney, Patrick.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 19; cred. Allenstown; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Sweeney, William.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Sweet, Gardiner.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 27; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; des. June 5, '64, from hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. See 3 N. H. V.
- Sweeney, Patrick.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 23; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Sylvester, George P.** Co. F; b. West Newbury, Mass.; age 23; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. June 16, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Sergt.; app. Sergt. Maj. Sept. 29, '62; 2 Lt. Co. I, Mar. 1, '63; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. June 5, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Symmister, Stephen E.** Co. H; b. Sunapee; age 19; res. Sunapee, cred. Sunapee; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, and died, wds. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Symonds, Charles W.** Co. I; b. Rindge; age 19; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gd. from mis. Dec. 25, '64; disch. May 17, '65, Baltimore, Md. Died Jan. 9, '73, Rindge.
- Symonds.** See Simonds.
- Taffi, Patrick.** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 38; res. New York city, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 27, '64, Hall's Gap, Ky.
- Taft, Albert H.** Co. E; b. Nelson; age 24; res. Nelson, cred. Nelson; enl. July 29, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Nov. 13, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Winchester.
- Tanner, George W.** Co. A; b. Exeter; age 18; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Farmington.
- Tanner, Seth.** Co. A; b. Rochester; age 44; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 15, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Tappan, James M.** Co. A; b. East Kingston; age 21; res. East Kingston, cred. Exeter; enl. June 12, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Corp.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. Died, dis. Oct. 28, '62, Pleasant Valley, Md.
- Tarbell, Myral.** Co. G; b. Mason; age 28; res. Washington, cred. Washington; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 27, '62, Newark, N. J.

- Taylor, Alfred.** Co. H; b. London, Eng.; age 36; res. New York city, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '65; Sergt. Apr. 1, '65; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Taylor, Alfred W.** Co. H; b. England; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; capt. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; escaped Feb. 22, '65; des. Apr. 28, '65, while on furlough from Camp Parole, Md.
- Taylor, Ransom O.** Co. I; b. Vermont; age 36; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Jan. 20, '64; must. in Jan. 20, '64, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 1, '64, Concord.
- Teel, Josiah.** Co. K; b. Concord; age 18; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 30, '63, Aquia Creek, Va.
- Teller, John.** Co. B; b. Sweden; age 24; cred. Franklin; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. May 4, '64, Bristol Station, Va.
- Tennant, Matthew P.** Co. B; b. Merrimack; age 18; cred. Manchester; enl. June 25, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. wds. May 4, '63. See V. R. C.
- Tenry, George.** Co. F; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Lancaster; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Thomas, John.** Co. B; substitute; b. Louisiana; age 21; cred. Dublin; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 22, '64, City Point, Va.
- Thomas, John.** Unas'd; b. France; age 19; cred. Chichester; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Thomas, Lucian F.** Co. H; b. Jefferson; age 18; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. June 30, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 1, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Thompson, Alexander.** Co. K; b. Paisley, Scot.; age 39; res. Boston, Mass., cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, dis. Sept. 7, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Thompson, Charles.** Co. G; b. Norway; age 22; res. Norway, cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 28, '64, Fairfax Court House, Va.
- Thompson, Charles.** Co. G; b. Bangor, Me.; age 37; res. Bangor, Me., cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Thompson, Charles H.** Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 28; res. Laconia; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 5, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Clara Dolsen," "Minnesota," and "Monticello"; disch. June 29, '65, as Coxswain. P. O. ad., Dover.
- Thompson, Francis.** Co. F; substitute; b. Sweden; age 19; cred. Jaffrey; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Wis.
- Thompson, George M.** Co. A; b. Massachusetts; age 19; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 22, '64, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Thompson, James.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 33; cred. Rollinsford; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. Died, dis. May 15, '65, Annapolis, Md.
- Thompson, James.** Co. F; substitute; b. England; age 21; cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 19, '64; must. in Aug. 19, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.

- Thompson, James.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv. N. I. R. A. G. O.
- Thompson, Jerome.** Co. F; b. Stoddard; age 27; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. July 16, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Sept. 29, '62; disch. disab. July 29, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky. Died July 14, '78.
- Thompson, John.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 20; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; reported on m. o. roll as tr. to 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65, with remark, "absent sick since June 20, '64; never joined 6 Regt." N. I. R. A. G. O.
- Thompson, John.** Co. H; b. Dublin, Ir.; age "18"; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 17, '63, Washington, D. C. See V. R. C.
- Thompson, John.** Co. H; substitute; b. England; age 22; cred. Swanzey; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; 1 Lt. Co. D, Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65.
- Thompson, John.** Co. K; b. Edinburgh, Scot.; age 33; res. New York city, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 31, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; app. Corp.; des. Jan. 15, '65, Portsmouth.
- Thompson, Patrick.** Co. F; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 25, '64; must. in Aug. 25, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.; apprh. Sept. 23, '64; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Thompson, William.** Co. A; b. Massachusetts; age 26; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Rindge; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, dis. Feb. 2, '65, Salisbury, N. C.
- Thompson, William.** Co. H; b. Canada; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 5, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Winnebago" and "Circassian"; disch. disab. Mar. 21, '65, from receiving ship, Boston, Mass.
- Thompson, William B.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Thomson, Willson M.** Co. F; b. Lempster; age 24; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. July 16, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 48 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Nov. 15, '63; disch. June 26, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lempster.
- Thorn, Thomas.** Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Stratford; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Thurbur, Hiram.** Co. G; b. New York; age 19; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 3, '65, Chester, Pa. P. O. ad., Lempster.
- Thurston, Eugene.** Co. D; age 24; cred. Exeter; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Corp.; des. Dec. 7, '63, Camp Denison, Ohio.
- Thurston, Frank.** Co. E; b. Concord; age 18; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Stoddard.
- Tibbetts, Enoch.** Co. C; b. Somersworth; age 21; res. Somersworth, cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Dover.
- Tibbetts, Stephen.** Co. C; b. Berwick, Me.; age 21; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 14, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; must. out June 10, '65.

- Tilton, Charles W.** Co. C; b. Northfield; age 32; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. July 17, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in to date July 17, '62, as 1 Lt.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; resigned Dec. 5, '62. P. O. ad., Tilton. See 4 N. H. V. and State Service.
- Titus, Herbert B.** F. and S.; b. Chesterfield; age 28; res. Chesterfield; app. Major June 14, '62; must. in Aug. 7, '62; app. Lt. Col. Aug. 26, '62; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; app. Col. Nov. 22, '62; disch. disab. Sept. 27, '64; reinstated Nov. 1, '64; disch. to date June 10, '65. Bvt. Brig. Gen., U. S. V., to date from Mar. 13, '65, for gallant and meritorious services during the war. P. O. ad., East Wilmington, Vt. See 2 N. H. V.
- Tolberg, Hans.** Co. C. See Charles Johnson.
- Tompkins, Henry.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 24; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Apr. 12, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Topp, Albert.** Co. F; substitute; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Epsom; enl. Aug. 27, '64; must. in Aug. 27, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 8, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Torpy, Michael.** Co. G; b. Ireland; age 20; res. Charlestown, cred. Charlestown; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Towle, Frank P.** Co. D; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 18; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. June 11, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 20, '62, David's Isl., N. Y. H. See V. R. C.
- Towle, Patrick.** Co. D. See Frank P. Towle.
- Towne, Samuel C.** Co. G; b. Claremont; age 28; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Winchester.
- Towns, Charles E.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 23; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 16, '62, as Priv. Died, concussion of the brain, Feb. 20, '65, near Petersburg Va. See 1 N. H. V.
- Tracy, George B.** Co. E; b. Cornish; age 36; res. Lebanon; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 8, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. Died, wds. June 6, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Tracy, Henry N.** Co. F; b. Cornish; age 24; res. Lyme, cred. Lyme; enl. July 7, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Corp.; reduced to ranks at his own request; disch. disab. May 17, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Lyme.
- Triggs, Benjamin.** Co. E; b. England; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Troy, Dennis H.** Co. F; b. Acton, Mass.; age 22; res. Epsom; enl. July 21, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. May 7, '64, Wilderness, Va.; exch. Died, dis. Dec. 30, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Tucker, Austin H.** Co. B; b. Bedford; age 22; res. Bedford; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Corp.; app. 1 Sergt. June 1, '63; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; par. Oct. 18, '64; disch. May 16, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., South Framingham, Mass.
- Tucker, Charles H.** Co. C; b. New York; age 17; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 12, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Tucker, Samuel E.** Co. F; b. Henniker; age 21; res. Henniker, cred. Henniker; enl. June 4, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Henniker.

- Tufts, George.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 33; cred. Stoddard; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 27, '65, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Turner, Frederick F.** Co. C; b. Milford; age 18; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; mis. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gd. from mts.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milford.
- Turner, Henry.** Co. K; b. Scotland; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Franconia; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 22, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Turner, William.** Co. A; b. New York; age 21; res. Albany, N. Y., cred. Rindge; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Tuttle, John F.** Co. A; b. Lee; age 18; res. Epping, cred. Epping; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 18, '64, Petersburg, Va.; des.; reported under President's Proclamation; disch. May 15, '65, Galloup's Isl, B. H., Mass.
- Twombly, Joseph B.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 31; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 30, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Sergt.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Mar. 18, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Rochester. See U. S. Navy.
- Underhill, Charles W.** Co. F; b. Chester; age 49; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. wds. June 3, '65, Concord. Died May 26, '82, Hopkinton.
- Underwood, Henry.** Co. B; substitute; b. England; age 20; cred. Winchester; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 22, '64, City Point, Va., *en route to regt.*
- Upham, Lorenzo M.** Co. G; b. South Royalston, Mass.; age 24; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd., accidentally, Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 30, '62. P. O. ad., Hinsdale.
- Ure, Daniel.** Co. H; b. Lawrence, Mass.; age 19; cred. Nottingham; enl. Aug. 17, '64; must. in Aug. 17, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Valentine, James.** Co. D; substitute; b. England; age 22; cred. Hopkinton; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; reported on m. o. roll of Co. D, 6 N. H. V., dated July 17, '65, as absent in arrest for desertion. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Vallely, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age "38"; cred. Dover; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 14, '63, Falmouth, Va. See V. R. C.
- Varicieu, Batty.** Co. B; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Keene; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 24, '64, City Point, Va., *en route to regt.*
- Varine, Augustus.** Co. H; b. France; age 26; res. New York city, cred. Bethlehem; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; capt. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Varney, Edwin C.** Co. K; b. Rochester; age 18; cred. Barnstead; enl. Jan. 20, '64; must. in Jan. 20, '64, as Priv.; capt. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 9, '64, Danville, Va.
- Varney, Orin.** Co. K; b. Rochester; age 16; cred. Barnstead; enl. Jan. 20, '64; must. in Jan. 20, '64, as Musc.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.

- Vezina, Octave**, *alias* Joseph Lachanse. Co. B; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Litchfield; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 20, '63, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Vezina, Octave**. Co. B. See Joseph Lachanse.
- Vincent, George L.** Co. E; b. New Hampshire; age 21; res. Milan, cred. Milan; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 26, '64, North Anna River, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. June 16, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Milan.
- Von Jagow, Henry**. Co. A; b. Prussia; age 29; res. New York city, cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Vroomer, John**. Co. E; substitute; b. Canada; age 23; cred. Jefferson; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; furloughed Nov. 1, '64, for 15 days, from 2 Div. Gen. Hosp., Alexandria, Va.; no evidence of return. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Wadleigh, Joseph B.** Co. A; b. Kensington; age 18; res. Exeter, cred. Exeter; enl. June 20, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Died, dis. Feb. 2, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Wagner, Jacob**. Co. H; substitute; b. Germany; age 20; cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 20, '64; must. in Aug. 20, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Wakefield, George L.** Co. G; b. Plymouth, Vt.; age 18; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; June 16, '64, and July 15, '64, Petersburg, Va.; Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; app. Sergt. May 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Henniker.
- Waldron, George**. Co. B; b. Warner; age 18; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. Died Jan. 6, '89, Whitehall, N. Y.
- Walker, Henry**. Co. B; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Stark; enl. July 8, '64; must. in July 8, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 22, '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Walker, James H.** Co. F; age 35; res. Concord, cred. Canaan; enl. June 19, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- Walker, Martin L.** Co. A; b. Boseawen; age 36; res. Sutton, cred. Sutton; enl. June 12, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 1, '63, Washington, D. C. See V. R. C.
- Walker, William**. Unas'd; b. England; age 34; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 7, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Walker, William A.** Co. E; b. Morristown, Vt.; age 18; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 3, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Wallace, Charles**. Co. A; b. Newbury, Vt.; age 21; res. Newbury, Vt.; enl. July 8, '62; must. in July 11, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 18, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Wallace, Joseph H.** Co. B; b. Manchester; age 21; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Sergt. Died, dis. Oct. 19, '63, Paris, Ky. See 3 N. H. V. and State Service.
- Wallace, Samuel J.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 22; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Wallace, William**. Co. H; b. Eastport, Me.; age 28; cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 26, '64, Stanford, Ky.

- Wallace, William, 1st. Co. B; b. Ireland; age 37; res. New York city, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. May 28, '64, North Anna River, Va.
- Wallace, William, 2d. Co. B; b. Illinois; age 18; res. New York city, cred. Sullivan; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. July 7, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Walsh, James. Unas'd; b. New York; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Danbury; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Walsh, John. Co. D; b. Prince Edward's Island; age 23; cred. Littleton; enl. Jan. 10, '65; must. in Jan. 10, '65, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Mar. 17, '65, Ft. Alexander Hays, Va.
- Walsh, Patrick. Co. E; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Walsh. See Welch and Welsh.
- Waltear, William. Co. I; b. Germany; age 27; res. New York city, cred. Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 2, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Walter, Thomas. Co. B; substitute; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Keene; enl. June 29, '64; must. in June 29, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '64, *en route* to regt.
- Walters, John. Co. E; b. Youngstown, N. Y.; age 22; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va.
- Ward, Albert C. Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Landaff; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Ward, Burnett. Co. H; substitute; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 22, '64; must. in Aug. 22, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Ward, George T. Co. G; b. Washington; age 18; cred. Charlestown; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. Died Jan. 14, '67, North Charlestown.
- Ward, James. Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Columbia; enl. June 17, '64; must. in June 17, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Ward, James. Co. H; substitute; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Greenfield; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Ward, John. Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Concord; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Ward, Lewis K. Co. B; drafted; b. Ashburnham, Mass.; age 41; res. Fitzwilliam, cred. Fitzwilliam; drafted June 6, '64; must. in June 6, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Fitzwilliam.
- Warner, Robert. Unas'd. See 11 N. H. V.
- Warren, Charles H. Co. K; b. Ohio; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Jefferson; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 22, '64, Pegram House, Va.
- Warren, Henry. Co. D; b. South Berwick, Me.; age 21; cred. Dover; enl. July 23, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 16, '63, Washington, D. C.

- Warren, Osmon B.** Co. H; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan., '64; 1 Sergt. Mar. 1, '64; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released Feb. 27, '65; disch. June 15, '65, to date June 10, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Warren, Sylvester B.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 22; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; app. Corp. July 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. Died Mar. 23, '72, Newport.
- Warsch, Melchoir.** Co. B; b. Germany; age 23; cred. Mont Vernon; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 24, '64, Camp Burnside, Ky.
- Washburn, James S.** Co. G; b. Granville, Vt.; age 28; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; par. Oct. 9, '64; disch. June 28, '65, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Watson, Anthony C.** Co. G; substitute; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Marlow; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Watson, Thomas.** Co. G; substitute; b. Springfield, Mass.; age 19; cred. Gilford; enl. June 13, '64; must. in June 13, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Watts, Charles H.** Co. H; b. Boston, Mass.; age 31; res. Sumapee, cred. Sumapee; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 23, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 10, '63, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Way, William E.** Co. G; b. Lempsler; age 23; res. Lempsler; cred. Lempsler; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 30, '62, Newark, N. J. P. O. ad., North Charles-town.
- Webb, William.** Co. E; substitute; b. England; age 18; cred. Thornton; enl. June 14, '64; must. in June 14, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Webber, John.** Unas'd; b. New York; age 26; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 13, '64, Concord.
- Webster, Charles H.** Co. A; b. Kingston; age 19; res. East Kingston, cred. Kingston; enl. June 19, '62; must. in July 10, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 1, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Webster, Edson H.** Co. D; b. Chittenden County, Vt.; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. July 23, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Sergt.; tr. to Co. H, 2 Cav., U. S. A., Oct. 25, '62; des. Sept., '63, as Priv., Camp Buford, Md. P. O. ad., Nashua. See U. S. Marine Corps.
- Webster, Henry I.** Co. C; b. Sandwich; age 23; res. Sandwich, cred. Sandwich; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 23, '63, Concord.
- Webster, Jason K.** Co. G; b. Antrim; age 20; res. Antrim, cred. Antrim; enl. Aug. 1, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 25, '64, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Madelia, Minn.
- Webster, John.** Co. D; b. Ireland; age 29; cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Dept. of Northwest Oct. 24, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Webster, John P.** Co. G; b. Northfield, Vt.; age 18; res. Unity, cred. Unity; enl. July 28, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 94 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. Died Dec. 9, '88, Boscawen (Penacook) cook).

- Webster, Nathaniel.** Co. A; b. Manchester; age 44; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 18, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 5, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Webster, Roger N.** Co. F; b. Lyme; age 18; res. Lyme, cred. Lyme; enl. June 26, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65.
- Webster, William A.** F. and S.; b. Rochester; age 32; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; app. Surg. July 1, '62; must. in July 2, '62; disch. disab. Jan. 5, '65. Died Feb. 7, '87, Manchester.
- Weeks, George.** Co. D; b. Bartlett; age 18; res. Bartlett, cred. Conway; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 3, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Weeks, John E. G.** Co. D; b. Concord; age 21; cred. Exeter; enl. June 21, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 22 V. R. C., May 2, '64; to 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., May 7, '64; disch. disab. May 13, '64. Died July 20, '65, Exeter.
- Weeks, John S.** Co. D; b. Exeter; age "42"; cred. Exeter; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 27, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., South Newmarket. See V. R. C.
- Weir, William W.** Co. F; b. Canada; age 38; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63; assigned to Co. K, 13 I. C.; disch. disab. Jan. 28, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Died Aug. 19, '90, Hooksett. See I N. H. V.
- Welch, Charles P.** Co. F; b. Orange County, N. Y.; age 20; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 28, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Welch, David.** Co. A; b. Thornton; age 32; res. Newton, cred. Newton; enl. June 7, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 8, '65, Danville, Va.
- Welch, John.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 23, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Welch, John.** Co. C; b. Newfoundland; age 19; res. Norway, cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 24, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Welch, John G.** Co. A; b. Hill; age 18; res. Newton, cred. Newton; enl. June 13, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va. Died, starvation, Oct. 27, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Welch.** See Walsh and Welsh.
- Wells, Milo E.** Co. A; b. Littleton; age 23; res. Littleton, cred. Littleton; enl. June 4, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 8, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Monroe. See 4 N. H. V. and V. R. C.
- Wells, Walter.** Co. F; b. Compton, Can.; age 24; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Oct. 5, '62; tr. to Co. F, 17 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. P. O. ad., Lincoln, Me.
- Wepley, William.** Co. C; b. Ireland; age 28; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 27, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Welsh, John.** Co. G; substitute; b. New Jersey; age 22; cred. Conway; enl. June 8, '64; must. in June 8, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Welsh.** See Walsh and Welch.

- Wentworth, Charles H. Co. H; b. Rochester; age 21; res. Rochester, cred. Rochester; enl. July 25, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; app. Corp. Aug. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65.
- Wentworth, James G. Co. C; b. Milton; age 24; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 4, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 12, '62, near Fredericksburg, Va. Died Apr. 8, '85, Milford.
- Wentworth, Joseph. Co. D; age 18; cred. Rollinsford; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. July 1, '63; assigned to Co. F, 13 I. C.; disch. June 28, '65, Concord.
- Wentworth, Reuben J. Co. K; b. Milton; age 29; cred. Milton; enl. July 10, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milton Mills.
- Werner, Fred. Co. G; substitute; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Sandown; enl. June 9, '64; must. in June 9, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Wescott, Gustine M. Co. F; b. Danbury; age 28; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 13, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Nov. 5, '62. P. O. ad., Rumney. See V. R. C.
- West, Royal F. Co. K; b. Vermont; age 19; cred. Plainfield; enl. Sept. 3, '64; must. in Sept. 3, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Military Home, Kan.
- Wheeler, Albert R. Co. I; b. Roxbury; age 19; res. Roxbury, cred. Roxbury; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; app. Corp.; wd. June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died, wds. July 20, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Wheeler, Albion. Co. I; b. Billerica, Mass.; age 26; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Wheeler, Charles W. Co. G; b. Acworth; age 19; res. Acworth, cred. Acworth; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Wheeler, James H. Co. G; b. Roxbury, Mass.; age 18; res. Acworth, cred. Acworth; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; must. out June 10, '65. Died May 29, '86, Orange, Mass.
- Whidden, Asahel G. Co. B; b. Loudon; age 18; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Milford, Mass.
- Whipple, Eugene E. Co. A; b. Haverhill; age 18; res. Lowell, Mass.; enl. June 13, '62; must. in July 3, '62, as Priv.; des. July 4, '62, Concord.
- Whipple, John P. Co. C; b. Andover; age 29; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 23, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Sergt.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Biddeford, Me. See I. N. H. V.
- Whitcomb, Nathan. Co. H; b. Canada; age 43; cred. Lyman; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. Feb. 7, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- White, Charles. Co. D; b. Ireland; age 22; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Acworth; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 28, '64, Somerset, Ky.
- White, Frederick. Co. A; b. Newfoundland; age 24; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 23, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- White, Henry. Co. C; b. Albany, N. Y.; age 32; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 21, '63; must. in Dec. 21, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. '63, Albany, N. Y., *en route* to regt.

- White, Henry.** Co. D; substitute; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Keene; enl. July 1, '64; must. in July 1, '64, as Priv.; app. Corp.; tr. to Co. D, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- White, Ithiel I.** Co. K; b. Cornish; age 24; res. Cornish, cred. Cornish; enl. July 31, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- White, James E.** Co. I; b. Keene; age 21; cred. Westmoreland; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. July 13, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lowell, Mass.
- White, Thomas.** Co. E; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 3, '64, Covington, Ky.
- White.** See Whyte.
- Whitehouse, John H.** Co. C; b. Somersworth; age 19; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. June 10, '62; must. in July 17, '62, as Priv.; des. Jan. 17, '63, near Falmouth, Va.
- Whitfield, Smith A.** Co. G; b. Francetown; age 21; res. Francetown; app. Capt. Aug. 10, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. Oct. 14, '64, to accept promotion. P. O. ad., Washington, D. C. See 2 N. H. V. and U. S. C. T.
- Whiting, Edward.** Co. B; b. Tamworth; age 24; res. Gilford; enl. July 7, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Orange, Mass.
- Whitley, Frederick.** Co. F; b. England; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Chesterfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; disch. May 9, '65, Fortugas Isls., Fla. P. O. ad., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Whitney, Charles S.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Whittier, Elbridge F.** Co. A; b. Sutton; age 21; res. Sutton, cred. Sutton; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 17, '63, Cynthia, Ky.
- Whittle, James C.** Co. I; b. Westminster, Vt.; age 40; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. June 30, '65, near Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Wholey, John.** Co. K. See John H. Carey.
- Whyte, Andrew.** Co. D; b. England; age 42; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. July 22, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Died, dis. Sept. 12, '63, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Whyte.** See White.
- Wichsel, John.** Co. C; b. Germany; age 22; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Kensington; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Wiggin, Alonzo L.** Co. K; b. Milton; age 33; cred. Wakefield; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 26, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.
- Wilcox, Charles W.** Co. I; b. Brookfield, Vt.; age 25; res. Keene, cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 5, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. F, May 1, '63; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; par. Mar. 5, '65; disch. May 15, '65. P. O. ad., Milford, Mass.
- Wilcox, John E.** Co. G; b. Lempster; age 18; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., South Haven, Mich.

- Wilcox, William H.** Co. G; b. Lempster; age 21; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; wd. June 17, '64, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 11 V. R. C.; disch. July 1, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., South Haven, Mich.
- Wilder, Francis.** Co. B; b. Germany; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Wiley, Edgar F.** Co. I; b. Landgrove, Vt.; age 18; cred. Westmoreland; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May, '64, Spotsylvania, Va.; tr. to 131 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Jan. 9, '65; disch. July 3, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Gardner, Mass.
- Wiley.** See Willey.
- Wilkins, Isaac F.** Co. G; b. Hillsborough; age 31; res. Hillsborough, cred. Hillsborough; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; must. out June 10, '65.
- Wilkins, Leander A.** Co. H; b. Lancaster; age 19; res. Northumberland; enl. July 10, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Aug. 1, '64; must. out June 10, '65. Dec. 1, '64, awarded medal of honor under resolution of Congress No. 43, approved July 12, '62, and section 6 of act of Congress approved Mar. 3, '63, for re-capture of the colors of the 21 Mass. Inf., July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Wilkins, William H.** Co. H; b. Concord; age 25; cred. Lancaster; enl. Feb. 16, '65, for 1 yr.; must. in Feb. 16, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Willey, Edward.** Co. H; b. Gilford; age 35; cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 21, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 14, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Meredith.
- Willey, Henry M.** Co. B; b. Northwood; age 18; res. Manchester, cred. Manchester; enl. June 2, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 20, '63, on hospital boat *en route* from Cairo, Ill., to Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Willey, John D.** Co. D; b. Bartlett; age 18; cred. Conway; enl. July 24, '62; must. in July 28, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 3, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Willey, Joseph L.** Co. A; b. Rhode Island; age 18; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. July 5, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed June 18, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Willey, William B.** Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 21; res. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 24, '62, Antietam, Md.
- Willey.** See Wiley.
- Williams, Barney.** Co. K; b. Ireland; age 27; res. Haverhill, cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 31, '63, Falmouth, Ky.
- Williams, Charles J.** Co. B; b. Denmark; age 27; res. New York city, cred. Monroe; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 25, '64.
- Williams, Daniel.** Co. H; substitute; b. Canada; age 28; cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 17, '64; must. in Aug. 17, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Williams, George.** Unas'd; b. Canada; age 23; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.

- Williams, Henry. Co. A; b. England; age 32; cred. Henniker; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 20, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Williams, John. Co. A; b. Hanover, Ger.; age 38; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Stratham; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 2, '64, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Williams, John. Co. A; substitute; b. Cape Breton Island; age 23; cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Sergt. July 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Williams, John. Co. C; substitute; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Piermont; enl. July 5, '64; must. in July 5, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Williams, John. Co. G; b. Nova Scotia; age 24; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 25, '64.
- Williams, John. Co. G; substitute; b. Massachusetts; age 21; cred. Walpole; enl. June 18, '64; must. in June 18, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Williams, John. Co. K; b. Germany; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Franconia; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 24, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Williams, John. Co. K; b. Nova Scotia; age 21; cred. Danbury; enl. Sept. 21, '64; must. in Sept. 21, '64, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Dec. 15, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Williams, John, 1st. Co. B; substitute; b. Bavaria; age 25; cred. Piermont; enl. July 2, '64; must. in July 2, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Williams, John, 2d. Co. A; b. Wales; age 20; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 20, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Williams, John, 2d. Co. B; substitute; b. Cuba; age 21; cred. Colebrook; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Williams, John H. Co. A; b. New York city; age 28; res. Rhinebeck, N. Y., cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 15, '63, Cynthia, Ky.
- Williams, John W. Co. C; b. Tamworth; age 20; res. Ossipee, cred. Tamworth; enl. July 21, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 20, '63, David's Isl., N. Y. H. P. O. ad., Tamworth.
- Williams, Jonas. Co. A; substitute; b. Sweden; age 21; cred. Piermont; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., San Francisco, Cal.
- Williams, Joseph. Co. A; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 19, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Williams, Joseph, 1st. Co. B; substitute; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Errol; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec., '64, *en route* to regt.
- Williams, Joseph, 2d. Co. B; substitute; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Westmoreland; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Williams, Peter. Co. D; b. Norway; age 22; res. Springfield, cred. Springfield; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 28, '64, Bristoe Station, Va.

- Williams, Thomas.** Co. K; b. Plymouth, Eng.; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; killed July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Willson, George C.** Co. I; b. Ainstead; age 27; cred. Ainstead; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 29, '64, Petersburg, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Winchendon, Mass.
- Wilnot, Joseph.** Co. B; b. Ireland; age 24; cred. Littleton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 1, '64, London, Ky.
- Wilson, Andres.** Co. F; b. Sweden; age 35; cred. Plainfield; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; supposed killed. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Wilson, Benjamin.** Co. A; b. England; age 26; res. New York city, cred. Lempster; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 2, '64, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Wilson, Benjamin.** Co. G; b. Pennsylvania; age 22; res. Hinsdale, cred. Hinsdale; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; captd.; released; tr. to Co. G, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; app. Corp. June 18, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., San Francisco, Cal.
- Wilson, Braman I.** Co. I; b. Georgetown, Mass.; age 25; cred. Marlow; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Died, dis. Oct. 23, '62, Pleasant Valley, Md.
- Wilson, George.** Unas'd; b. Pennsylvania; age 31; res. Orford, cred. Orford; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Wilson, James.** Co. B; substitute; b. Scotland; age 19; cred. Nelson; enl. July 14, '64; must. in July 14, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec., '64, *en route* to regt.
- Wilson, James.** Co. G; substitute; b. Ireland; age 24; cred. Stewartstown; enl. June 22, '64; must. in June 22, '64, as Priv.; des., City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Wilson, James H.** Co. K; substitute; b. Bangor, Me.; age 18; cred. Portsmouth; enl. June 4, '64; must. in June 4, '64, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. to date July 17, '65.
- Wilson, John.** Co. F; b. Scotland; age 23; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Lyme; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Oct. 11, '64, White Hall, Pa.
- Wilson, John.** Co. I; b. Nova Scotia; age 26; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Westmoreland; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 2, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Wilson, John.** Unas'd; b. Pennsylvania; age 25; cred. Newport; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Oct. 11, '64, White Hall, Pa.
- Wilson, John, 2d.** Co. F; substitute; b. Liverpool, Eng.; age 22; cred. Rochester; enl. Aug. 17, '64; must. in Aug. 17, '64, as Priv.; des. *en route* to regt.
- Wilson, Silas Henry.** Co. C; b. Windham; age 26; res. Salem, cred. Salem; enl. June 4, '62; must. in July 22, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. July 28, '63, Cincinnati, Ohio. P. O. ad., Ayer Village, Mass. See 1 N. H. H. Art.
- Wilson, William.** Unas'd; b. Pittsburg, Pa.; age 22; cred. Franklin; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Paris, Ky.
- Wilson, William, 1st.** Co. F; b. Quebec, Can.; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; captd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; par. Mar. 1, '65; disch. Jan. 17, '80, to date June 10, '65.

- Wilson, William, 2d. Co. F.; b. Canada; age 29; res. Canada, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Titicut, Mass.
- Wilson, William O. Co. I; b. Alstead; age 33; cred. Alstead; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 31 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 30, '63; disch. Aug. 15, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Winchester, George. Unas'd; b. Cape Breton Island; age 27; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 24, '63; must. in Dec. 24, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, Paris, Ky.
- Winship, David H. Co. F; b. Virginia; age 19; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md. Died, wds. Nov. 14, '62, Falmouth, Va.
- Wintermantle, George. Unas'd; b. Germany; age 24; res. Stoddard, cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 25, '63; must. in Dec. 25, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 6, '64, *en route* to regt.
- Witham, Bradbury B. Co. A; b. Nottingham; age 30; res. Nottingham, cred. Nottingham; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 28, '63, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Nottingham Centre.
- Wood, Charles A. Co. K; b. Saco, Me.; age 20; cred. Freedom; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Nov. 11, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Wood, Henry. Co. D; age 36; cred. Exeter; enl. June 26, '62; must. in July 26, '62, as Priv.; des. Apr. 3, '63, Baltimore, Md.
- Wood, Joseph G. Co. B; b. Canada; age 28; res. Weare, cred. Weare; enl. June 5, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; tr. to Co. H, 17 I. C., Jan. 14, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Wood, Marshall P. Co. I; b. Rindge; age 24; res. Rindge, cred. Rindge; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Aug. 15, '62; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Ashburnham, Mass.
- Wood, Samuel. Co. G; b. Wabash County, Ill.; age 25; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Camp Chase, Ohio, Oct. 24, '64, for transfer to Dept. of Northwest; not assigned to regt. in that dept.; disch. as of Co. G, 9 N. H. V., Aug. 30, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Evansville, Ind.
- Wood, William. Unas'd; b. Trenton, N. J.; age 19; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des., Paris, Ky., *en route* to regt.
- Wood. See Woods.
- Woodbury, James D. Co. F; b. Salem; age 19; res. Salem; enl. June 6, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 13 V. R. C., Mar. 8, '65; disch. June 28, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Salem Depot.
- Woodman, Addison L. Co. B; b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; res. Danbury; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. July 22, '62, Concord.
- Woods, Alfred H. Co. B; b. Deering; age 31; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. June 16, '62; must. in July 18, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 3, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Woods, John. Co. H; substitute; b. St. John, N. B.; age 23; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.
- Woods, Michael J. Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Hampton; enl. Aug. 19, '64; must. in Aug. 19, '64, as Priv.; capt'd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; exch.; disch. wds. May 1, '65, Germantown, Pa.
- Woods, Pecker C. Co. H; substitute; b. Canada; age 28; cred. Gorham; enl. Aug. 26, '64; must. in Aug. 26, '64, as Priv.; des. Aug., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.

- Woods, Richard.** Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 18; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv. N. F. R. A. G. O.
- Woods.** See Wood.
- Woodward, A. Warren.** Co. E; b. Hanover; age 18; res. Hanover, cred. Hanover; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 6, '62, as Priv.; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.
- Woodward, Freeman J.** Co. F; b. Dunstable, Mass.; age 28; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; tr. to 43 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. June 28, '65, Camp Dennison, O.
- Woodward, Harvey.** Co. I; b. New Hampshire; age 23; cred. Keene; enl. Aug. 24, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; disch. May 4, '65, Concord.
- Woolsey, James.** Co. A; substitute; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Fitzwilliam; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. A, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65.
- Worster, Albanois.** Co. F; b. Somersworth; age 18; res. Somersworth, cred. Somersworth; enl. July 22, '62; must. in Aug. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 30, '62; re-enl. and must. in Dec. 8, '63; cred. Rollinsford; assigned to Co. C; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; disch. disab. June 2, '65 Manchester. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Togus, Me.
- Worster, Isaac.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Worster, Reuben.** Co. E. See Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers.
- Wright, Albert.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 21; res. Newport, cred. Newport; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 2, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Wright, George W.** Co. C; b. Nashua; age 18; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. July 9, '62; must. in July 24, '62, as Priv.; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Wright, Joseph.** Co. A. See Joseph G. Marsh.
- Wyman, Amos A.** Co. I; b. Glenville, N. Y.; age 22; cred. Nelson; enl. July 26, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. wds. Mar. 19, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Hillsborough Bridge.
- Wyman, Charles C.** Co. H; b. Manchester; age 15; cred. Laconia; enl. Jan. 16, '64; must. in Jan. 16, '64, as Musc.; tr. to Co. H, 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65; must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., Provincetown, Mass.
- Wyman, Joseph E.** Co. B; b. Nashua; age 20; res. Nashua, cred. Nashua; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 9 A. C., Oct. 1, '62. Died Apr. 4, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Yarden, Oliver.** Co. D; b. New York; age 31; res. Canaan, cred. Canaan; enl. Dec. 23, '63; must. in Dec. 23, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 27, '64, Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.
- Young, Alvin A.** Co. K; b. Newport; age 15; res. Lempster, cred. Lempster; enl. Aug. 4, '62; must. in Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '64; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; par. Aug. 22, '64; app. Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Marlow.
- Zanoni, Charles.** Co. I; b. Germany; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Derry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. and mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, wds. Nov. 13, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Zonalleer, Jean B.** Co. B; substitute; b. France; age 20; cred. Piermont; enl. July 7, '64; must. in July 7, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec., '64, City Point, Va., *en route* to regt.

SUMMARY.

NINTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

| | | |
|---|--|-------|
| Original members | officers, 40; enlisted men, 950; total, | 990 |
| Recruits | “ “ 886 | 886 |
| Total strength | | 1,876 |
| Killed or died of wounds, original members | officers, 10; enlisted men, 96; total, 106 | |
| “ “ recruits | “ “ 37 | 37 |
| Total killed or died of wounds | | 143 |
| Died of disease, original members | officers, 3; enlisted men, 166; total, 169 | |
| “ “ recruits | “ “ 45 | 45 |
| Accidentally killed, original members | “ “ 2 | 2 |
| Drowned, original members | “ “ 2 | 2 |
| Died of exhaustion, recruits | “ “ 1 | 1 |
| “ sunstroke “ | “ “ 1 | 1 |
| “ starvation in Confederate prisons, original members | “ “ 4 | 4 |
| “ “ recruits | “ “ 2 | 2 |
| Died, cause unknown, original members | “ “ 5 | 5 |
| “ “ recruits | “ “ 12 | 12 |
| Total deaths | | 243 |
| | | 386 |

SUMMARY OF THE NINTH REGIMENT

KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

| | | | | | |
|---|--------------|------------------|------------------------|------------------|----------|
| So. Mountain, Md., Sept. 14, '62, original members, | officers, —; | enlisted men, 1; | recruits, officers, —; | enlisted men, —; | total, 1 |
| Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62, | " | " | " | " | 8 |
| Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62, | " | " | " | " | 10 |
| Jackson, Miss., July 13, '63, | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64, | " | " | " | " | — |
| Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64, | " | " | " | " | 36 |
| " " " 18, " " | " | " | " | " | 4 |
| North Anna River, Va., May 26, '64, | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| Totopotomoy, " " 31, " " | " | " | " | " | — |
| Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64, | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| Petersburg, " " 17, " " | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| " " " 18, " " | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| " " " 20, " " | " | " | " | " | — |
| " " " 29, " " | " | " | " | " | 2 |
| " " July 3, " " | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| " " " 22, " " | " | " | " | " | — |
| " " " 23, " " | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| " " " 27, " " | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| Mine Explosion, } July 30, '64, | " | " | " | " | 13 |
| Petersburg, Va., } | | | | | |
| Poplar Springs } Sept. 30, '64, | " | " | " | " | 12 |
| Church, Va., } | | | | | |
| Near Pegram House, } Oct. 5, '64, | " | " | " | " | 1 |
| Va. (on picket), } | | | | | |
| Totals | | | | | 95 |
| | | | | | 37 |
| | | | | | 143 |

Died in Confederate prisons, previously included, original members, 25; recruits, 21; total, 46.
Officers appointed, but not mustered, 1.

Of the original members, 2 officers and 52 enlisted men were transferred from Capt. James Davidson's Unattached Company, New Hampshire Volunteers, Aug. 6, '62.

Of the recruits 2 had previously served as original members.

Of the recruits 611 were volunteers, 260 substitutes, 15 drafted; total, 886.

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| Killed, or died of wounds, original members, | 106 = 10.7 per cent. |
| “ “ “ recruits, | 37 = 4.2 “ “ |
| “ “ “ regiment, | 143 = 7.6 “ “ |
| Died of disease, original members, | 169 = 17. “ “ |
| “ “ “ recruits, | 45 = 5.1 “ “ |
| “ “ “ regiment, | 214 = 11.4 “ “ |
| Total deaths from all causes, original members, | 288 = 29. “ “ |
| “ “ “ recruits, | 98 = 11.1 “ “ |
| “ “ “ regiment, | 386 = 20.6 “ “ |

PLACE OF BIRTH.

| | United States: Original mem., 887; recruits, 296; total, 1,183 | Spain: Original members, —; recruits, 3; total, 3 |
|---------------|--|---|
| Ireland | 30 | 172 |
| Canada | 25 | 148 |
| England | 7 | 70 |
| Germany | 2 | 67 |
| New Brunswick | 4 | 23 |
| Scotland | 1 | 22 |
| France | — | 18 |
| Nova Scotia | — | 17 |
| Sweden | — | 11 |
| Norway | — | 7 |
| Italy | — | 5 |
| Denmark | — | 4 |
| Switzerland | 1 | 3 |
| Newfoundland | — | 3 |
| | | 33 |
| | | 34 |
| | | 1,876 |

SERVICE OF MEMBERS
OF THE
NINTH REGIMENT
IN
OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

FIRST REGIMENT, N. H. V.

- Bailey, Sewell B.** Co. I; b. Salem; age 35; res. Chichester; enl. Apr. 27, '61; must. in May 4, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Bennett, Alden B.** Co. E; b. Dunstable, Mass.; age 42; res. Milford; enl. Apr. 19, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Muse.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. See State Service and Miscell. Organizations.
- Colburn, Eleazer.** Co. G; b. Dorchester; age 21; res. Keene; enl. Apr. 21, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Meredith.
- Cooper, John B.** Co. D; b. Walpole; age 22; res. Newport; enl. Apr. 22, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Corp.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Dean, Joseph E.** Co. D; b. Wrentham, Mass.; age 21; res. Newport; enl. Apr. 20, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Densmore, Edgar A.** Co. E; b. Sharon, Vt.; age 19; res. Nashua; enl. Apr. 19, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Ederly, Augustus S.** Co. F; b. Sanbornton; age 31; res. Nashua; app. Capt. Apr. 30, '61; must. in May 3, '61; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Emery, George W.** Co. B; b. Somersworth; age 18; res. Dover; enl. Apr. 18, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Fellows, Enoch Q.** Co. K; b. Sandwich; age 35; res. Sandwich; app. 1 Lt. Apr. 30, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Regtl. Adjt.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Centre Sandwich. See 3 N. H. V.

- Ford, Henry.** Co. K; b. Orange; age 22; res. Grafton; enl. May 2, '61; must. in May 7, '61, as Priv. Disch. Aug. 9, '61, tm. ex. P. O. ad., Grafton.
- Gray, Benjamin.** Co. I; b. Sheffield, Vt.; age 22; res. Holderness; enl. Apr. 19, '61; must. in May 4, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Bristol. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Hackett, Frank B.** Co. C; b. St. Albans, Me.; age 18; res. Manchester; enl. April 18, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Heath, Webster.** Co. I; b. Bristol; age 26; res. Bristol; enl. Apr. 23, '61; must. in May 4, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Wakefield, Mass.
- Hutchinson, Elijah.** Co. D; b. Newport; age 20; res. Newport; enl. Apr. 20, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Hutchinson, Jacob R.** Co. D; b. Sunapee; age 25; res. Newport; enl. Apr. 22, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Hutchinson, Prentiss C.** Co. D; b. Newport; age 23; res. Newport; enl. Apr. 20, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Kelsey, Roswell J.** Co. D; b. Newport; age 21; res. Newport; enl. Apr. 20, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Newport.
- Morse, Francis.** Co. F; b. Danville, Vt.; age 34; res. Nashua; enl. Apr. 30, '61; must. in May 3, '61, as Corp.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Mudgett, John F.** Co. H; b. Epping; age 21; res. Epping; enl. Apr. 22, '61; must. in May 4, '61, to Apr. 26, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Phelps, Peter F.** Co. K; b. Wilnot; age 24; res. Andover; enl. May 1, '61; must. in May 7, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Raymond, Hercules W.** Co. G; b. Georgia, Vt.; age 21; res. Rindge; enl. Apr. 20, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., E. Alstead. See 18 N. H. V.
- Shea, Jeremiah.** Co. D; b. Kerry Co., Ir.; age 21; res. Nashua; enl. Apr. 19, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Towns, Charles E.** Co. G; b. Keene; age 22; res. Keene; enl. Apr. 22, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Corp.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.
- Weir, William W.** Co. E; b. Canada; age 36; res. Nashua; enl. Apr. 20, '61; must. in May 2, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61.

Whipple, John P. Co. F; b. Andover; age 28; res. Nashua; enl. Apr. 30, '61; must. in May 3, '61, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 9, '61. P. O. ad., Biddeford, Me.

SECOND REGIMENT, N. H. V.

Boyden, George W. Co. B; b. Industry, Me.; age 28; res. Concord; enl. May 11, '61; must. in June 1, '61, as Sergt.; app. 1 Lt. Nov. 8, '61; resigned May 20, '62.

Emerson, John A. Co. K; b. Deerfield; age 21; res. Deerfield; enl. Sept. 2, '61; must. in Sept. 9, '61, as Priv.; captd. May 5, '62, Williamsburg, Va.; released; disch. May 22, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Deerfield.

Meserve, Joseph C. Co. E; b. Barnstead; age 18; res. Northwood; enl. Apr. 26, '61, for 3 mos.; not must. in; paid by State; re-enl. May 21, '61, for 3 yrs.; must. in June 3, '61, as Priv.; wd. July 21, '61, Bull Run, Va.; disch. wds. Aug. 1, '61, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., South Barnstead.

Page, Horace. Co. H; b. Henniker; age 21; res. Henniker; enl. Apr. 29, '61, for 3 mos.; not must. in; re-enl. May 20, '61, for 3 yrs.; must. in June 5, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 22, '61, Bladensburg, Md. P. O. ad., Deering.

Randall, George W. Co. C; b. Providence, R. I.; age 21; res. Salem; enl. May 13, '61; must. in June 1, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 28, '61, Washington, D. C.

Randall, Horace. Co. D; b. Rochester; age 22; res. Rochester; enl. May 22, '61; must. in June 1, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 21, '61. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass. See 4 N. H. V.

Seaver, Thomas B. Co. K; b. Scarborough, Me.; age 41; res. Portsmouth; enl. May 22, '61; must. in June 8, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 15, '62, Washington, D. C. See Unattached Co., N. H. V., and V. R. C.

Stevens, Josiah, Jr. F. and S.; b. Newport; age 35; res. Concord; app. Maj. May 3, '61; must. in June 10, '61; resigned July 25, '62.

Titus, Herbert B. Co. A; b. Chesterfield; age 27; res. Chesterfield; enl. Apr. 25, '61, for 3 mos., as Priv.; not must. in; paid by State; re-enl. May 22, '61, for 3 yrs.; app. 2 Lt. June 4, '61; must. in to date May 31, '61, as 2 Lt.; app. 1 Lt. to date Sept. 17, '61; tr. to Co. F, Sept. 17, '61; to Co. A, Nov. 1, '61; disch. July 1, '62, to accept promotion. P. O. ad., Nyack, N. Y.

Whitfield, Smith A. Co. I; b. Francestown; age 20; res. Francestown; enl. Apr. 25, '61, for 3 mos.; not must. in; paid by State; re-enl. May 23, '61, for 3 yrs.; must. in June 7, '61, as Priv.; wd. May 5, '62, Williamsburg, Va.; disch. Sept. 12, '62, to accept promotion. Died Dec. 2, '95, Chicago, Ill. See U. S. C. T.

THIRD REGIMENT, N. H. V.

- Currier, Julius C.** Co. D; b. Newton; age 23; res. Seabrook; enl. Aug. 19, '61; must. in Aug. 23, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 17, '61, Annapolis, Md. See *Miscell. Organizations*.
- Davis, Henry.** Co. B; b. Kingston; age 27; res. Kingston; enl. July 26, '61; must. in Aug. 22, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 22, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Kingston.
- Fellows, Enoch Q.** F. and S.; b. Sandwich; age 36; res. Sandwich; app. Col. Aug. 10, '61; must. in Aug. 26, '61; disch. June 28, '62. P. O. ad., Centre Sandwich. See 1 N. H. V.
- Sweet, Gardiner.** Co. B; b. Newport; age 26; res. Newport; enl. July 25, '61; must. in Aug. 22, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 7, '61, Annapolis, Md.
- Wallace, Joseph H.** Co. H; b. Manchester; age 21; res. Manchester; enl. Aug. 5, '61; must. in Aug. 23, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 18, '61, Annapolis, Md. See *State Service*.

FOURTH REGIMENT, N. H. V.

- Bronson, Louis.** Co. D; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 5, '64; must. in Aug. 5, '64, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 23, '65; enl. for 9 N. H. V., but failed to reach that regt., joining instead the 4 N. H. V. Is erroneously reported on rolls of Co. H, 9 N. H. V., as having des. *en route* to regt., Aug., '64.
- Flanders, William C.** Co. E; b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; res. Dunbarton; enl. Aug. 21, '61; must. in Sept. 18, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 3, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. See *Unattached Co., N. H. V.*
- Hale, Thomas.** Co. D; b. Newbury, Mass.; age 54; res. Laconia; enl. July 25, '61; must. in Sept. 18, '61, as Musc.; disch. disab. Jan. 12, '62. See *Unattached Co., N. H. V., Miscell. Organizations, and State Service*.
- Jones, Archible R.** Co. B; b. Jefferson, Me.; age "43"; res. Nashua; enl. Aug. 30, '61; must. in Sept. 18, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Marsh, Edward K.** Co. D; b. Calais, Vt.; age 18; res. Lyndeborough; enl. Aug. 14, '61; must. in Sept. 18, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 31, '62.
- Pillsbury, William S.** Co. I; b. Sutton; age 28; res. Londonderry; enl. Sept. 14, '61, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; must. in to date Sept. 18, '61, as 1 Lt.; resigned Oct. 20, '61. P. O. ad., Londonderry. See 1 N. H. H. Art.
- Randall, Horace.** Co. F; b. Rochester; age 22; res. Rochester; enl. Aug. 15, '61; must. in Sept. 18, '61; disch. disab. Jan. 9, '62. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass. See 2 N. H. V.

Randall, Daniel C. Co. I; b. New Brunswick; age "36"; res. Haverhill; enl. Sept. 2, '61; must. in Sept. 18, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 17, '62, Beaufort, S. C.

Tilton, Charles W. Co. K; b. Northfield; age 31; res. Sanbornton; enl. July 22, '61, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; must. in to date Sept. 18, '61, as 2 Lt.; resigned Jan. 16, '62. P. O. ad., Tilton. See State Service.

Wells, Milo E. Co. F; b. Littleton; age 22; res. Littleton; enl. Aug. 31, '61; must. in Sept. 18, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 19, '62. P. O. ad., Monroe. See V. R. C.

FIFTH REGIMENT.

Bresland, Joseph. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 23; res. Charlestown; enl. Sept. 27, '61; must. in Oct. 12, '61, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. April 2, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Wis.

Herr, Michiel. Co. K; b. Switzerland; age 36; res. Switzerland; enl. Sept. 23, '61; must. in Oct. 12, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 7, '62.

SIXTH REGIMENT.

Cutler, George W. Co. G.; b. Boston, Mass.; age 22; res. Nashua; enl. Nov. 26, '61; must. in Dec. 6, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 4, '62, Roanoke Isl., N. C. See V. R. C.

Davis, James Leonard. Co. G; b. Gilsum; age 27; res. Gilsum; enl. Oct. 28, '61; must. in Dec. 7, '61, as Priv.; disch. Sept. 10, '62.

Smith, Jason. Co. B; b. Lyman; age 32; res. Littleton; enl. Oct. 5, '61; must. in Nov. 27, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 15, '62, Alexandria, Va.

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Hamblett, Judson A. Co. A; b. Milford; age 18; res. Nashua; enl. Sept. 30, '61; must. in Oct. 25, '61, as Musc.; disch. Oct., '61, on writ of *habeas corpus*. P. O. ad., Nashua. See Lafayette Artillery.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Warner, Robert. Co. K; b. Russia; age 35; cred. Peterborough; enl. Dec. 28, '63; must. in Dec. 28, '63, as Priv.; reported on m. o. roll as tr. to 6 N. H. V., June 1, '65, with remark "absent sick"; never joined 6 N. H. V. N. f. r. A. G. O. Originally assigned to 9 N. H. V., but failed to join that regt.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT.

Ford, James E. Co. F; b. Orange; age 18; res. Danbury; cred. Danbury; enl. Sept. 17, '62; must. in Oct. 15, '62, as Corp.; wd.

May 27, '63, Port Hudson, La.; must. out Aug. 13, '63. Died Apr. 29, '85. Supposed identical with James E. Ford, Co. L, 1 N. H. H. Art.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT.

Cram, Albert. Co. I; b. Dublin; age 26; res. Stoddard, cred. Stoddard; enl. Sept. 1, '62; must. in Oct. 23, '62, as Priv.; must. out Aug. 20, '63. P. O. ad., Antrim.

French, Stephen S. Co. I; b. Winchester; age 18; res. Keene, cred. Walpole; enl. Nov. 13, '62; must. in Nov. 14, '62, as Priv.; must. out Oct. 20, '63. P. O. ad., Dayton, Ohio.

Sargent, Frank B. Co. H; b. New London; age 18; res. New London, cred. Hillsborough; enl. Nov. 10, '62; must. in Nov. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. June 19, '63; must. out Aug. 20, '63. P. O. ad., Stoneham, Mass.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

Bedell, Austin. Co. A; b. Jefferson; age 18; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Sept. 20, '62; must. in Nov. 22, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., Apr. 16, '63; must. out Oct. 9, '63.

Cummings, George. Co. A; b. Leeds, Can.; age 18; cred. Strafford; enl. Nov. 3, '62; must. in Nov. 22, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. B, 2 N. H. V., Apr. 16, '63; to Co. H, May 31, '63; must. out Oct. 9, '63. P. O. ad., Lancaster.

Lucas, Harvey H. Co. A; b. Lancaster; age 30; res. Lancaster, cred. Lancaster; enl. Oct. 6, '62; must. in Nov. 22, '62, as Waggoner; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., Apr. 16, '63, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; must. out Oct. 9, '63. P. O. ad., Canaan, Vt.

Pratt, Alfred C. Co. A; b. Hebron, Me.; age 44; res. Jefferson, cred. Jefferson; enl. Oct. 1, '62; must. in Nov. 22, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 2 N. H. V., Apr. 16, '63; disch. disab. June 9, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Lancaster.

EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT.

Brown, William I. F. and S.; b. Attleborough, Mass.; age 24; res. Concord (Fisherville, now Penacook); app. Maj. Oct. 13, '64; must. in Oct. 22, '64, for 1 yr.; killed Mar. 29, '65, Ft. Steadman, Va.

Emerson, John S. F. and S.; b. Chester; age 32; res. Sandwich; app. Surg. March 22, '65; must. in Apr. 16, '65, for 1 yr.; must. out July 29, '65. Died Sept. 23, '86, Lynn, Mass.

Raymond, Hercules W. Co. A; b. Georgia, Vt.; age 24; cred. Alstead; enl. Sept. 3, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 13, '64, as Priv.; must. out June 10, '65. P. O. ad., East Alstead. See 1 N. H. V.

Rolfe, Horace H. Co. I; b. Concord; age 30; cred. Alton; enl. Feb. 20, '65, for 3 yrs.; must. in Feb. 20, '65, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. July 29, '65; not must.; must. out July 29, '65, as 1 Sergt. Died Oct. 22, '67, Concord. See *Miscell. Organizations.*

Shepard, Aaron W. F. and S.; b. Biddeford, Me.; age 23; res. Nashua; app. Asst. Surg. Nov. 10, '64; must. in Dec. 18, '64, for 1 yr.; must. out July 29, '65. P. O. ad., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIRST N. E. CAVALRY.

Hussey, Charles B. Co. L; b. Rochester; age 18; res. Rochester; enl. Jan. 17, '62; must. in Jan. 18, '62, as Priv.; disch. Jan. 22, '62, on writ of *habeas corpus.*

FIRST COMPANY, N. H. HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Bickford, Orion W. b. Lebanon, Me.; age 44; res. Ossipee; enl. July 2, '63; must. in July 2, '63, as Priv.; des. July 22, '64, Ft. Constitution, Portsmouth Harbor. Died June 10, '94, Boston, Mass. See *Unattached Co., N. H. V., and State Service.*

Center, Benjamin L. b. Londonderry; age 44; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 23, '63; must. in May 25, '63, as Musc.; must. out Sept. 11, '65. Died May 23, '83, Nashua. See *Unattached Co., N. H. V.*

Short, Ai R. b. Plainfield; age 33; cred. Claremont; enl. Aug. 31, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Aug. 31, '64, as Priv.; disch. Aug. 31, '65, Concord, tm. ex. P. O. ad., Unity.

SECOND COMPANY, N. H. HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Brown, John H. b. Chester; age "18"; res. Boscawen (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Boscawen; enl. Aug. 10, '63; must. in Aug. 18, '63, as Priv.; must. out Sept. 11, '65. Died Jan. 20, '75, Nottingham.

Pettengill, Wyman. b. New Hampton; age "19"; cred. Loudon; enl. Sept. 5, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 5, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 14, '65, Ft. Mansfield, Md.

FIRST COMPANY REGIMENT, N. H. HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Abbott, Jacob. Co. K; b. Ossipee; age 35; cred. Ossipee; enl. Sept. 15, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 17, '64, as Priv.; must. out June 15, '65. Died Oct. 16, '80.

Center, Benjamin L. Co. A. See 1 Co., N. H. H. Art.

Chase, George A. Co. H; b. Newport; age 21; cred. Newport; enl. Sept. 3, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 7, '64, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Jan. 19, '65; must. out June 15, '65. P. O. ad., Lowell, Mass. See *State Service.*

- Pillsbury, William S.** Co. D.; b. Sutton; age 31; cred. Londonderry; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 5, '64; must. in Sept. 7, '64, for 1 yr.; must. out June 15, '65. P. O. ad., Londonderry. See 4 N. H. V.
- Scott, Josiah.** Co. H; b. West Fairlee, Vt.; age 28; cred. Sunapee; enl. Sept. 3, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 7, '64, as Priv.; must. out June 15, '65. P. O. ad., Sunapee.
- Short, Ai R.** Co. A. See 1 Co., N. H. H. Art.
- Snell, Nehemiah C.** Co. L; b. Madison; age 42; cred. Madison; enl. Sept. 17, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 20, '64, as Priv.; must. out June 15, '65. Died April 14, '71, Madison.
- Wilson, Silas Henry.** Co. L; b. Windham; age 28; cred. Salem; enl. Sept. 7, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 14, '64, as Sergt.; must. out June 15, '65. P. O. ad., Ayer Village, Mass.

FIRST REGIMENT CAVALRY.

- Caldwell, Ira.** Co. B; b. Pelham; age "19"; cred. Dublin; enl. Mar. 29, '64; must. in Mar. 29, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 14, '65, Nashua.

SECOND U. S. SHARPSHOOTERS.

- Hodge, Joseph K.** Co. G; b. Lisbon; age 20; res. Lancaster; enl. Oct. 14, '61; must. in Dec. 12, '61, as Priv.; wd. Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.; disch. disab. Dec. 3, '62, New York city. See State Service.

UNATTACHED COMPANY, N. H. V.

- Austin, Wanton J.** b. Providence, R. I.; age 25; res. Somersworth; enl. April 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. Oct. 22, '62, Concord. See State Service.
- Ayer, James C.** b. Deerfield; age "39"; res. Somersworth; enl. April 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Sergt.; tr. to Co. E., Aug. 6, '62; disch. disab. Dec. 16, '63, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Somersworth. See State Service.
- Bean, Amos S.** b. Salisbury; age 21; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 17, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. disab. Jan. 22, '64, Camp Dennison, Ohio. P. O. ad., Marlborough, Mass.
- Bickford, Orion W.** b. Lebanon, Me.; age 43; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. Oct. 22, '62, Concord. Died June 10, '94, Boston, Mass. See 1 Co., N. H. H. Art., and State Service.
- Bond, Edson.** b. Chelsea, Vt.; age 45; res. Manchester; enl. April 21, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. Oct. 22, '62, Concord. Died Mar. 9, '82, Manchester.

- Brown, Asa.** b. Northfield; age 44; res. Manchester; enl. April 23, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62. Died, dis. July 18, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- Center, Benjamin L.** b. Londonderry; age 43; res. Londonderry; enl. Apr. 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Musc.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. Oct. 22, '62, Concord. See 1 Co., N. H. H. Art.
- Chisholm, Thomas Melville.** b. Boston, Mass.; age 24; res. Milton; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as 1 Sergt.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. 2 Lt. Co. B, Aug. 10, '62; resigned Oct. 9, '62. See U. S. C. T. and State Service.
- Clark, Rufus W.** b. Illinois; age 19; res. Manchester; enl. May 6, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Cleaves, George P.** b. Kennebunk, Me.; age 18; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va. See State Service.
- Curtis, William B.** b. Malden, Mass.; age 27; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 16, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62. Died, dis. Aug. 17, '63, Cairo, Ill.
- Davis, Andrew J.** b. Somersworth; age 18; res. Somersworth; enl. May 5, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. July 20, '63, Milldale, Miss.
- Elwell, John F.** b. North Berwick, Me.; age 18; res. Somersworth; enl. April 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., South Lawrence, Mass.
- Fernald, Owen.** b. Eliot, Me.; age 38; res. Eliot, Me.; enl. Apr. 14, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62. Died, dis. Jan. 27, '63, Falmouth, Va.
- Flanders, William C.** b. Boston, Mass.; age 18; res. Dunbarton; enl. Apr. 19, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; to Co. F, 3 I. C., Sept. 16, '63; disch. May 15, '65, to date May 14, '65, Hartford, Conn., tm. ex. Died May 2, '80, Goffstown. See 4 N. H. V.
- Frisbee, Howard S.** b. Kittery, Me.; age 19; res. Kittery, Me.; enl. Mar. 27, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. May 19, '65, Concord, tm. ex. P. O. ad., Portsmouth.
- Gilson, Alonzo.** b. Portland, Me.; age 22; res. New Castle; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Wolfborough. See State Service.

- Goodwin, Edward F.** b. South Berwick, Me.; age 31; res. South Berwick, Me.; enl. Apr. 16, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex.
- Gove, James B.** age 39; res. Concord; app. 1 Lt. May 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. Oct. 22, '62, Concord.
- Gray, Benjamin.** b. Sheffield, Vt.; age 23; res. Holderness; enl. Apr. 11, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Bristol. See 1 N. H. V.
- Hackett, Frank B.** b. St. Albans, Me.; age 20; res. Manchester; enl. May 6, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. disab. Dec. 22, '62, Washington, D. C. See 1 N. H. V.
- Hale, Thomas.** b. Newbury, Mass.; age 55; res. Laconia; enl. May 13, '62; must. in May 15, '62; as Muse.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. Oct. 22, '62, Concord. See 4 N. H. V., *Miscell. Organizations, and State Service.*
- Hoit, John B.** b. Bristol; age 22; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 25, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. Corp.; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Wilmot Flat.
- Hutchinson, Asa T.** b. St. John, N. B.; age 28; res. Manchester; app. 2 Lt. May 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62; app. 1 Lt. Co. E, Aug. 10, '62; Capt. Co. D, Jan. 1, '63; must. out June 10, '65. See *State Service.*
- Joy, Charles H.** b. Somersworth; age 19; res. South Berwick, Me.; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Mendocino, Cal. See *State Service.*
- Jones, Jabez S.** b. Seabrook; age 27; res. Salisbury, Mass.; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. disab. Dec. 4, '62, Falmouth, Va. See *State Service.*
- Kidder, William W.** b. Canaan; age 18; res. Concord (Fisherville, now Penacook); enl. May 6, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. disab. Oct. 22, '62, Pleasant Valley, Md. Died Jan. 23, '79, Brockton, Mass.
- Mayo, Lysander R.** b. Waterville, Me.; age 22; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 8, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. Corp.; wd. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. May 14, '65, tm. ex. P. O. ad., Salmon Falls.
- McDowell, Robert.** b. Quebec, Can.; age 22; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 25, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; des. June 4, '63, Nicholasville, Ky.

- Norris, Cyrus B.** b. Upper Gilmanton; age 23; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 21, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Corp.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. 1 Sergt.; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Belmont. See State Service.
- Ober, Evert.** b. Johnson, Vt.; age 25; res. New Boston; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. disab. Nov. 21, '62, Baltimore, Md. See State Service.
- O'Reilly, Francis.** b. Canterbury; age 23; res. Canterbury; enl. Apr. 17, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. Corp. Aug. 6, '62; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released; disch. May 30, '65, Baltimore, Md., tm. ex. See State Service.
- Parsons, Eugene E.** b. Chelsea, Mass.; age 18; res. Lowell, Mass.; enl. Apr. 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; to Co. K, 22 V. R. C., May 16, '64. Died Jan. 23, '65, Lowell, Mass.
- Paul, Moses N.** b. Eliot, Me.; age 21; res. Eliot, Me.; enl. May 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. disab. Dec. 15, '63, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. P. O. ad., Eliot, Me.
- Perham, Rodney.** b. Lyndeborough; age 27; res. Wilton; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Corp.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. Sergt. Aug. 6, '62; wd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; disch. May 15, '65, Concord, tm. ex. P. O. ad., Wilton. See State Service.
- Provencher, Joseph E.** b. Chambly, Can.; age 20; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 19, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; wd. June 1, '64, Totopotomoy, Va.; sent to regt. Feb. '28, '65, from McClellan Gen. Hosp., Philadelphia, Pa. N. f. r. A. G. O.
- Rand, Francis W.** b. Rye; age 22; res. Rye; enl. Mar. 27, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62. Died, dis. Jan. 20, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Roberts, Charles C.** b. Somersworth; age 21; res. Rollinsford; enl. May 5, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; wd. May 18, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; disch. disab. May 29, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Walnut, Iowa.
- Roberts, Daniel B.** b. Lowell, Mass.; age 23; res. Dunbarton; enl. Apr. 19, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; des. June 16, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; gd. from des. Jan. 3, '65; dishon. disch. by sentence G. C. M., Mar. 18, '65, Hancock Station, Va. P. O. ad., Laconia.

- Robinson, John W.** b. Stratham; age 34; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Corp.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. disab. May 31, '65, Concord. Died Apr. 14, '93, Haverhill, Mass. See State Service.
- Rowell, Joseph S.** b. Chester; age 25; res. Chester; enl. Apr. 23, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E., Aug. 6, '62; wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 17, '63, Washington, D. C. Supposed identical with Joseph S. Rowell, 1 Co., N. H. H. Art.
- Sargent, Henry O.** b. Concord; age 23; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Sergt.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. A, Mar. 1, '63; disch. disab. Dec. 23, '63. Died, Apr. 24, '94, Wilton. See State Service.
- Seaver, Thomas B.** b. Scarborough, Me.; age 43; res. Scarborough, Me.; enl. Apr. 28, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. Aug. 22, '62, Concord. See 2 N. H. V. and V. R. C.
- Shepherd, Enoch O.** b. Amherst; age 22; res. Amherst; enl. Apr. 21, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Simpson, Henry H.** b. York, Me.; age 21; res. York, Me.; enl. Apr. 14, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; wd. Sept. 14, '62, South Mountain, Md.; disch. disab. Oct. 23, '62, Ft. Wood, N. Y. H. See State Service.
- Skillings, William L.** b. Waterford, Me.; age 18; res. Waterford, Me.; enl. Apr. 17, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; to Co. B, Aug. '62; mis. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Sergt.; mis. Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Springs Church, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. May 15, '65, Concord, tm. ex.
- Spaulding, Daniel.** b. Warner; age 39; res. Newport; enl. May 6, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex.
- Stevens, Anthony C.** b. Stoddard; age 18; res. Stoddard; enl. Apr. 23, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
- Stevens, Charles S.** b. Stoddard; age 24; res. Stoddard; enl. Apr. 17, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. Corp. Aug. 6, '62; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; gd. fr. capture; app. Sergt.; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Manchester.
- Stewart, Jonathan S.** b. Wilmington, Mass.; age 21; res. Holderness; enl. Apr. 1, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; app. Corp. Aug. 6, '62; app. Sergt.; wd. July 30, '64,

Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; disch. May 14, '65, Alexandria, Va., tm. ex. P. O. ad. Nat. Home, Wis. See State Service.

Thompson, William B. b. New York city; age 21; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; killed May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.

Whitney, Charles S. b. Boscawen; age 18; res. Boscawen; enl. May 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; des. to the enemy May 4, '64, Bristow Station, Va.

Worster, Isaac. b. Lebanon, Me.; age 18; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; capt'd. May 12, '64, Spottsylvania, Va.; released Feb. 28, '65; disch. June 6, '65, Concord, tm. ex.

Worster, Reuben. b. Lebanon, Me.; age 23; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 15, '62; must. in May 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62; disch. disab. Mar. 13, '63, Providence; R. I. P. O. ad., Portsmouth.

LAFAYETTE ARTILLERY.

Hamblett, Judson A. b. Milford; age 21; res. Milford, cred. Milford; enl. Aug. 1, '64; must. in Aug. 1, '64, as Priv.; must. out Sept. 23, '64. P. O. ad., Nashua. See 8 N. H. V.

VETERAN RESERVE CORPS.

Chase, Wallace M. Co. D, 13 Regt.; b. Vermont; age "19"; cred. Barnstead; enl. Jan. 19, '64; must. in Jan. 19, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 5, '65, Portland, Me.

Currier, Andrew. 243 Co., 1 Batt'l; b. Newton; age 20; cred. Manchester; enl. Aug. 24, '64; must. in Aug. 24, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. A, 9 V. R. C.; disch. Nov. 16, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Newton, Mass.

Cutler, George W. Co. E, 3 Regt.; b. Boston, Mass.; age 24; cred. Bedford; enl. Nov. 28, '63; must. in Nov. 28, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 2, '65, Washington, D. C. See 6 N. H. V.

Davis, Albert H. Co. D, 24 Regt.; b. Lebanon; age 27; cred. Springfield; enl. Sept. 6, '64; must. in Sept. 6, '64, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 4, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Glidden, Charles W. 82 Co., 2 Batt'l; b. Grafton; age "18"; cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 12, '63; must. in Aug. 12, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. (wd. prior service) Sept. 22, '64, Alexandria, Va.

Golden, Calvin. Co. K, 24 Regt.; b. Sanbornton; age "46"; cred. Hill; enl. Sept. 6, '64; must. in Sept. 6, '64, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 1, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Bristol.

- Howard, Clarence.** Co. B, 13 Regt.; b. Rochester; age "18"; cred. Rochester; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 15, '65, Boston, Mass. P. O. ad., Rochester.
- Humphrey, John H.** Co. A, 24 Regt.; b. Benson, Vt.; age 27; cred. Cornish; enl. Aug. 31, '64; must. in Aug. 31, '64, as Priv.; app. Com. Sergt. to date July 1, '65; disch. Nov. 14, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Windsor, Vt.
- Jolley, Joseph.** 75 Co., 2 Batt'l; b. Champlain, N. Y.; age "34"; cred. Keene; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 21, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Keene.
- Judd, Thomas G.** Co. E, 3 Regt.; b. Stafford, Vt.; age 42; cred. Manchester; enl. Aug. 19, '64; must. in Aug. 19, '64, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 20, '65, Augusta, Me.
- Lathe, Hiram S.** Co. B, 18 Regt.; b. Coventry, Vt.; age 21; cred. Deering; enl. Aug. 12, '64; must. in Aug. 12, '64, as Priv.; dishon. disch. June 24, '76, to date Aug. 13, '65, by Commanding General Military Division of the Atlantic. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass.
- Rugg, John H.** Co. E, 3 Regt.; b. Hinsdale; age 43; cred. Claremont; enl. Feb. 18, '65; must. in Feb. 18, '65, as Priv.; disch. disab. Sept. 10, '65, Augusta, Me. P. O. ad., Claremont.
- Seaver, Thomas B.** Co. B, 13 Regt.; b. Scarborough; age 43; cred. Conway; enl. Sept. 25, '63; must. in Sept. 25, '63, as Priv.; tr. to 187 Co., 1 Batt'l, V. R. C., Jan. 16, '64; to Co. D, 9 V. R. C., Sept. 28, '65; disch. Nov. 18, '65, Washington, D. C. Died Aug. 11, '83, Nat. Home, Togus, Me. See 2 N. H. V. and Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Severance, Benjamin.** Unas'd; b. Kingston; age "40"; cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 9, '64; must. in Aug. 9, '64, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 24, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Sullivan, Michael.** 69 Co., 2 Batt'l; b. Ireland; age 44; cred. Conway; enl. Aug. 20, '63; must. in Aug. 20, '63; tr. to 39 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. disab. July 24, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Tennant, Matthew P.** Co. F, 13 Regt.; b. Merrimack; age 20; cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 27, '63; must. in Aug. 27, '63, as Priv.; assigned to Co. F, 13 V. R. C., Nov., '63; disch. Nov. 13, '65, Concord. Died Feb. 6, '86, Goffstown.
- Thompson, John.** Unas'd; b. Dublin, Ir.; age "19"; cred. Rochester; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 15, '65, Boston, Mass.
- Towle, Frank Patrick.** Unas'd; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 19; cred. Barrington; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 17, '65, Galloup's Isl., B. H., Mass. Died May, '90, Augusta, Me.

- Vallely, John.** Co. B, 13 Regt.; b. Ireland; age "45"; cred. Madbury; enl. Dec. 22, '63; must. in Dec. 22, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 28, '64, Boston, Mass.
- Walker, Martin L.** Co. A, 9 Regt.; b. Boscawen; age 39; cred. Sutor; enl. Sept. 3, '64; must. in Sept. 3, '64, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 16, '65, Washington, D. C. Died April 1, '92.
- Weeks, John S.** Co. E, 13 Regt.; b. Exeter; age "50"; cred. Somersworth; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Sept. 5, '64. P. O. ad., South Newmarket (Newfields).
- Wells, Milo E.** Co. D, 13 Regt.; b. Littleton; age 25; res. Littleton, cred. Roxbury, Mass.; enl. June 21, '64; must. in June 21, '64, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 30, '65. P. O. ad., Monroe. See 4 N. H. V.
- Wescott, Gustine M.** 69 Co., 2 Batt'l; b. Danbury; age 30; cred. Rumney; enl. Jan. 1, '64; must. in Jan. 1, '64, as Priv.; des. Dec. 15, '64, Manchester. P. O. ad., Rumney.

U. S. COLORED TROOPS.

- Chisholm, Thomas Melville.** Co. K, 108 Inf.; b. Boston, Mass.; res. Milton; must. in June 22, '64, as 2 Lt.; must. as 1 Lt. Oct. 1, '65; must. out Mar. 21, '66. See Unattached Co., N. H. V., and State Service.
- Quimby, H. Baxter.** 108 Inf.; b. Lisbon; age 25; res. Lisbon; app. 2 Lt.; must. in Sept. 20, '65; must. out Mar. 21, '66. See Miscellaneous Organizations.
- Whitfield, Smith A.** F. and S. 123 Inf.; b. Francestown; age 23; res. Francestown; app. Lt. Col.; must. in Oct. 15, '64; must. out Oct. 16, '65. Died Dec. 2, '95, Chicago, Ill. See 2 N. H. V.

MISCELLANEOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

- Bennett, Alden B.** Co. B, 39 Mass. Inf.; b. Dunstable, Mass.; age 44; res. Milford; enl. for 3 yrs.; must. in June 10, '63, as Musc.; tr. to Co. M, 32 Mass. Inf., June 2, '65; disch. July 1, '65. Died May 15, '91. See 1 N. H. V. and State Service.
- Buswell, Daniel C.** Co. B, 1 Minn. Inf.; b. Lebanon; age 25; res. Lebanon; enl. Apr. 29, '61, for 3 yrs.; must. in May 29, '61, as Priv.; disch. Aug. 31, '62, to accept promotion.
- Currier, Julius C.** Co. D, 17 Mass. Inf.; b. Newton; age "24"; res. Newton; enl. Apr. 27, '61, for 3 yrs.; must. in July 22, '61, as Priv.; des. Aug. 13, '61. See 3 N. H. V.
- Gibson, George W.** Co. C, 4 Vt. Inf.; b. Petersham, Mass.; age 21; res. Charlestown, cred. Vt.; enl. Aug. 22, '61, for 3 yrs.; must.

in Sept. 21, '61, as Priv.; wd. and captd. June 29, '62, Savage's Station, Va.; par. July 22, '62; disch. wds. Sept. 30, '62, Baltimore, Md. Supposed identical with George W. Gibson, Co. G, 9 N. H. V.

Hale, Thomas. Co. A, 31 Me. Inf.; b. Newbury, Mass.; age 56; res. Laconia; enl. Feb. 16, '64, for 3 yrs.; must. in Mar. 3, '64, as Priv.; must. out July 15, '65, Alexandria, Va. Died Dec. 6, '80, Laconia. See 4 N. H. V., Unattached Co., N. H. V., and State Service.

Hobson, Edgar James. Band, 14 Mass. Inf.; b. Pennsylvania; age 27; res. Brookline; enl. July 5, '61, for 3 yrs.; must. in July 5, '61, as Musc.; disch. Aug. 14, '62. P. O. ad., Concord.

Quimby, H. Baxter. 39 Inf., U. S. A.; b. Lisbon; age 26; res. Lisbon; app. 2 Lt. July 28, '66; 1 Lt. July 31, '67; tr. to 25 Inf. Apr. 20, '69; app. Capt. Dec. 31, '80. Died Feb. 19, '83, Ft. Snelling, Minn. See U. S. C. T.

Rolfe, Horace H. Co. H, 8 Me. Inf.; b. Concord; age 27; res. Concord; enl. Aug. 12, '61, for 3 yrs; must. in Sept. 7, '61, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Dec. 24, '61; resigned, disab. May 23, '62; must. in Oct. 5, '63, as Sergt. Co. E, 2 Mass. H. Art.; tr. to U. S. Navy May 17, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Agawam" and "Osceola"; disch. Nov. 18, '64. See 18 N. H. V.

Smith, Dexter D. Co. B, 6 Inf., Mass. Vol. Militia; b. Frances-town; age 37; res. New Hampshire; enl. for 9 mos.; must. in Sept. 27, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 3, '63. P. O. ad., Franklin.

U. S. NAVY.

Blaisdell, Charles M. b. Somersworth; age 18; enl. Dec. 9, '61, at Boston, Mass., for 3 yrs., as a Landsman; served on U. S. S. "Ohio," "Pursuit" and "North Carolina"; disch. Feb. 24, '62, from receiving ship, New York city. P. O. ad., Chicopee, Mass.

Dinsmore, Sanford. b. Colebrook; age 21; res. Colebrook; enl. Jan. 28, '63, for 1 yr., as a Landsman; served on U. S. S. "North Carolina," "Colorado," "Genessee," "Potomac," and "Nightingale;" disch. June 16, '64, from receiving ship, Boston, Mass., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Bulwer, Can.

Foster, Charles E. b. Dover; age "21"; res. Dover; enl. July 3, '61, at Portsmouth, for 3 yrs., as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "North Carolina"; des. Nov. 4, '61, from hosp., New York city.

Sampson, John C. b. Dover; age 21; res. Rochester; enl. May 4, '61, at Boston, Mass., for 1 yr., as a Landsman; served on U. S. S. "Ohio," "Bainbridge," and "R. R. Cuyler;" disch. June 19, '62, from "R. R. Cuyler," tm. ex.

Twombly, Joseph B. b. Rochester; age 23; cred. Rochester; enl. Sept. 1, '64, for 3 yrs., as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Vandalia," "Winona," and "Potomska;" disch., reduction naval force, July 17, '65, from receiving ship, Norfolk, Va. P. O. ad., Rochester.

U. S. MARINE CORPS.

Webster, Edson H., *alias* Edwin Webster. b. Chittenden county, Vt.; age 19; res. Nashua; enl. Aug. 22, '59, at Boston, Mass., for 4 yrs., as Priv.; served on U. S. S. "Cumberland" and "Mackinaw"; disch. disab. Sept. 5, '64, Norfolk, Va. P. O. ad., Nashua.

STATE SERVICE.

Adams, Sylvanus. Milford Volunteers; b. New London; res. Milford; enl. Apr. 25, '61, as Musc.; paid to July 12, '61, as of Capt. George H. Gillis's Co. P. O. ad., Rumney.

Austin, Wanton J. Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Providence, R. I.; age 24; res. Somersworth; enl. July 26, '61, as Priv.; paid to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.

Avery, Alfred A. Laconia Volunteers; b. Gilford; age "44"; res. Laconia; enl. May 3, '61, as Priv.; disch., old age, May 17, '61.

Ayer, James C. Granite State Guards; b. Deerfield; age "37"; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 25, '61, as Priv.; disch. July 12, '61; paid as Corp. of Capt. James Davidson's Co., July 13, '61, to Mar. 31, '62; paid as Sergt. to May 14, '62. P. O. ad., Somersworth. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.

Beard, Cleveland C. Lancaster Volunteers; b. Mason, age 18; res. Northumberland; enl. Apr. 27, '61, as Priv. No further record. P. O. ad., Reed's Ferry.

Bennett, Alden B. Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Dunstable; age 42; res. Milford; enl. July 30, '61, as Musc.; disch., by order of Governor, Mar. 10, '62. See 1 N. H. V., and *Miscell. Organizations.*

Bickford, Orion W. Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Lebanon, Me., age 43; res. Somersworth; enl. Oct. 2, '61, as Priv.; paid to May 14, '62. Died June 10, '94, Boston, Mass. See 1 Co., N. H. H. Art., and Unattached Co., N. H. V.

Boudle, John. Lancaster Volunteers; b. England; age 36; res. Stark; enl. May 2, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 15, '61, Portsmouth.

Burns, Benjamin A. b. Bingham, Me.; age 39; res. Bennington; enl. May 1, '61, by Ephraim Weston, as Priv. No further record. P. O. ad., West Hopkinton.

- Chapman, Henry N.** Littleton Volunteers; b. Haverhill; age 22; res. Haverhill; enl. May 1, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 17, '61.
- Chase, George A.** b. Newport; age 18; res. Newport; enl. Apr. 18, '61, by Ira McL. Barton, as Priv.; served 7 days. P. O. ad., Lowell, Mass. See 1 N. H. H. Art.
- Chisholm, Thomas Melville.** Granite State Guards; b. Boston, Mass.; age 24; res. Somersworth; enl. Apr. 29, '61, as Priv.; disch. July 12, '61, as of Capt. George H. Gillis's Co., Ft. Constitution; re-enl. July 13, '61, in Capt. James Davidson's Co.; paid as Sergt. to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V., and U. S. C. T.
- Cleaves, George P.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Kennebunk, Me.; age 17; res. Somersworth; enl. July 26, '61, as Priv.; paid to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Drew, George H.** Milford Volunteers; b. Methuen, Mass.; res. Milford; enl. Apr. 25, '61, as Priv.; elected Sergt. of Capt. George H. Gillis's Co. on or about June 12, '61; disch. July 12, '61. P. O. ad., Nashua.
- Finney, William G.** Keene Volunteers; b. Whiting, Vt.; age 19; enl. Apr. 29, '61, as Priv. No further record.
- Gilson, Alonzo.** Capt. Josiah G. Hadley's Co.; paid for $2\frac{3}{4}$ days' service at Ft. Constitution between Apr. 29 and May 9, '61.
- Hale, Thomas.** b. Newbury, Mass.; age 53; res. Laconia; enl. May 4, '61, as Musc.; disch. July 12, '61, as of Capt. George H. Gillis's Co., Ft. Constitution. See 4 N. H. V., Unattached Co., N. H. V., and Miscell. Organizations.
- Hall, Charles F.** b. Milton; age 18; res. Dover; enl. Apr. 29, '61, by George W. Colbath as Priv.; re-enl. May 10, '61, for 3 yrs., in Dover Vols.; disch. disab. May 31, '61. P. O. ad., Dover.
- Haradon, Willard N.** Manchester Mechanics' Phalanx; b. New Boston; age 40; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 25, '61, as 1 Lt.; elected 1 Lt. Jonathan R. Bagley's Co. on or about June 12, '61; paid as 1 Lt. to July 12, '61.
- Hodge, Joseph K.** Lancaster Volunteers; b. Lisbon; age 19; res. Lancaster; enl. Apr. 29, '61, as Priv. No further record. See 2 U. S. S. S.
- Hutchinson, Asa S.** Manchester Mechanics' Phalanx; b. St. John, N. B.; age 26; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 24, '61, as Priv.; elected 1 Sergt. of Capt. Jonathan R. Bagley's Co. on or about June 12, '61; paid as 1 Sergt. to July 12, '61; enl. as 1 Sergt. in Capt. James Davidson's Co. July 13, '61; paid as 1 Sergt. to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.

- James, Jabez S.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Seabrook; age 27; res. Salisbury, Mass.; enl. Oct. 7, '61, as Priv.; paid to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Joy, Charles H.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Somersworth; age 19; res. South Berwick, Me.; enl. Jan. 1, '62, as Priv.; paid to May 14, '62. P. O. ad., Mendocino, Cal. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Keyser, Scott W.** Littleton Volunteers; b. Haverhill; age "21"; res. Haverhill; enl. Apr. 22, '61, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 16, '61, Portsmouth. P. O. ad., Haverhill.
- Knight, Charles H.** Cheshire Light Guards; b. Keene; age 22; res. Keene; enl. Apr. 25, '61, as Priv.; re-enl. May 22, '61, for 3 yrs. No further record. P. O. ad., Springfield, Mass.
- Norris, Cyrus B.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Upper Gilman-ton; age 23; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 21, '62, for 3 yrs. as Corp.; paid to May 14, '62. P. O. ad., Belmont. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Ober, Evert.** Milford Volunteers; b. Johnson, Vt.; res. New Boston; enl. May 7, '61, as Priv.; disch., by Capt., June 10, '61; re-enl. Oct 7, '61, as Priv., in Capt. James Davidson's Co.; paid to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Osgood, Napoleon B.** Claremont Volunteers; b. Porter, Me.; age 21; res. Charlestown; enl. Apr. 29, '61, as Priv.; re-enl. May 21, '61, for 3 yrs.; disch., by Capt., June 11, '61. P. O. ad. Biddeford, Me.
- O'Reilly, Francis.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Canterbury; age 23; res. Canterbury; enl. Apr. 17, '62, for 3 yrs., as Priv.; paid to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Perham, Rodney.** Milford Volunteers; b. Lyndeborough; res. Wilton; enl. Apr. 25, '61, as Priv.; disch. July 13, '61, as of Capt. George H. Gillis's Co.; paid as Priv. of Capt. James H. Davidson's Co., Oct. 5, '61, to May 14, '62. P. O. ad., Wilton. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Robinson, John W.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Stratham; res. Somersworth; enl. Jan. 1, '62, as Priv.; paid as Priv. to March 31, '62; paid as Corp. to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Sargent, Henry O.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; b. Concord; res. Manchester; enl. Aug. 19, '61, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Oct. 5, '61; paid to May 14, '62. P. O. ad., West Wilton. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.
- Simpson, Henry H.** Capt. James Davidson's Co.; enl. Jan. 1, '62, as Priv.; paid to May 14, '62. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.

Stewart, Jonathan S. Concord Volunteers; b. Wilmington, Mass.; age 20; res. Holderness; enl. Apr. 22, '61, as Priv.; paid to July 12, '61, as of Capt. Jonathan R. Bagley's Co.; re-enl. July 13, '61, as Priv. in Capt. James Davidson's Co.; paid to May 14, '62. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Wis. See Unattached Co., N. H. V.

Wallace, Joseph H. b. Manchester; age 21; res. Manchester; enl. Apr. 19, '61, by John L. Kelly as Priv.; served 8 days. See 3 N. H. V.

GENERAL ORDER
TRANSFERRING
MEMBERS OF NINTH REGIMENT
TO
SIXTH REGIMENT, N. H. VET. VOLUNTEERS.

HEAD-QUARTERS DISTRICT OF ALEXANDRIA AND NINTH
ARMY CORPS.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., June 1, 1865.
SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 31.

[EXTRACT.]

1. The following named enlisted men, belonging to the Ninth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, which organization is about to be mustered out of the service, pursuant to instructions from the War Department, dated 17th and 18th of May, 1865, promulgated in Par. 2, S. O., No. 22, c. s., from these head-quarters, and whose terms of service do not expire under the provisions of said orders, are hereby transferred to the Sixth Regiment, New Hampshire Veteran Volunteers.

The commanding officer Ninth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, will at once turn over these men to the commanding officer Sixth Regiment, New Hampshire Veteran Volunteers, together with the proper muster and descriptive rolls, and accounts of pay and clothing, as required by Circular No. 64, series of 1864, from the War Department:

COMPANY A.

Corporal.

Williams, John.

Musician.

Dodd, Martin

Privates.

Bohonan, Charles
Bonaparte, Frederick
Bransman, Anley
Brown, John
Canfield, Stone
Cawley, Peter
Conception, Joseph

Dolan, James
 Dorway, John
 Foster, Thomas
 Geany, John
 Heath, Nelson
 Holcomb, Edgar
 Marble, Wm. H.
 Martins, Andrew
 McCaffrey, Samuel
 Muary, James
 O'Donnell, Michael
 Preston, James R.
 Prial, Edward
 Raymond, Wm.
 Rever, Joseph
 Spencer, John
 Woolsley, James
 Williams, Jonas

COMPANY B.

Privates.

Brindamour, Albert
 Brown, Thomas
 Bartlett, James H.
 Burns, Benj. A.
 Brady, Edward
 Bowman, Thomas
 Coyne, Joseph
 Eaton, George W.
 Fullford, Milo
 Fagan, Michael
 Gregory, John
 Grant, Daniel
 Howland, Richardson
 Hobson, Edgar J.
 Hiltpald, Rudolph
 Hutchinson, Stephen C.
 Page, Nathaniel S.
 Robinson, John
 Vezina, Octave
 Wallace, Wm., 2d
 Ward, Lewis K.
 Waldron, George
 Williams, John

COMPANY C.

Privates.

Bridges, John
 Brown, Orrin E.
 Bowen, Fred
 Davis, Bailey
 Drake, Samuel
 Duchand, John B.
 Foell, Albert
 Fuller, John G. C.
 Hutchinson, Wm.
 Johnson, Charles
 Miller, John
 Perkins, Albert A.
 Rourke, Patrick
 Riley, Michael
 Rider, Henry
 Raymond, Wm.
 Sprague, Wm.
 Tibbetts, Enoch
 Worster, Albanois
 Wichsel, John
 Williams, John

COMPANY D.

Corporals.

Johnson, Henry
 McIntyre, Wm. C.
 White, Henry

Privates.

Allen, John
 Bennett, James A.
 Bennett, James
 Bouchier, Peter
 Bragg, Edwin
 Carr, Richard
 Dodge, Rodney
 Crossen, Frank
 Hill, Henry
 Hagerty, Anthony
 Mahoney, John

Mason, Elisha L.
 Nolan, Patrick
 Politz Reinhold
 Pringle, Charles
 Riley, Thomas
 Smith, McNorman C.
 Valentine, James

COMPANY E.

Sergeant.

Evans, Walter H.

Corporal.

Kirwan, Peter

Privates.

Allen, Frank
 Basons, Joseph
 Campbell, John
 Campbell, Henry
 Cotter, Wm.
 Cram, Archibald
 Cooper, James M.
 Clark, Theron G.
 Clark, Edgar
 Daniels, Charles J.
 Friday, Mitchell
 Grover, Charles
 Goodwin, Frank R.
 Hamlin, Charles H.
 Limo, Joaquin
 Levielle, Victor
 Mills, George
 Newell, Sylvester A.
 Ordway, S. F.
 Ordway, N. P.
 Papineau, Francis
 Rogers, William
 Saladal, Leon
 Sailes, Reuben
 Thurston, Frank
 Triggs, Benj.
 Vincent, George L.
 Vroomer, John

Walsh, Patrick
 Walker, Wm. A.
 Webb, Wm.

COMPANY F.

Corporal.

Broun, Wm.

Musician.

Clement, Charles E.

Privates.

Anderson, Antoine
 Boyden, George W.
 Barnes, James H.
 Brady, Wm.
 Christenson, Jacob
 Clarey, Michael
 Dooley, Thomas
 Dwyer, Bryan
 Foster, James
 Gero, Henry
 Henninger, Zephaniah
 Hogan, Charles
 McKelvie, Alex
 Meyer, Ferdinandt
 Marcotte, Zebbie
 Mill, Joseph G.
 Russell, Wm.
 Shover, John
 Smith, Andrew C.
 Thompson, Francis
 Thompson, Patrick
 Topp, Albert
 Wilson, John
 Wilson, Wm., 1st
 Wilson, Wm., 2d
 Wilson, Andres

COMPANY G.

Musician.

Ritter, Frank S.

Privates.

Antlitz, John
 Augustin, August
 Bresland, Joseph
 Ballou, Charles E.
 Bright, John
 Cook, Thomas
 Crowther, Wm.
 Duval, Richard
 Ferguson, John
 Gordon, Francis
 Gibson, George W.
 Heran, Abram
 Loren, Peter
 Louis, Peter
 Ryder, Abram
 Stevens, Thomas
 Spencer, Thomas
 Smith, Dexter D.
 Shoursny, Henry
 Thompson, Charles
 Thompson, John
 Wilson, Benjamin

COMPANY H.

Sergeant.

Taylor, Alfred

Musician.

Wyman, Charles C.

Privates.

Ahern, Martin
 Bedell, Abram
 Bedell, Austin
 Birch, George
 Brooks, John C.
 Brush, John
 Boyle, William
 Burke, Thomas
 Carter, John
 Carr, George
 Cummings, George
 Clark, Portus B.

Deerin, Peter
 English, James
 Frate, Carlo
 Fromow, George
 Griggs, Alvin
 Granville, Francis
 Holmes, Ephraim E.
 Hayes, Augustus
 Lindsey, Albert
 Lucas, Harvey H.
 Lapoine, Henry
 Pratt, Alfred C.
 Rogers, Charles E.
 Stillings, Alonzo
 Sullivan, Thomas C.
 Sherwood, William
 Schealala, John
 Taylor, Alfred
 Ure, Daniel
 Varine, Augustus
 Wilkins, William H.

COMPANY I.

Privates.

Allen, George W.
 Becker, Jacob
 Blake, Aaron H.
 Bundy, Alvin A.
 Colburn, Eleazer
 Cram, Albert
 Crouch, Charles E.
 Duprez, Louis
 Ellis, John E.
 Estey, Lyman E.
 French, Stephen S.
 Hall, George
 Johnson, George
 Leonard, Thomas
 Lowe, George
 Lowe, Henry
 Miller, John
 Otto, Gustave
 Schaeffer, Fred
 Smith, Geo. W.
 Sweat, Charles, Jr.
 Wheeler, Albion
 Whittle, James C.

COMPANY K.

Sergeant.

James, John

Corporals.

Gay, Proctor

Sargent, Frank B.

Musician.

Varney, Orin

Privates.

Berry, William H.

Benedict, Mitchel

Blake, Jonathan

Bryan, James

Cram, William H.

Eagan, William G.

Gardiner, James

Gonsalavre, Francis

Hicks, Calvin

Johnson, George

Johnson, Arthur M.

Kuhlmann, William

Larey, John

Leeds, William C.

Lamare, Joseph

Lafan, Joseph

McWoughton, Duncan

McMurphy, James

Mendon, George E.

McGowan, John

Mills, Oscar A.

Neson, John

Olson, Peter

Osterly, Herman

Parsons, Flores E.

Russell, George

Roberts, Auguste

Rorke, Daniel

Ross, Peter

Roquet, Peters

Smith, Peter

Sullivan, John

Varney, Edwin C.

Wesley, John

Wilson, James H.

West, Royal F.

By command of

Maj. Gen. JNO. G. PARKE:

JNO. D. BERTOLETTE.

Assistant Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL:

JNO. C. YOUNGMAN,

Assistant Adjutant General.

REGISTER
OF
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,
NINTH REGIMENT.

COLONELS.

Fellows, Enoch Q. ; Titus, Herbert B.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

Stevens, Josiah, Jr. (not mustered) ; Titus, Herbert B. ;
Babbitt, John W. ; Chandler, George H. (not mustered).

MAJORS.

Titus, Herbert B. ; Everett, George W. ; Chandler, George H.

ADJUTANTS.

Cook, William N. ; Chandler, George H. ; Brown, William I. ;
Robinson, Oscar D.

QUARTERMASTERS.

Hutchins, Carleton B. ; Moses, William Pitt.

SURGEONS.

Webster, William A. ; Gibson, Francis N.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

Emerson, John S. ; Gibson, Francis N.

CHAPLAIN.

Gushee, Edward M.

CAPTAINS.

Pillsbury, Leonard H., Little, Ludo B., Co. A ; Alexander,
Samuel J., Smith, Orville, Co. B ; Quimby, H. Baxter
(not mustered) ; Edgerly, Augustus S., Copp, Charles D.,

Co. C; Stevens, Chester C., Hutchinson, Asa T., Co. D; Buswell, Daniel C., Robinson, Oscar D., Co. E; Stone, Andrew J., Case, Ervin T., Co. F; Whitfield, Smith A., Babb, Edward C., Co. G; Edgerly, Charles W., Blaisdell, James, Allen, Benjamin R., Co. H; Babbitt, John W., Hough, Andrew J., Co. I; Cooper, John B., Co. K.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Pillsbury, William S., Newcomb, Oliver P., Little, Ludo B., Emery, George W., Simons, Charles J., Co. A; Haradon, Willard N., Brown, William I., Quimby, H. Baxter, Co. B; Tilton, Charles W., Copp, Charles D., Kelly, Jerome, Co. C; Hough, Andrew J., Mason, John E., Thompson, John, Co. D; Hutchinson, Asa T., Harnden, Charles A., Sampson, John C., Robinson, Oscar D., Co. E; Moses, William Pitt, Sprague, S. Henry, Babb, Edward C., Co. F; Smith, Orville, Perry, S. Horace, Hall, Stacy W., Co. G; Lewis, John G., Blaisdell, James, Greene, Edwin, Co. H; Green, Jacob, Cheney, David F., Richards, Charles J., Co. I; Case, Ervin T., Allen, Benjamin R., Burnham, Franklin J., Co. K.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

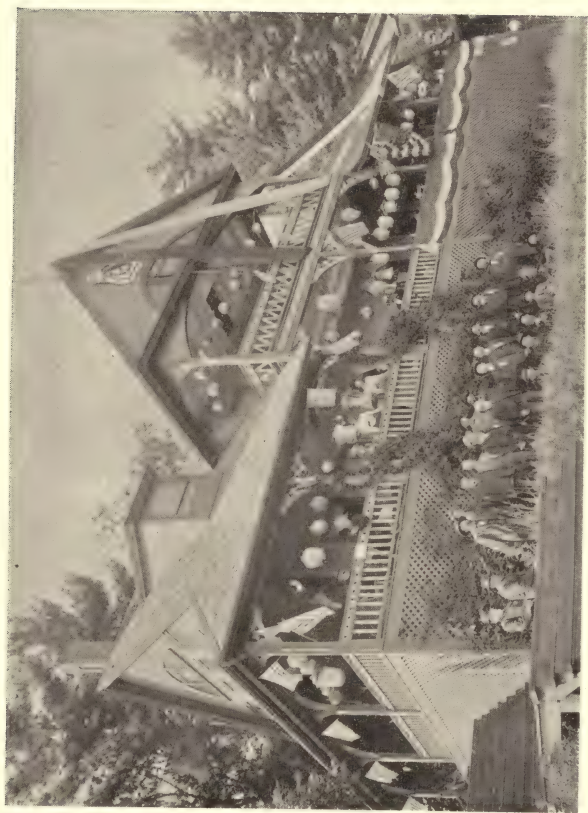
Newcomb, Oliver P., Mooney, John, Sargent, Henry O., Drew, George H., Co. A; Chisholm, Thomas Melville, Rolfe, Horace H., Sampson, John C., Hubbard, Henry E., Co. B; Copp, Charles D., Cheney, David F., Co. C; Merrill, Albert G., Co. D; Emery, George W., Cos. H and D; Donovan, John, Co. D; Edminster, James N., Quimby, H. Baxter, Robinson, Oscar D., Co. E; Burnham, Franklin J. (not mustered); Mason, John E., Little, Ludo B., Wilcox, Charles W., Co. F; Harnden, Charles A., Perry, S. Horace, Rice, William D., Co. G; Hall, Stacy W. (not mustered); Blaisdell, James, Babb, Edward C., Harlow, Isaac Leonard, Co. H; Sawyer, Nelson N., Greene, Edwin, Sylvester, George P., Co. I; Kelly, Jerome (not mustered), Brown, William I., Allen, Benjamin R., Co. K; Simons, Charles J. (not mustered).

THE NINTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

On the second day of the first encampment of the New Hampshire veterans at Manchester, October 13, 1875, the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers had representatives in the line as formed for review. Lieut. Col. J. W. Babbitt commanded, and Lieut. Charles J. Richards acted as adjutant. At the same encampment a Regimental association was organized, with Capt. J. B. Cooper president, and Capt. C. D. Copp secretary. The association thus formed has continued to the present, and now owns, in partnership with the Eleventh association, a commodious, attractive, and well appointed head-quarters building at The Weirs, erected in 1888 at an expense of \$2,500. The building was dedicated that same year, Hon. Wm. E. Chandler delivering the dedicatory address.

In 1891 the late Lieut. John E. Mason acted as secretary, and as such of course had charge of the record book, which, after his decease in October of that year, was mislaid, and notwithstanding a persistent search by his executor, Hon. Henry M. Baker, has never been found. Consequently a complete list of the officers of the association cannot now be given, but some facts are known and well remembered :

At the state encampment at The Weirs, August 13-15, 1878, the veterans of the Ninth met near the "big black rock" in the rear of the original camp-ground, and chose Maj. George H. Chandler president, and Capt. William Pitt Moses secretary. While this meeting was in progress Gen. A. E. Burnside passed by, and was heartily greeted by his former subordinates and then comrades. In 1884, Capt. C. D. Copp was president. In 1885 the following officers were elected: Col. H. B. Titus, president; Lieut. C. J. Richards, vice-president; Lieut. J. E. Mason, secretary; Lieut. Col. J. W. Babbitt, necrologist; Lieut. J. E. Mason, Capt. C. D.



HEAD-QUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT, N. H. V., AT THE WEIRS.

Copp, and Capt. J. B. Cooper, monographists. In 1887 the list was,—Lieut. C. W. Wilcox, president; J. F. Foster, vice-president; Lieut. J. E. Mason, secretary; Lieut. Col. J. W. Babbitt, necrologist. In 1889, Capt. C. D. Copp was president; Corp. L. R. Mayo, vice-president; Capt. J. B. Cooper, treasurer; and the Ninth and Eleventh voted to hold a joint celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their mustering out. In 1890, Capt. E. C. Babb was president, and in 1891, Capt. O. D. Robinson was elected to the same office.

Since 1891 the officers have been,—

1892—Rev. N. T. Dutton, president; A. Paul Horne, vice-president; Capt. William Pitt Moses, secretary and treasurer; Dr. G. L. Wakefield, necrologist; member of executive committee for State association, Capt. B. R. Allen. At that meeting the following resolutions were passed in recognition of the unusually efficient services of Dr. George L. Wakefield as the association's necrologist:

WHEREAS, Our comrade and efficient necrologist, Dr. George L. Wakefield, has rendered a most valuable service in collecting and tabulating facts pertaining to the deceased members of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers, and has presented to this association a specially prepared and beautifully bound volume in which it is intended to place a complete summary record of every member of our dear old regiment, and

WHEREAS, The work of inscribing in this book the names of the members of the regiment, and the individual records of those deceased, so far as ascertained to this date, has been beautifully done by our comrade's daughter, Miss Electa Wakefield, therefore,

Resolved, That the cordial thanks of this association be and hereby are tendered to Comrade Wakefield for the painstaking labor performed and the generous expenditure incurred in its behalf; and also to his daughter, Miss Electa, for her careful and laborious work in transcribing into this book said names and records.

Resolved, That Miss Electa Wakefield be adopted as a Daughter of the Regiment, and she is hereby invited to meet with this association at its annual reunions; and

Resolved, That the foregoing be entered in full upon the records of the association, and that an engrossed copy thereof be presented to Comrade Wakefield, and also to his daughter, Miss Electa Wakefield.

1893—A. Paul Horne, president; Dr. G. L. Wakefield, vice-president; Capt. W. P. Moses, secretary and treasurer; Dr.

G. L. Wakefield, necrologist; member of executive committee, Sergt. O. B. Warren.

1894—Dr. G. L. Wakefield, president; George J. Allen, vice-president; Capt. W. P. Moses, secretary and treasurer; Dr. G. L. Wakefield, necrologist; Corp. L. R. Mayo, member of executive committee.

1895—Henry Clark, president; O. B. Warren, vice-president; W. P. Moses, secretary and necrologist; A. H. Davis, janitor; Dr. G. L. Wakefield, surgeon.

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